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Hawaiian Islands

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

THE sugar-planters of the Hawaiian Islands are practising the most advanced methods of soil-cultivation known anywhere. No farmers in the world have a better understanding of the nature of old Mother Earth or can force her to yield a greater return. These midocean agriculturists use as many kinds of fertilizer as there are in existence; they work the soil with ponderous steam-plows that cost twenty thousand dollars each; they understand irrigation so well, and utilize it so extensively, that many of the individual plantations maintain pumping-stations more expensive and powerful than those necessary to provide the water-supply of our largest cities.

In order to keep thoroughly posted, the planters have formed an experimental association. Each member takes samples of his soil to the chemist in charge, and he determines what kind of fertilizer will bring the best results for each field. It frequently happens that several kinds of fertilizers will be used on one plantation at the same time, and sometimes it occurs that two or more kinds will be used in one field if the character of the soil is found to vary in places. This is certainly getting it down to a fine point. The quality of fertilizer used ranges from crude lime, which costs from ten to fifteen dollars a ton delivered on the plantation, to concentrated fertilizer, which costs sixty dollars a ton. The amount used varies from half a ton to one ton to the acre for each crop of eighteen months.

The steam-plows used in Hawaii are as expensive as they are elaborate. Two traction-engines, weighing twenty tons each, are stationed on opposite sides of a field, and by means of drums and a steel cable drag a gang-plow back and forth across the ground. The cable that operates this contrivance is sometimes one fourth of a mile long, and under favorable circumstances one of these steamers will plow upward of ten acres a day. The work they do is incomparably superior to team-plowing. The gang-plow weighs about fifteen hundred pounds, and sinks right into the soil, usually being set to cut thirty inches deep. Everything has to get out of the way, and the ground is thoroughly and uniformly turned. For planting, the steamers cross-plow with a double mold-board which makes a furrow three feet wide and from eighteen inches to two feet deep.

Irrigation is a necessity on account of the unreliability of the rainfall. When the islands were covered with trees there was enough rain for agricultural purposes, but the gradual disappearance of the forests has lessened the precipitation, until the natural supply of moisture is now insufficient for the needs of the crops. The water is procured from artesian wells. It is brought to the surface and forced through the miles of canals by the most powerful pumping-plants in existence. Think of a pump strong enough to force ten million gallons of water to a height of six hundred feet every twenty-four hours! If you ever make up your mind to buy one the price will be something like one million dollars. Farming in Hawaii is a rich man's game.

FREDERIC J. HASKIN
Special correspondent now on a trip around the world

Until about a year ago the power for these plants was furnished by Australian coal, which cost about ten dollars a ton delivered at the plantation, but crude California oil is now being used, at an average price of one dollar and fifty cents a barrel. Four barrels of oil are equal to one ton of coal. Aside from the difference in cost between coal and oil, there is a great saving in the labor of handling the new fuel.

Sugar is the main crop of Hawaii. The islanders depend almost entirely upon the sweet staple. I have the statistics of the commerce of the islands before me, and out of a total of $26,228,204 of exports for the last fiscal year, sugar alone furnished $25,310,725. Aside from sugar, the total amount of all other domestic merchandise was less than one million dollars. Of course, the inevitable happens every now and then. Whenever a people depend altogether upon one crop, and the price of that particular crop fails, they are about as bad off as a cripple without a crutch. A variation of one cent a pound means more than seven million dollars difference on the annual sugar crop of the Hawaiian Islands. One cent a pound means twenty dollars a ton, and last season's crop was three hundred and sixty-seven thousand tons. If you don't believe it, figure it out for yourself. When sugar is up they have celebrations in Honolulu, and everybody rides in carriages, but when it falls the town goes into mourning.

Most of the good sugar-land of Hawaii is held by lease by the operators. This is owing to title complications resulting from crown ownership during the days of the monarchy. The government has been obliged to respect all crown leases until they expire, and the policy has been to then throw them open for settlement under provisions as similar to our homestead laws as the varying conditions of the islands would permit. At the present time the government controls, including leases yet to expire, about one million acres of fertile land. In order to fairly proportion this between all qualified applicants, an act was put into effect which authorizes three methods of distribution—namely, homestead lease, right of purchase, and cash freehold.

By the homestead lease an applicant can pay seven dollars and secure eight acres of first-class agricultural land, or sixteen acres of second-class agricultural land, or one acre of wet land, good for raising rice or taro (the latter being a sort of swamp-potato), or thirty acres of first-class pastoral land, or sixty acres of second-class pastoral land, or forty-five acres of pastoral-agricultural land. This proportion is based upon what is considered enough land of the various classifications to support a family of five persons.

The terms of the right of purchase lease are twenty-one years, with the privilege of purchase by the lessee at the end of three years on the fulfilment of certain conditions. These leases require a rental which amounts to eight per cent of the appraised value of

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RAISING BANANAS BY IRRIGATION IN HAWAII

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Around-the-World Travel-Letters

The readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE will be interested in the announcement that we begin in this issue the publication of another series of travel-letters by the famous correspondent, Mr. Frederic J. Haskin. In conjunction with a number of leading American newspapers, we have arranged to send this noted writer around the world. His articles begin in Hawaii, and will continue through Japan, Manchuria, China, the Philippines, Strait Settlements, India, Italy, Switzerland, France and other countries.

Mr. Haskin will discuss the situation in our new possessions from a non-partizan standpoint; will compare English and European colonization methods and results with our more recent experiments in government; will go thoroughly into the significance of what has come to be known as the "brown peril"—meaning Japanese ambition; will give us some close-range studies of royalty and descriptions of the lives and customs of the people of the lands through which he will travel. Great benefit and pleasure will be found by reading this series from beginning to end. Travel is the greatest of educators, and Mr. Haskin has a wonderful faculty of explaining simply and effectively the things which come under his observation. His work covers a wide range of topic and style, and appeals to all classes of newspaper-readers.

To be sent around the world is the greatest assignment that can be given a newspaper correspondent, and realizing that our readers will naturally feel an interest in the personality of the man who has been intrusted with this important mission, we will say that Mr. Haskin is a young Missourian scarcely in his thirties. He is a striking example of what is called a self-made man. His father died when he was nine years old, and his education began when he became the "devil" in a country printing-office. Young Haskin proved a handy boy about the place. It was not long until he could do anything in the office, from sweeping out to writing editorials on hard times. Before he was twenty-one he owned the paper and had more than a local reputation as a writer. His ambition soon took him "on the road," and he almost starved in the effort to establish himself. He rode in chair-cars, ate at lunch-counters, talked prayerfully and hopefully to editors, and wrote copy by the yard. At times it seemed like he would have to give up, but he had grit and he could write. Slowly but surely his sales increased, and now he has a foremost place among the best of American correspondents—and that means foremost among the world.

Mr. Haskin has encountered many strange experiences in his work. He has tramped with miners in the Klondike; he has wandered through the ruins of St. Pierre, under the shadow of awful Mount Pelee; he has taken part in yellow-fever crusades in Havana; he has written Mexican bull-fights, Panama revolutions and Newfoundland fishing-stories; he has crossed the Andes Mountains on muleback, and has traversed both the Chilian desert and the Argentine pampas. In his own country he has had every possible assignment, from interviewing the President to traveling with a circus. Such a range of experience has greatly broadened his understanding of world-affairs, and has added to his work that coveted quality known to the profession as "color." His around-the-world trip promises much, and all who follow him in his travels will be both benefited and entertained.

About Rural Affairs

THE BOY AND THE GUN.—In or near New York City some complaint is heard about magistrates showing too much leniency with boys accused and convicted of shooting birds. I hold that life is sacred. We should not kill a creature without a good reason therefor. My place is so overrun with birds that I often suffer serious damage and inconvenience through their depredations. I do not particularly protect them, yet I will not allow my boys to shoot them or otherwise molest them. I try to bring my children up to be kind and considerate, and to abhor mere brutal sport. I also try to prevent them from killing frogs, snakes, toads, or even harmless butterflies, although I do not share the views of those who hold that the birds are absolutely needed to keep insect enemies in check, or that a toad saves to the farmer nineteen dollars a year by devouring insects that would do that amount of injury to his crops. All needless destruction of life is wanton murder in my eyes, and as magistrate I propose to treat boys who are found prowling around with guns shooting birds in accordance with this view. In this state, as in many others, the carrying or use of guns of any description, even of spring and air guns, by persons under eighteen years of age is by recent law made a misdemeanor and punishable as such. The little boy with the little gun is a big nuisance, and should be repressed.

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A PLEA FOR STRAIGHT ROWS.—A neighbor of mine whose garden and field crops were planted in about as crooked rows as I ever saw used to say that he could grow more vegetables in a crooked row than in a straight one, and that possibly it makes but little difference practically whether the rows are exactly straight or not. But what a difference it makes in the appearance of things! Nice rows of thrifty vegetation as straight as a string serve as an ornament and attraction to the whole place for a large part of the season. They have additional value as an educational feature, as appealing to and stimulating in the young people the appreciation and sense of what is beautiful in nature. The place for graceful curves is on the lawn and in the parks. We don't want curves in the garden or in the corn-field and potato-patch. For that reason I invariably take a great deal of pains to get all my rows straight, and as not every work-hand understands how to make them so, or cares much whether he gets them straight or not. I usually start the rows by making the first few rounds, or else do the whole marking out myself. Crooked rows offend my eye. When marking with two horses, the task of making rows straight is easy enough, because a stake or two set in line can be seen by the workman by looking straight ahead between the two horses. The task is more difficult when the marking out is done with a single horse. I accomplish it by setting several stakes in line for the first row, then walking in the rear of the outer tooth of the marker, keeping this always in straight line with the stakes. It wants a steady horse, and the rows can then be laid off in perfect line.

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THE SIMPLE LIFE.—A talk by Mrs. Anna Barrows, the noted cooking expert of Boston, given before the New York State Fruit-Growers' Association at Geneva last winter, appealed strongly to my sympathies. She holds that more pleasure and satisfaction are derived in the family from the handling and preparation of fruits and vegetables than from meats. I know from my own personal experience that any participation on my part in the cleaning of fish to some extent spoils my appetite for fish, and that the handling of raw meats of any kind is not as pleasing and as tempting to my natural appetite as the handling of berries, fruits, vegetables, etc. There is pleasure in the mere preparation of a lot of nice fresh strawberries, of tomatoes, melons, etc., even before we get down to the real business of eating them. No such pleasures are connected with the handling of meats. Mrs. Barrows is especially right and sound when she recommends dishes in which fruits are combined with other things to make the latter more appetizing, palatable and wholesome, such as berries with cream, oils with salads, all kinds of fruits with rice, tapioca, etc. During the entire past winter I had almost regularly my dish of prepared wheat and apple-sauce, about half and half, with cream, and this is indeed a most appetizing dish. We have not yet learned all about the right use of fruits and vegetables, and we can hardly use them too freely for our own good. I believe that in many cases by the free use of fruits alone or of tomatoes and other vegetables we could get rid of constipation, and through it of accumulated poison in the blood and tissues. We can blend fruits, and we can cook them almost like potatoes. We might have fried apples with our sausage, goose or roast pork; bananas may be baked or fried. Mrs. Barrows also suggests the blending of two or more fruits or fruit flavors, like grape-juice with pears, apples with quinces, lemon or orange peel with apples, etc. I find that bananas and currant sauce go well together. Fruit syrups might be used like maple syrup, or in flavoring ice-cream, etc. In short, I believe the enlarged use of fruits will help us to reach a far higher standard of general health, and in consequence to much greater enjoyment of life.

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GRAIN RATIONS FOR COWS.—For most cow-owners, if they desire to make the most of their herd—in other words, get a good flow of milk and keep the cows in health and best order—it will be necessary to purchase at least a portion of the grain ration. A supply of home-grown corn is usually at hand, but this is not the feed that is needed. We have to buy grain for the protein (the blood, muscle and milk making part) in it, that we do not find in the needed proportion in corn, wheat or other grains. Oats comes the nearest to being right of any of these grains. As a protein crop we might grow soy-beans, the richest in protein of any crop, and one which I have been quite enthusiastic over. At times I have had soy-beans standing four feet high, and as thick as "hair on a dog," giving an immense amount of fodder of the richest kind even the first year planted on that particular spot. In most cases, however, soy-beans, especially on land of hardly medium fertility, will do but little the first time, unless the soil is inoculated with cultures of the specific bacteria that work on the soy-bean. The one difficulty with this crop is that of harvesting, the soy-bean plants having a remarkably woody stem and roots. But it makes an excellent food that will fill the milk-pail, and it will pay to take the pains to secure soy-bean cultures for the crop on a new piece of land. I have been buying wheat bran and oil-meal in order to be able to give my cows the right proportion of protein in the feed. Recently I paid nineteen dollars a ton for wheat bran (against eight dollars a ton a few years ago) and twenty-eight dollars for oil-meal. I would use some oil-meal even if I had to pay a still higher figure for it. It seems to me almost indispensable, as it keeps the stock in perfect health. A ton of bran contains two hundred and forty pounds of protein, so that it thus costs nearly eight cents a pound. Ex-Governor Hoard, speaking before an audience of Kansas farmers, stated that cotton-seed meal contains seven hundred and eighty pounds of protein to the ton, and if the meal can be bought for twenty-eight dollars a ton the protein costs considerably less than four cents a pound. We may take it for granted that cotton-seed meal is by far the cheapest form in which we can purchase protein for cattle. Here at the North we cannot always get it, but it will pay us to have it shipped quite a distance if it cannot be had near by. It must be fed with discretion, however, one pound of it twice a day being all that can be safely fed to a cow. I always mix all meals (oil-meal, etc., included) in the cut feed.

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"CON-SOL," A NEW SPRAY-LIQUID, is sent out as a petroleum preparation soluble in water, and combined with strong fungicides, so as to give the double effect of killing the San Jose scale and destroying fungus-spores. Professor Parrot, the entomologist of the New York State Experiment Station at Geneva, writes me that the station has made some rather extensive tests with Con-sol, but the results attending the applications did not prove satisfactory. Trees treated in adjacent rows with kerosene, crude petroleum, sulphur washes and the limoid wash were much more exempt from the scale. The use of Con-sol is therefore recommended only on a limited scale and in comparison with applications of some of the standard washes as mentioned. I have used Con-sol on badly affected currant-bushes, applying it in the stronger solution recommended by the manufacturers (one part to twenty parts of water) on the still leafless wood, and very copiously, apparently with the effect of killing the scale. From Professor Parrot's report I infer that the application did have some effect in checking the scale, only in an inferior degree to the other remedies named. If it will kill the scale when properly applied, this spray-mixture will be useful, as it is so much cheaper than the clear petroleum, a gallon of it, costing from fifty to seventy-five cents, making twenty-one gallons of spray-liquid. This amount of crude petroleum would cost us over two dollars here. But if so much more effective, the difference in cost would really be of small consideration. A party in or near New York City who on my advice sprayed his apple, pear, plum and peach trees this spring with crude petroleum reports entire success in disposing of the San Jose scale, without any apparent injury whatever to the sprayed trees. I still maintain that crude petroleum applied at the right time, even undiluted or unmixed, is an entirely safe and most effective application, and possibly we may yet discover a way of diluting it and at the same time combining it with an effective fungicide. Con-sol may be the solution, or at least a step toward it. With my experiments of this compound in the greenhouse, however, where I used it on tomatoes, peppers, etc., to kill the green fly, I was less lucky. Even when reduced to half strength (one gallon to forty gallons of water) it did considerable damage to the foliage of the plants on which it was used, and I shall hereafter employ other means for killing the green fly. There seemed to be quite a percentage of free petroleum in the mixture.

T. GREINER.

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Making New Friends

Doctor Johnson, one of the greatest men that ever lived, once said: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone." To lose a good friend is one of the greatest of all losses. 'Tis friendship that unites nations and people, and enmity and dishonesty that breed war and misery. Whether it be a nation, a state or an individual, strength of character, purity of purpose and integrity will surround it with true friends.

The great FARM AND FIRESIDE family is to-day numbered by the hundreds of thousands in every part of this great country. This journal attracted more new friends to its standard during the past few months than at any corresponding time during the past twenty-eight years. There must be a reason, and a good one, at that, for all this. It is the merit and true worth of FARM AND FIRESIDE itself, and the loyalty and good friendship of its subscribers, that has caused this extraordinary growth.

Good friends, introduce your neighbor into this great and prosperous FARM AND FIRESIDE family. You could not do a more worthy act than to get your neighbor to subscribe for a year. If you are a good friend of FARM AND FIRESIDE you will do it.

THE EDITOR.

All Over the Farm

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

About Unionism.—There are more than the two old, well-known ways to shirk, as I learned one day not long ago in watching a gang of men at work on a public job. One of them was a fat, lazy-looking chap, and he could find more excuses to stop a few moments than any man I ever saw. When he worked, he did it so lazily that he made one tired to look at him. Just to learn what the boys thought of him, I asked a quick-moving, good workman if he was not an excellent hand. He said, "Oh, he's a pretty good fellow." Another said, "He's all right." The facts were he knew how to "stand in" with the boys, and if he had been discharged all the rest would have quit work, because they were all "union men." In speaking of this to an employer of quite a large number of men he said that this was the only objection he had to the "union." If a man would take pains to "stand in" with the men in his gang he could insure himself against discharge for almost any cause. He might be next to worthless as a hand, and do what work he did do in a slipshod manner, yet he would draw the same pay as the best hand in the gang, and there would be no way to get rid of him. Another employer to whom I mentioned this matter said he had a way of fixing these fellows that had proved to be quite effective. "When I find I have a shiftless man or a shirk on my hands," said he, "I make up a gang of good workers, and after letting him bungle along a couple of days with the gang he is with, I transfer him to the other. They soon make it hot for him, and he becomes tired of work, and quits; then I am rid of him. But I always treat him kindly, and when he applies for work again I tell him I have no opening for him at present, and cannot say just when I will have. He soon drifts away to some other locality. This employer was also a strong union man, and although he admitted that there were some objectionable features in unionism, he said the good largely outweighed the bad in his opinion. He was emphatic in his denunciation of "sympathetic strikes." He declared that each class of labor should attend strictly to its own affairs and fight its own battles. He is of the opinion that all labor troubles can be settled by arbitration in a far more satisfactory manner than by striking, and much quicker. He is in favor of the "closed shop," but would not fight those who employed independent or non-union labor in other lines, nor would he boycott manufacturers who declined to deal with unions instead of employees. He was the most broad-minded union man I ever met, and he said he believed—in fact, he knew—that it was an easy matter for unions to overstep the bounds of prudence in their demands; that increased cost of products always means decreased consumption and a lessened demand for labor. He said labor should be satisfied with fair wages, and manufacturers with fair profits, insuring liberal buying by the consumer and a large and steady business.

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Specialty Farming.—A young farmer in Michigan writes me that he really believes I hit the nail on the head when I advised farmers to grow only one crop. He says his father had a nice farm of eighty acres, twenty of it timber, but that he lived and died a poor man, though he always worked hard early and late. He is now satisfied that the reason was simply because he did too much frittering. He grew a few acres of wheat, a few of oats, a few of corn, sometimes a few of barley and buckwheat, and he farmed with old-style tools because he was not able to buy better, and that made the work hard and wearisome. He raised one or two cheap colts every year, kept a few second-class cows, and raised three to five calves to sell as yearlings; but as the quality was rather poor, they brought only low prices. Then he usually had two or three pigs to sell in the fall, but it seemed to him that they ate a larger value of food than they paid for. All this small farming made never-ending work the year round, and disgusted him with farming. Since reading the article in Farm and Fireside of May 15th he has come to the conclusion that it was the pottering method of farming that gave them such unending work and poor pay. He now has charge of the farm, and has decided to make a complete change in the method of conducting it. He asks for instructions how to proceed. When he gets a little older he will better understand what he asks of me. It would be impossible to give the "instructions" he asks for in a dozen pages of Farm and Fireside. He says the farm produces good corn, oats and potatoes, and fair crops of grass. In that case I would make corn, clover and hogs the chief products, with a small acreage of oats for feed. With the aid of clover and manure he should be able to increase the yield of corn from fair to large in a very few years. He should get rid of all that scrub stock at the earliest moment possible, keep one cow for milk for home use, and she should be a first-class milker, not a two-quart scrub. He should secure from two to five young sows of some pure breed from which to obtain his stock of hogs, and he must keep his stock pure and of the best quality all the time. It is a mighty good idea to become known as a breeder of the highest quality of a certain breed. It will bring customers for breeding-stock and fat-hog prices for small pigs. One is always a gainer by raising first-class pure-bred stock of any sort, because there is always a demand for such stock for breeders, and such as are not sold for breeders make stock that always tops the market and yields the largest profit to the feeder. He should secure seed of the best variety of corn adapted to his locality, and keep it up to the top notch of quality by early and careful selection of seed. I know a young farmer who began his farming by procuring the very best quality of seed-corn to be had—it cost him four dollars a bushel—and by the most careful selection of seed every year he improved it still more, and came to be known as a corn specialist. The fifth year he sold twenty-two bushels for seed at one dollar a bushel, and two years later he sold over four hundred bushels at two dollars a bushel. Our young farmer should sell off his old machinery for what it will bring, and procure the best up-to-date corn-machinery to be had—good plows that will turn the soil at a wholesale rate; the best of harrows; two-row cultivators that will enable him to do the work of two men, and he should learn to do all his work at just the right time to make it most effective. With the best and latest improved machinery and three horses he can do more and better work than two men and four horses with old-style tools. He will ride instead of walk, and will come home fresh and able to do the chores in the best manner. There will be the hogs to care for, one cow to milk and his three horses to attend to, and he is done. That sort of farming will not only be pleasureable, but satisfactorily profitable, also.

A SUGAR-MILL IN HAWAII

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Hawaiian Islands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

the land, and this has to be paid semi-annually. Aside from this, the remaining conditions are quite similar to our homestead laws.

The cash freehold system applies to lots. This kind of property is sold at auction to the highest responsible bidder, with the appraised value as the upset price.

Almost every phase of the situation in Hawaii is unfavorable to small or diversified farming. The land is difficult to secure, the water-supply is always doubtful, there are limited transportation facilities, there are innumerable insect pests that menace every crop, and the climatic conditions are such that no white man can do his own work. There is plenty of opportunity for the capitalist, but chances for the small investor are few. The man who has plenty of money to buy his way, and enough to keep him going for a few years until he can realize on his investments, can find plenty of enterprises here to engage his attention. The laws are such that he can safely trust his capital in exploitation, and there is every luxury and convenience of living if one has the money to pay for it.

But the country offers absolutely no inducements to the poor or inexperienced white settler. The best place in the world for a poor man to make his way in is the United States. I say this because each article I write from abroad brings its certain quota of letters from people who want to go somewhere to grow up with a strange country. These inquiries may vary some in detail, but all have the same notion that wealth is just dodging around out here somewhere, and doing its best to hold out until they can get to it. The disappointment of the rainbow-chaser is the usual portion of the American homeseeker in foreign lands. You hear of the one fellow who hits it rich, but there is no agency to report the hundred who fail. There is more success to the square inch in the United States than in any other country.

If you get nervous, Mr. Reader, just look around you carefully, and you have my word for it that you will find more opportunity on top of the ground at home than you can possibly dig up with a pick and shovel across the seas.

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The rapid growth of Farm and Fireside is truly wonderful, but what is still better, it is well deserved. Good reader, will you help us to double the list by sending just one new subscription?

How to Get Good Roads

In Henry S. Hartzog, L.L.D., president of the University of Arkansas, the farmers of that state have an able educator who is wide-awake to their best interests. He favors good roads, and has set about the best way to get them. He has now in training, so far as he has been able to secure them, one young man from each county, who is to be graduated as a civil engineer who shall have made country-road building a specialty. On returning to their respective counties these are to receive a permanent appointment as road-engineer for the county. W. M. K.

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Agricultural News-Notes

The orange-growers of Riverside, Cal., are arranging to send the fruit to Eastern markets in bushel baskets. The plan is well worth a trial.

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By careful intensive farming in England the yield of wheat has been increased nine bushels to the acre. The annual average yield is now thirty-two bushels to the acre.

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From a recent report on the rice industry it appears the United States has become a rice-exporting nation. In 1904 our exports of rice were increased fifty per cent, and our imports of that commodity decreased twenty per cent.

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Ordinarily five or six pounds of fresh fruit are required to produce one pound of cured fruit. Taking the waste into consideration, it is the general rule that four pounds of fresh fruit are required to produce one of cured.

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The Michigan Central Railroad Company has informed the Interstate Commerce Commission that it will furnish its own refrigerating-cars, and supply the needed amount of ice at two dollars and fifty cents a ton, to Michigan fruit-growers.

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The largest pea-canning establishment in the United States is located at Hart, Mich. This state is noted for its production of celery, strawberries and bush-fruits, also for well-flavored apples which command the highest market price. The peach crop is invariably an abundant one. This fruit, ripening late, is highly flavored, and especially desirable for canning purposes.

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The amount of potash used in fertilizing the soil in Germany is constantly increasing. The main source of supply of kainite is at the great Glassfurt salt-mines of Madenburg, Germany. Crude kainite contains over one eighth its weight of pure potash.

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Mr. Geo. F. Thompson, editor of the publications of the Bureau of Animal Industry in the United States Department of Agriculture, is the author of an exhaustive bulletin (No. 68), entitled "Information Concerning Milk-Goats." The Nubian goat is said to be the best milker, giving from five to twelve quarts daily. It is thought that the introduction of milk-goats will be of advantage to the laboring classes who reside in manufacturing towns.

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Prof. A. E. Granthan, of the Missouri Experiment Station, at Columbia, is authority for the statement that an acre of cow-peas will add two thirds as much fertility to the soil in ninety days as an acre of clover will in eighteen months; also that the cow-peas will produce more hay of greater feeding value in three months than an acre of clover will in a year and a half. Chemical analysis shows that the cow-pea is superior to common clover in feeding value, and is nearly the equal of alfalfa. *

◈

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Gardening

By T. GREINER

It is a Pity that we cannot find a chemical which will destroy our worst weed pests and at the same time stimulate the growth of the cultivated plants. Copper sulphate applied in weak solution as a spray seems to give good results in destroying mustard and a few other weeds, ragweed among them, but has no such effect on chickweed, purslane, and most other serious pests of the garden, and is not safe to apply on all garden crops.

◈

Soil-conditions.—A reader in Texas wants to know what is wrong with his soil where peach-tree leaves, and sweet-potato, bean and cow-pea vines, turn yellow, and where apricots all fall off when about the size of a small marble. The trouble may be lack of drainage. In sour or soggy soils the crops named will not thrive. I have had a collection of peach and apricot trees standing in land that is not perfectly drained, but is very good otherwise, and never had a fruit set on any of them, although the apricots bloomed freely every year. Finally, one after another, the trees died, and not one is left to tell the story. If not lack of drainage, it must be lack of one or more of the plant-foods; or in the case of the peach the trouble may be leaf-curl, and with the cow-peas absence of the nitrogen-forming bacteria and scant supply of nitrogen in the soil. But I am not in position to form a definite opinion without having more information on other details.

◈

Spraying Vegetables with Poisons.—A Texas reader also asks me whether it is safe to spray squash-vines, tomato-plants, etc., with poisons after the fruit has begun to set. He has used kerosene emulsion on his squashes without being able to get rid of the large black squash-bug. The only way he has ever found to prevent serious damage by this pest is by hand-picking every day, which is very tedious. I do not hesitate to spray all my cucumber, melon, squash, pumpkin and tomato vines, also egg-plants, and sometimes peppers, with the poisoned Bordeaux mixture even long after the fruit has begun to set. If we quit this practice before these fruits are nearing full size and maturity I cannot see any danger whatever in such applications except to leaf-eating insects. The large black squash-bug, however, is not a leaf-eater, and I do not make the poisonous application with any hope of reaching this fellow. The hand-picking method is about the only one I know of which promises relief. Keep it up for ten days at the time of first attack, and you will not suffer much from the depredations of the large squash-bug. The severe winter of 1903-1904 has given these squash-enemies such a setback on my grounds that not a single specimen has come under my observation since. When you notice the first specimens on your vines, place little pieces of wood, shingles, stone or other rubbish around the plants in each hill, and then every morning hunt for the bugs under this stuff. Wear an old glove on the right hand, and carry a little pail partly filled with water and coal-oil in the left; then pick up the bugs, and deposit them in the pail.

◈

The European Pearl Onion.—At the present time I have in my greenhouse a few specimens of what the people in Europe call "pearl onion," which is not an onion at all, but probably a garlic. The bulbs, or bulblets, are quite small, seldom larger than a cherry and often much smaller, and of a high flavor. It is not often in this country that one sees this vegetable, which is very popular with European cooks, and is usually in greater demand than supply there. It is propagated by natural division of the bulblets, but increases very slowly, so that there is little danger that it will ever be in oversupply. The other day I saw some of the imported pearl onions done up in bottles, or cans, in a fancy-grocery store in Buffalo. I have been desirous of learning more of the history of this vegetable, and wrote to the state experiment station at Geneva. The botanist writes me that he has spent much time looking up the matter of the pearl onion, but failed to find much regarding it. "In Henderson's 'Handbook of Plants,'" he says, "on page 283 there is mentioned the pearl onion, with the botanical name 'Allium ampeloprasum.' In an old English work I find the same species called 'round-headed garlic.' Further than this I have not been able to even find a mention of it." I have not been able to secure more information than this in Germany from friends who furnished me the stock on hand, but would be glad to hear from any reader who knows more about the origin and history of this "round-headed garlic." It is strictly a fancy vegetable, and I will give further description and illustration of it and its habit of growth later.

◈

Good Lettuce.—There is hardly a vegetable that wears as well in people's favor as lettuce. We sometimes have it on the table once a day for weeks, and even months, right along, and we do not seem to tire of it. Of course, we have it in prime order. I do not want, and would not relish very much, the stuff that one finds so often on the market-stands. I want it fresh and crisp, and then I want only the perfect, and preferably the inner, leaves, which are to be dressed with a little of the best olive-oil that the market affords and with our own home-made clear cider-vinegar. To my taste the garden affords no greater delicacy, especially when we have nice mealy potatoes and some good baked fowl or broiled steak to eat with it. In order to have first-class lettuce, however, we must in the first place have a good variety, and then give it the right treatment. Fortunately there is a long list of really fine lettuces, and it would be even a simpler task to make a good selection if we would revise our long list of varieties and reject all mere synonyms. Just at this time I have the Black-Seeded Tennisball in perfection. This old English variety has been for nearly fifty years in cultivation in the United States, and even at this time it is one of the four varieties most extensively grown, especially in the East. But it is offered in the catalogues of American seedsmen under upward of forty different names. You may plant Salamander, Perfection Salamander, Sensation, Black-Seeded Summer, Black-Seeded Butter, All Heart, Baltimore Cabbage, Large Butter Head, etc., and you will have nothing but a strain of old Tennisball, and in every case a good and reliable sort, perhaps as good as anything there is in existence. Then if you plant it in early spring, in summer or almost at any time, in very rich soil, where it has a continuous supply of moisture, you will most likely have good-sized heads that are as solid as a cabbage and as brittle as glass, and most delicious as a salad. The application of a little nitrate of soda broadcast to the plants set out in open ground in April has seemed to be of much assistance in making rapid and tender growth.

◈

Soil-examination.—A Florida reader sends me a sample of what he calls "very rich hummock-land," and asks me what I think of it as soil for celery. By the appearance of a sample of soil we can generally tell whether that particular soil is in the right mechanical condition or has the right texture for cropping, but we cannot be sure that it is right chemically. The soil sent me is surely in first-class mechanical condition—a black sandy loam containing an abundance of decayed vegetable matter, and apparently rich enough to raise good crops—but you will be in better condition to judge after you have put it to the practical test. It may bring big crops for a while even without any application of manures for years, but as our friend has a lot of old stable manure available for the purpose he should not run any risks with such a crop as celery or onions or any other valuable garden crop, and he had better make success doubly sure by applying a generous dose of it. The question put to me is whether to apply it broadcast or in the drills. I usually prefer to spread all manures for garden crops, except for sweet-potatoes, evenly over the land, and then have them thoroughly mixed with the soil by means of plow and harrows. In the case of celery, however, drill-manuring in otherwise rich land will do very well, and I have raised big crops of celery in that way. It is of much importance, however, that soil and manure (and the latter should be old and well decomposed) be also thoroughly mixed together in a wide band in the furrows. Celery-roots reach quite a distance, for which reason the broadcast method of manuring, especially when the rows are only three feet apart, as we make them for early celery, is in my judgment the safer and better. When manuring in the furrows, make them quite deep, then fill half full of the best and finest old manure you have, run through the furrows once more with the furrower, and finally several times with a cultivator, or mix soil and manure well together by any other means or tools, leaving the furrow finally nearly level, or at least only slightly depressed; then set the plants. This is good under our own climatic conditions. In a hot and dry climate it may be advisable to set the plants in deeper trenches.

◈

Onions in Florida, Texas and Louisiana.—It has for years appeared to me only a question of time until the onion-growers in our own country will crowd the Spanish, Bermuda and other foreign onions out of our markets. This is on the point of being realized so far as the Bermuda onion is concerned. The growers in Florida and Texas are beginning to see that they can beat the Bermuda growers both in time and product. Louisiana seems to be another state in which the industry of growing onions for Northern as well as home markets seems to have a future. I have had much hope for the Prizetaker grown in the South to be the onion that will eventually crowd out the imported Spanish onion. As we grow it here it seems to be in every way the equal of the imported, and for a portion of the year, at least, we ought to be able to supply our home markets with just as good an article from our own fields as is the imported Spanish. Southern growers, however, maintain that they have better onions for the South than the Prizetaker in the Creole and the Bermuda. It is for the growers of the Southern states named to find out for themselves what is best and most profitable for them. The experiment station of New Mexico has recently issued a bulletin on onion-growing which must be of considerable interest to people who wish to engage in onion-growing in our Southern states. A reader in Jota, La., gives me the following report: "After the soil has been made rich and thoroughly prepared, one man can plant out, cultivate and harvest an acre of onions here in southwestern Louisiana with no other tools than a good hoe and rake. The plants should be set the latter part of October. The grower will then have until the first of June to cultivate and harvest the crop. If he has done his part, he will very likely harvest about twenty-four thousand pounds of fine onions, which he can sell at from three and one half to five cents a pound, and not have to do much peddling, either. Our soil is rather light for the purpose of onion-growing, and practically has to be made, and manure of the right kind is scarce and dear. Few people here have cow-sheds, and still fewer have hen-houses. Hen-manure and wood-ashes make a most excellent combination for this most profitable of crops, the onion." Some of the details of the work will have to be adapted or adjusted in accordance with the local climatic conditions, but I have no doubt that onion-growing can be successfully carried on and made very profitable in Louisiana, and perhaps in Florida, Texas, etc., and that it is a field awaiting development and worthy of it. Hen-manure and wood-ashes are surely among the best of all manures for onions. I apply them separately, or mix them just before application, spreading them as evenly as possible over the plowed surface, and mixing these ingredients with the soil by thorough harrowing and raking.

Fruit-Growing

By S. B. GREEN

Trimming Maple-trees.—T. M., Harrisburg, Pa. The best time of year to trim hard maple trees is probably the first two weeks in June. If, however, the pruning to be done was very heavy I should prefer to do it the latter part of the winter, but several weeks before the buds started. In the case of hard maple the wounds over one inch in diameter should be covered with a coat of grafting-wax, white lead or similar material.

◈

Lice on Roses.—C. A. S., Wells, Maine. The rose-leaf which you inclosed is infested with what are commonly known as plant-lice. These little insects are occasionally very troublesome. Probably the best remedy for you to use is tobacco-water, made from raw tobacco, as from tobacco-stems. Make the decoction about the color of strong tea. Where practicable, dip the foliage into the water; otherwise spray it on. We occasionally use tobacco-smoke for this purpose. See reply to E. A. K. in this column.

◈

Lice-eggs Mistaken for Scale.—W. F. S., Farrall, Wyo. The piece of wood from your apple-tree has spots on it that are covered with small black, shiny bodies. These are not scales, as you think, but are the eggs of plant-lice, which will hatch later on and infest the foliage of the apple and other trees. They do no harm on the twigs of the apple, which they use only as a resting-place. The common lice that are occasionally so abundant in summer produce live young during the summer months, but on the approach of winter these black, shiny eggs are laid, which is the only form in which they winter over.

◈

Fertility of Strawberry-blossoms.—S. E. M., Coolidge, Kan. The strawberry-blossoms which you sent on are perfect—that is, they have an abundance of stamens, as well as pistils, and there is no apparent reason, judging from the flowers, why the plants should not produce fruit. I am inclined to think that the lack of fruitfulness has come from some late frost, which has injured the flowers. The Bedawood, or Splendid, is one of the best sorts for pollenizing the Bubach. It is possible that you have been deceived in your variety, and that what you now have is a kind that is never productive.

◈

Lice on Snowball.—E. A. K., Rochester, Minn. The stalk of snowball which you inclosed is infested with what are commonly known as plant-lice, or better as aphis. Our plants were quite badly infested with them this year, and we covered the whole plant with a cotton cloth and applied tobacco-smoke, which destroyed them all. In using tobacco for this purpose a smudge should be made in some vessel, but great care should be taken that the stems do not take fire and burn with a blaze, or even with a hot smoke, but after they are started a handful of wet stems should be put on to temper the smoke. This is very satisfactory. Another remedy is to use tobacco-water the color of strong tea. A decoction of this can be made up by pouring hot water on the stems, which should be used as soon as cool.

◈

Ants on Peony-buds.—W. P., St. Cloud, Minn. In regard to injuries to your peonies from black ants, which now infest the buds, I am very sure that if you will examine your peony-buds carefully you will find there is a sticky, sweet substance on the upper side of the buds. This material has been secreted there by plant-lice, which you will probably find on the under side of the small leaves, just below the buds. The ants visit the peonies to obtain this sticky honey-dew, secreted by the lice, and if the lice are removed I think the peonies will not be troubled with the ants. The lice may be destroyed by the use of tobacco-water. In making this water use raw tobacco-stems or other raw tobacco. These stems may be obtained from any cigar-factory, and a few pounds will make quite a lot of decoction. A good way to make it is to put the stems in a vessel and put on enough hot water to cover. It should be used as soon as cool, and should be of the color of strong tea.

◈

Scale-insect on Apple.—J. L. G., Amboy, Ill. The specimens of apple-twigs which you sent on are slightly infested with a scale-insect. Unless your tree is very much more infested than these twigs appear to be, I hardly see how any serious injury can be done by it. This is not the much-dreaded San Jose scale, although at times it may become so numerous as to cause serious injury. I am inclined to think that the shriveling up of the shoots and leaves of which you complain has no relation whatever to the appearance of this scale on the twigs, but think it is caused by sun-scald. It certainly would be a good thing for you to remove the scale from your trees, and if you have only a few trees perhaps the best way for you to do it would be to spray them with crude petroleum on some bright day in winter, when the petroleum would dry off quickly. This is a very satisfactory remedy, although occasionally it causes injury when it is applied in moist or cloudy weather, and thus remains on the tree a long time. There is no need of applying anything for the scale this summer. The best treatment for the blight which causes the leaves and twigs to shrivel up and turn black in June and July is to remove the infested portions as soon as the disease seems to have run its course, say by the middle of July. The best way to avoid this blight is by planting trees that are resistent to it. Some apple-trees, as the Yellow Transparent and the Transcendent Crab, are especially prone to this infection, and should be avoided.

Poultry-Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

General-Purpose Fowls

TABLE-FOWLS are those which bring good prices in open market, but more particularly they are those that provide the farmer with meat of the highest quality for his own home use. The farmer will not be satisfied with any breed of hens that do not give good results as layers, and while he prefers prolific hens, he also seeks to combine several qualities in one breed. The "general-purpose" hen has been sought in every section, but it seems that where something is gained in one direction there is a corresponding loss in another. The fowl that converts food into fat in the shortest period of time may not be so well adapted for providing eggs as one that converts the food mostly to the production of eggs; yet the kinds of food and the management have much to do with these matters, irrespective of breeds, the breeds, however, being more capable of providing a profit than birds that are not uniform. It is well known that the Dorking is a superior table-fowl, but its reputation as a layer is not greatly in its favor. There is a breed that is very closely related to the Dorking, the hens of which rank high as egg-producers and are likewise excellent table-fowls. The breed referred to is the Houdan, a favorite in France, and which combines prolificacy and quality of flesh. It is but fair to state that the Houdan has five toes, its shanks are dark and its skin is white, which do not detract from it in any manner; but it also has a crest, which is a disadvantage, as during heavy rains the crest may become "water-sogged," as it is sometimes expressed, and the birds are also handicapped by the crest when a hawk is near, the view being obstructed. It is stated that the Houdan is also somewhat tender when young, the chicks being more difficult to rear than those of some breeds. Nevertheless, the Houdan is a prolific layer of large eggs, has a full breast, is a superb market and table fowl, and will prove satisfactory under good management. It is black and white in color of plumage, and its meat is rather dark, but the color of the shanks and flesh do not hamper the turkey, and consequently should not overbalance the excellent qualities of the Houdan.

◈

The Young Turkeys

The danger period with young turkeys that survive the lice of their first two weeks is when they are about ten or twelve weeks old. They are then "shooting the red," as the change is termed, and for a while they must be kept dry at night and the food must be nourishing. After they pass over this stage of their existence they become hardy, and are capable of taking care of themselves, but they must be occasionally examined, in order to protect them from the large body-lice. Young turkeys frequently become lame from no apparent cause, but lameness is usually the result of their being permitted to roost on high limbs or other roosts, their legs and feet being injured by alighting from the roosts to the ground, one or two days causing no harm, the constant practice, however, being injurious. They will now be able to secure a large share of their food, but it will induce them to come to the barn-yard regularly if fed every evening.

◈

Early Maturity

Leghorn pullets will sometimes begin to lay when but four months old, but it is of no advantage to have them begin too early, as their eggs are usually small, and the task is too much for such young birds. It is frequently the case that a whole flock of Leghorn pullets begin laying when five months old, and keep at it until well into the fall. It may happen that such pullets begin to molt before winter, which destroys their usefulness during that season; but if Leghorn pullets are hatched in June they will probably begin to lay in November, and will continue laying during the winter if kept warm and fed on varied food.

◈

Use Them at Home

If there is no market convenient for the extra fowls and chicks, do not attempt to ship them alive during the summer season, as they will not only suffer severely on the journey, but also lose in weight. Young cockerels that are nearly grown frequently sell as "old roosters" if their combs are large, and they will seldom bring over five cents a pound. The cheapest mode of disposing of any surplus is to use such for consumption at home. It is not profitable to sacrifice a product of high quality and expend several times as much for beef or other meats. The farmer who does not use his poultry on his table deprives himself of that which is better and more nutritious than anything he can procure elsewhere for the same expenditure.

◈

Summer Layers

All hens are good summer layers, as that is the season of the year when they can forage for their food and be more comfortable. Some hens will begin to lay in early spring, and continue to lay until frost comes in the fall, making no effort to bring off broods of chicks. Such hens are very active, and keep themselves in good laying condition. What is meant by "laying condition" is that the work of securing their food prevents the hens from becoming very fat. They better digest and assimilate their food by reason of the exercise, the increased production of eggs (a result of their favorable condition) demanding the utilization of all the food consumed. Those who feed their hens in summer should note these facts: It may be better to give no food at all than to feed too much. Grain is never a suitable food for hens that can forage. If any kind of food is allowed, let it be about one ounce of lean meat for each hen at night.

LOITERING AROUND THE BARN

◈

Bowel Diseases in Summer

Sometimes it happens that diarrhea occurs in flocks where the management has been good, and at once the difficulty is diagnosed by the farmer or poultryman as cholera, or as some other contagious disease that may be unknown. The cause is usually the free use of very watery green food. When rye, grass, tender weeds and other bulky foods are largely consumed by the fowls the result may be a laxative effect, but this occurs mostly when the green food is very young, at which stage of growth it contains a large proportion of water and very little solid matter. The effect is more readily noticeable when the birds have had but little green food, being kept during the winter and spring on a grain diet. The remedy for the difficulty mentioned is to confine the birds in their yards for a few days, feeding them twice a day on a ration of ten parts corn-meal, two parts sifted ground oats and one part fine bran, adding a gill of linseed-meal and a teaspoonful of salt to every quart, cooking the whole as bread.

◈

Pigeon-Notes

When raising pigeons, and especially squabs, for market, do not take any stock in the statement that each pair will raise twenty-four squabs during the year. A pair of squab-producers that will produce an average of six pairs a year have done mighty well. Fancy pigeons that grow the exhibition stock usually round up with about three or four pairs a season. When a pair of pigeons have grown twelve squabs in a year they have produced six times their own weight, which is a pretty good active business for such small birds.

◈

When we kept pigeons a number of years ago we discarded the salt-cat, and nailed a piece of salt fish against the side of the house. For some three years we never gave our pigeons a bit of salt other than this, and we never had any canker in our loft after doing away with the salt. Can it be possible that too much rock-salt is being used and causing canker? We all know that salt thrown upon ice in winter will cause diphtheria when the ice begins to melt a little. Let the best members of the fancy experiment a little on this salt-cat, and discover whether or not it is so important to the pigeon fancy.

◈

If you have a fine pair of pigeons that will not raise their young, try to have a pair of fine Homers that are good feeders and that will lay at the same time as your other pigeons, or within a day or two of the same time. Transfer the eggs of the fine pair to the pair of Homers, and see if they do not raise fine squabs.

◈

Do not imagine that you can start in the squab or pigeon business simply through the purchase of the birds; you must learn how to care for, feed and breed them. No one ever knows too much about it; and as long as there are so many hundreds of fine young squabs dying in the nest from canker that are kept and reared in nice clean lofts there is something wrong with the management that had better be discovered. We do not believe that it all comes from inbreeding, or from being passed down from one to another. Find out if too much rock-salt has not something to do with it. Why should pigeons be the only birds to be dosed with rock-salt?

◈

Feed a number of different kinds of small grain to your pigeons. When they fly about they pick up seeds and grain and everything of this kind that they can find to eat. It is true that their main support should be good, sound, dry wheat and cracked corn. Some Canada peas can be added to this, and after that a very little hemp-seed, some Kafir-corn, a little barley—not much of this, however, for all grain with husks is bad for feeding to young pigeons, but give them any kind of good solid grain without husks. A little bit of millet-seed and some hulled oats is good, but do not give much of this. With this furnish plenty of fresh water for drinking, some crushed oyster-shell, some grit and a little rock-salt. Just why people feed so much rock-salt we cannot understand.—The American Fancier.

◈

Notes

Forcing egg-production is dangerous.

The male bird does not influence the egg-yield.

If you expect good chickens you must breed from good parents.

Women become the most successful poultry-keepers from the fact that they are careful and have a love for the work.

When the chicks weigh a couple of pounds send them to the market. You will get more for them then, in proportion to the cost of growing, than at any other time. The next pound will draw more heavily on your pocketbook, and the price will be more likely to tumble.—Farm Journal.

◈

Inquiries Answered

DUCKS.—J. E., Media, Pa., asks "if ducks should be fed in summer, especially if they have plenty of ground and also a pond." Ducks under such favorable conditions need no assistance at this season of the year.

GREEN FOOD.—"Subscriber," Ashland, Ohio, desires to know "which is the best green food for fowls in summer, they having the use of an orchard." Probably white clover is equal to any, as it is shorter than the red variety and fully as nutritious.

◈

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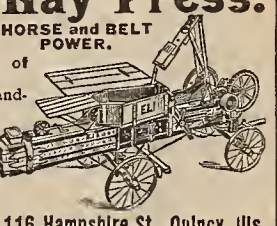

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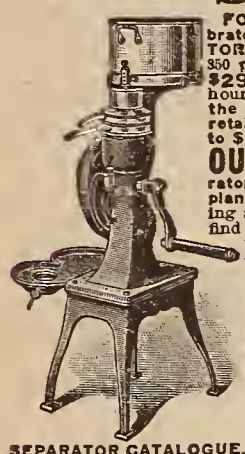

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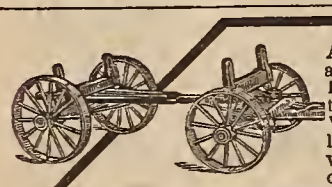

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Live Stock and Dairy

Feeding the Colt

If the colt lacks exercise there is danger of feeding him too much, but if he is getting all the exercise he will take I do not think he can be overfed. One of the best colts I ever saw had a self-feeder and all the oats he wanted, and also had a great deal of exercise, and he grew up wonderfully well proportioned, well muscled and good boned. I would advise not to feed any more oats than he can relish and will take readily and greedily, but enough to keep him smooth. The colt previously referred to had the self-feeder only until he was one year old.

Colts are the most easily stunted during the first year, and therefore during this time they should be most carefully and liberally fed. If I had a colt stunted in growth I would give him skim-milk if I had it, and put some oil-meal and bran into his feed. I would feed him some roots if I could.

Colts should be weaned when between three and five months old. A three or four year old colt should not be worked hard, because he is shedding teeth, and is likely to get into a feverish condition. If the colts get badly run down, a little flaxseed will be good, and turn him into a good pasture. ANDREW STENSON.

Practical Horse-Notes

During warm weather, when the horse sweats, it is important that the curry-comb and brush be used daily.

Most balky horses can be worked quite satisfactorily if managed with care. Be careful not to overload, as this is what causes most balky horses.

See that all parts of the harness fit the horse. I once saw a case where a blood-blister almost as large as a man's head was caused by harness being too tight and rubbing before the owner noticed it.

At present prices the best money can be made by raising horses if you raise good ones. If you have a good mare, you had better raise a colt. It is the easiest money you can make.

If you want your horse to have deranged digestion and colic occasionally, and be in poor condition all over, all you have to do is to feed him on some coarse feed from which he can get no nutriment. This is what keeps many horses in this way—they haven't enough to eat. They may have enough in bulk, but there is so little nutriment in it that the horse wears himself out in getting it.

The man who has perfect patience with horses is the man who deserves a note worthy of honor. Few of us have patience enough but that we forget at times. The young horse you are trying to teach something needs to be shown, and it requires a little patience. The man who gets his temper up at once and goes at it rough will always come out loser in the game.

If all horse-owners understood how good oats are for horse-feed there would be better horses in the country. Corn is almost unfit for the hard-worked horse. If you feed oats the horses may not look quite so fat, but they will be in better condition. They will have more life, and feel more like working, and it is a settled fact that they will do more work during the season by a great deal—enough more that it will pay well to feed on oats.

Keep the horse in good condition, and you will not need to think of medicine. This can be done only by proper care, and the main item in proper care is proper feed. If horses are fed on oats you will have less trouble and better horses.

Don't forget to keep salt before the horses all the time. They need salt just as much as you do. Do not neglect this. E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

Shelter for Fattening Steers

In the fall of 1902 there was planned a series of experiments to test the comparative merits of indoor and outdoor feeding for fattening steers. These experiments have now extended through three seasons upon practically the same plan. Twenty-four steers were divided into two lots as nearly equal as possible. One lot was fed in a large pen in the basement of the college barn, the other lot was fed in an open shed in a yard adjoining the barn. This shed was inclosed on the two ends and one side, leaving the open side toward the southeast.

During the first season the lot fed in the shed produced a slightly smaller gain and ate somewhat more food than the lot fed in the barn. During the second season the lot in the barn again produced a larger gain and ate more food than the lot outside. During the first season it required one and one fifth pounds more feed to produce a pound of gain in the outside lot than in the lot in the barn. During the second season it required one and one half pounds more feed to produce a pound of gain in the open shed than in the barn. During the third season the two lots made practically the same gains, there being only one half pound difference to the steer, and that in favor of the outside lot. The steers in the shed ate less feed during this season than the steers in the barn. During this season it required one fourth of a pound more feed to produce a pound of gain in the barn than outside.

During the first two seasons the yard in which the open shed was located became very muddy from the trampling of the steers and on account of drainage from higher ground. Before the last season opened a part of this yard was given a coat of cinders, which allowed it to be kept drier than during the previous seasons. This may account, in part at least, for the better showing made by the outside lot during the last experiment.

From records kept during these experiments it appears that the temperature has very little to do with the gains. The large gains were made quite as often during the colder periods as during the warmer ones. In many cases it seems that the cold acts as a stimulant which results in greater gains. Even the steers outside sometimes made their largest gains during the coldest weather. The indications are that it is much more important to keep steers dry than to keep them warm, and that whatever advantage barn-feeding may possess over outside feeding results not from the warmer, but from the drier, quarters.—T. I. Mairs, in Bulletin of the Pennsylvania Experiment Station.

Economical Dairy-Feeding

Economical usually means successful dairy-feeding. The three elements in the problem, arranged in the order of their importance, are the feeder, the cow, the feed. The successful feeder of dairy stock must have enlightened understanding in addition to enthusiasm and love for his calling. To become a successful breeder and feeder a man must be ready to take all pains to know the truth regarding his business, and be ready to govern himself accordingly, whether he finds the facts as he would like them or not. A good dairy-cow must be bred for production. Here, as elsewhere, blood tells. From small beginnings, with care in breeding and by rigorous selection, a family of cows of high production can be evolved that will pay their owners well for the time and care bestowed.

Feed is a fundamental requisite of production. Life is a wonderful transformer, but it is not a creator. Vital force is merely a different manifestation of other forces and forms of energy. It is only the food above the needs of maintaining the animal body that is productive. The lessons of the St. Louis Fair on production emphasize that the secret of success is to develop each individual cow to her greatest capacity, or rather to her limit of profitable production.

Feeding-standards are of importance, but with the most perfect knowledge of the laws of nutrition it will hardly be possible to state accurate physiological standards. At the best such a standard will be only an average estimate, and not an unvarying formula.

The formula for profitable feeding will always vary with conditions, and will very seldom coincide with a physiological standard. Not only the physiological action of the nutrients, but the cost of the feed and the value of the product, have to be taken into account. The nutritive value of a food depends upon its digestibility as well as upon its chemical composition. For example, wheat bran and clover carry about the same percentage of protein, but nearly eight tenths of the wheat protein is digestible and less than seven tenths of the clover protein.

Many conditions affect the digestibility of feeding stuffs. Usually because of loss of leaves in curing, green fodders are better digested than cured. Other things being equal, the more rapid the curing the more digestible the hay will be, because it will involve less handling, and consequently less loss of the leaves, which are the more digestible part. In general the percentages of protein, fat and nitrogen-free extract decrease and the percentages of fiber increase with the age of the plant; also as a rule with added age the nutritive ingredients are rather less indigestible.

It has been found by careful experiment that the best time to cut most of the plants used for forage, whether to be fed green or to be cured and fed as hay, is when they are in full bloom. Experiments agree in showing that long keeping injures the digestibility. The addition of considerable amounts of protein does not diminish the digestibility of other nutrients, but, on the other hand, large quantities of starch, sugars or fats may depress the digestibility of the protein.

Among the cattle-feeds grown upon the farm, the legumes, such as clover, peas, etc., are more valuable than ordinary grasses, because they contain large proportions of protein, which serve to form blood, muscle, bone and milk. They respond readily to the application of mineral fertilizers, and obtain a large part of the nitrogen needed for their growth from the air.

Among the green fodders for soiling crops and for their silage, Indian corn stands preëminent. The largest yield of digestible nutrients to the acre from corn will be obtained when varieties are used that will carry the grain at least as far as the milk stage. Unlike the grasses, mature corn contains less fiber and more soluble carbohydrates than immature corn; hence for palatability, digestibility and yield it is advisable to allow corn to mature before harvesting, and this is equally true whether the corn is to be cured as fodder or made into silage.

Next to the corn-plant and the clovers, oats, either by themselves or sown with peas, either fed green, cured as hay, or allowed to ripen and threshed, are valuable sources of cattle-feed. Experiments at the Maine station show that oats cut in the milk stage contain a great deal more digestible protein than at any other stage of their growth. The bottom section of the stalks has very little feeding value; therefore in cutting oats for hay it is better to leave a high stubble, for the loss incurred by leaving the coarse part of the stalk in the ground is more than compensated by the improved quality and the palatability of the remainder.

Roots and potatoes are advantageous feeds, because they furnish very palatable, succulent food, which may be kept in perfect condition during the entire season. They are particularly valuable in the sections where silage cannot be grown.

In going into the market to buy the various meals and offals that are sold for cattle-feeds, the intelligent buyer of feeding-stuffs who has his barns well filled with hay, corn fodder and silage will have very little use for feeds low in protein content. The wise cattle-feeder will grow upon his own land the largest possible amount of the food that he is to feed. He will grow as much of the nitrogenous feeds — the clovers, peas, etc.—as possible, but the corn-plant will be his main dependence for succulent winter feed. Under favorable circumstances he may grow enough to carry his stock advantageously through the winter, but for the most part the home-grown feeds must be supplemented from the market.

To do this most economically, the man who has sufficient hay and silage for his animals will usually need to lay special stress on the protein content of the feeding-stuffs that he is to buy. While protein is not the sole measure of a food material, for his purpose he can consider it as such, for he goes to the market not to buy starch and sugar, but to obtain the nitrogenous materials needed to balance his ration. Hence he will have little use for low-grade oat feeds. He will buy bran chiefly because it will furnish needed mineral matter, and he will buy more largely of the gluten, the oil-meals, distillers' grains and other materials high in protein.—Chas. D. Woods, Director Maine Agricultural Experiment Station.

The Call for Pure Milk

The demand for milk which is strictly pure is one that comes up from every direction, and it is one that no farmer can afford to slight. There can be no doubt that no one article enters more largely into the every-day food of men all over the country than milk. Babies must have it; old folks can partake of it when teeth go and it is almost impossible to use any other article of food—in fact, from the cradle to the grave the call goes up for milk.

And perhaps upon the quality of the milk consumed depends the health of the people of the world more than upon anything else. Pure milk makes pure blood, and pure blood makes a healthful man or woman. Impure milk poisons the body from the very cradle. Nations are made up of individuals, and cannot be better than are the men who compose them. Clean, vigorous men, with sound minds and sound bodies, are most likely to

give us good government. A race of sick or half-sick people never can be healthy or happy.

Upon the farmer rests in large part the burden of furnishing the pure milk which must be had in order to bring about the best good of the community. It is true that after the milk leaves the farmer's hands he is not wholly responsible for what happens to it, and yet his duty cannot be said to stop even when he has put the milk into the bottles or cans and passed it on to the man who takes it to the consumer. But primarily it is the business of the farmer to produce just the best and purest milk he can. He is morally and legally bound to do this.

It may be taken for granted that most farmers really want to produce and sell pure milk. But very few men would knowingly do otherwise. There is in us all a deep sense of the right and wrong of these things, and without doubt nine out of every ten men would be very indignant if they were to be told that they were placing on the market milk that was a menace to the public health. And yet it is easy to be careless, and in such an important matter as this carelessness is a crime.

How may we be sure that we are doing our part toward giving the world good, clean, wholesome milk? That is the question every farmer who has a heart in him is asking every day of his life, and most of them are doing their best to solve the problem honestly and faithfully.

The place to begin working for pure milk is with the feed. I know that some hold that it does not make any difference what we feed our cows—that they will turn it all into good milk. This is not yet an undisputed fact. I know from personal experience that certain kinds of food will taint milk. For instance, in the spring of the year if the cow gets into the woods and eats freely of leeks the milk will surely taste of them. One man of my acquaintance was compelled to take his milk out of a creamery for several days just because the cows had been eating leeks. Other kinds of vegetables, as well as certain kinds of weeds found in the pastures of this country, will bring about the same result. So the feed seems to me a most essential point toward the production of pure milk. Good, clean feed, in barn and in pasture, is the starting-point toward the desired end. For this reason we must get the noxious weeds out of our pastures by mowing them at least once each year—say after haying, when they are in bloom and may be most easily killed. Then we must see to it that the meadows are clean and free from weeds, also, so that no hay with foul stuff may be put into the barn. All moldy hay should be rejected conscientiously.

Again, the care of the stables is a prime essential. Everything which tends to create foul odors about the barn must be scrupulously removed. Floors and walls should be kept clean. Pails and cans cannot be too clean. And yet we may fail unless the real work of milking is done properly. Whenever upon rising from the milking-stool we find that there is a little cloud of dark dust upon the top of the foam that has gathered while we have been at work, we may be sure that we have failed in our effort to do our work in a cleanly manner. Just as surely as we say to ourselves, "Well, the strainer will take that impurity all out," just so surely do we make a fatal mistake, for no strainer ever made will do that—none ever will be made. Little particles of the unclean matter will be sure to go through the strainer and be the source of disease. It therefore stands us in hand to most carefully clean the udder of every cow before we begin to milk. Wipe them off, and wipe them with a clean cloth, not the bare hand. See that no man ever wets his hands with milk before he begins milking. The man who does that ought to be shut out of the stable forever.

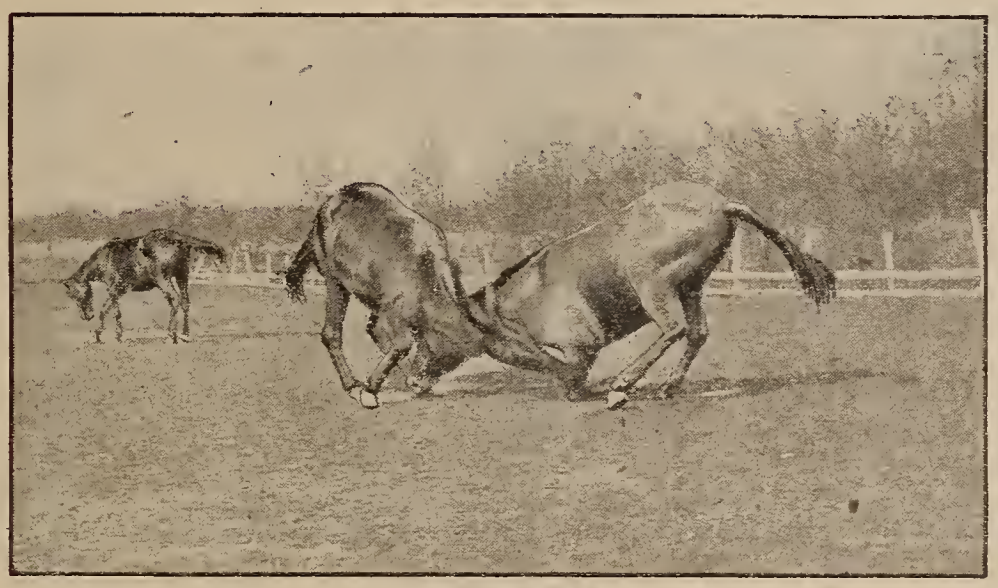
Then clean pans and cans, and those only, should be used. This calls for scrupulous care in washing. A few simple rules are to be observed here. First rinse with cold water, and follow with scalding-hot water. Do not be afraid of scrubbing with perfectly clean cloths. Finally rinse again with cold water, and if possible dry in the sun, which is a great purifier. Use no rusty or otherwise rough cans or pails, for germs of disease will surely settle in every tiny crevice and afford a harboring-place for bacteria.

As a last word, follow the milk to the man who uses it. This does not mean that you and I can go with our milk every time, and see that nothing happens to it before it is put upon the table. It does mean that there shall be duly constituted officers, who shall be honest men and competent to know what pure milk is, who shall guard the milk all along the way. It means that we shall punish every man who adds anything to the milk at any step of his connection with it to "preserve" it or in any other way affect its quality. It means that we shall insist that the shipping-lines shall build and use the best cars possible to insure speedy and sanitary transit to the point of delivery. It means that upon reaching its destination the milk shall be received into clean and healthful surroundings, and hurried to the homes in which it is to be used, without being exposed to anything which might inoculate it with disease-germs.

To do all these things calls for careful study and legislation, as well as honest execution of laws enacted. Much of this work the farmer must delegate to the men who represent him in the state capitols. Here is opportunity for thorough work on the part of the grange and other farmers' organizations. But the starting-point is right at home on the farm.

EDGAR L. VINCENT.

Live Stock and Dairy



MULISH CAPERS

Dairying in Texas

Mr. Vincent is going to do what I have been doing for years. I go to town three times a week, and take along butter, buttermilk, eggs, strawberries, dewberries, etc., and sell direct to the consumer. My butter sells all the year round for not less than twenty-five cents a pound. I was offered thirty-five cents a pound last March in Houston, but I could not supply the demand at home. Butter sells in town now for ten cents a pound, but mine still holds up to twenty-five cents, for it is equal to the best creamery.

Some butchers came up last March, and wanted to purchase some of my cows and calves, but not a cow did they get. I feed my cows not only for my own gratification, but for the money there is in it. During the winter they had a daily ration of twenty pounds of hulls, from nine to sixteen pounds of cotton-seed meal, rice bran and rice polish mixed, fed according to the size of the cow, and all the best hay they would eat. The calves were fed all the hay they would eat, and about four pounds a day of wheat bran with a dash of cotton-seed meal in it. When cows were dying from starvation here, even in the streets, mine were laying on flesh, or the butchers would not have wanted them. During a cold spell lasting five days I fed forty bales of hay alone to eighteen head of cattle and increased the quantity of meal and bran by one third. They were all under cover and bedded up to their knees in rice straw all through the winter. The summer feed consists of about three pounds of wheat bran morning and night and what hay they will eat. Grass is from six inches to knee high, and the cows range over two hundred acres. When they get tired of one range they are changed into another pasture.

I have a cow whose owner four years ago complained to me that she did not give him any milk or butter. I replied that she never would as long as he fed her on road-dust. He turned this cow over to me with some others for her feed, but I could never get more than a pint out of her daily until she had another calf. I purchased her, and she will give me three gallons of milk daily for eight months in the year.

A man told me some years ago that I was too particular, but it is being particular that makes the money. The milk of every one of my cows is measured as she is milked, and the amount is entered on a slate in the cow-pen. After supper the items are transferred to a book kept for that purpose. If any cow falls off in her milk I am able to quickly find out the reason through keeping that account.

Again, my cows are all healthy. Each milker (myself included) is required to wash his or her hands after milking each cow. There is a basin and plenty of clean water in the cow-pen. Salt is always before the cattle, and the utmost care and cleanliness is observed. Some readers may say, "Does it pay to feed so high and be so particular?" Last year I milked seven cows, some going out and some coming in. After paying for all the feed, or charging up to the cows the value of the feed that I grew myself, the seven cows gave me a clear profit of two hundred and seventy-four dollars and eighty-five cents, or thirty-nine dollars and twenty-six cents a head, besides the calves, and a fat hog which I sold for fifteen dollars, not to mention the butter and milk consumed in the house.

My cows all come to me when I call them, as does everything on the place—horses, mules, cows, calves, cats and one dog. The dog knows better than to chase any of the cattle, and they take no notice of him or he of them.

I noticed in the "National Farmer and Stock-Grower" some time ago an article in which the writer, speaking of milking a cow for the first time, said, "Of course she will kick." That shows very conclusively that he does not go among his cattle (if he has any, which I very much doubt) like I go among mine. Why don't my cows kick when I milk them for the first time? Because from the time they are born I begin to handle them. I have three heifers due to come in next August. I go out in the field and rub them all over. When I rub their udders they will stand on three legs and hold up the other, and seem never to get tired of being so treated. Consequently, when they come in they walk up into their stalls and eat their feed, taking no more notice of me than if I was not there. I do not even tie them up the first time I milk them, just to see what they will do. And what do they do? Probably turn their heads around and lick my ear, or my hand if I hold it out to them as they have been accustomed to have me do. They do not kick, for they have nothing to kick for, never having been struck in their lives. It would be better for a man to strike me than to strike one of my cows. I would forgive him for striking me, but never for striking one of my cows, as a fellow found out about eighteen months ago when he picked up a whip that a wagon-driver had thrown down in the cow-pen, and proceeded to lay it across the back of my favorite cow, that was tied up in her stall and taking no notice of him. I jumped on him before he could wink, and if ever he got a good whipping, he did then. He never came back to see me any more. No whips, sticks or rough play of any sort is allowed in the cow-pen or anywhere else on the farm except by the teamsters. If any one feels energetically disposed, there is a currycomb and brush handy.

F. G. SMITH.

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LILIAN WYCKOFF JOHNSON, Ph.D., President The Western College, Oxford, Ohio

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The Grange

BY MRS. MARY E. LEE

Nature's Mysteries

THAT which differentiates the wise from the unseeing is in discovering the wonderful in the ordinary events and environments of life and seeing through the pretensions of the unusual. That which appeals to one as marvelous is usually the work of man, or Nature in some form. What the brain of man has conceived, the brain of the child can understand. When once it is reduced to the form of the square or the rectangle it ceases to be wonderful. The grotesque forms which Nature assumes are as easily explained. The Garden of the Gods is but one of Nature's whims, yet men will journey with infinite pains and labor to unravel the secret that the nearest rock would tell them did they but inquire. Sun, rain, wind, cold, heat are all about us, working out their laws of life, yet we note them not until they become whimsical and abnormal. We rush to the Old World to read its story in brick and mortar, forgetting that the mind will gain nothing which it carries not with it. The mystery will be a mystery to the man who sees only so many tons of rock and mortar, so many colors in the paint. In the meantime all about us lie hidden mysteries inviting us to study.

From my window I see the ripening cherry and strawberry, the blossoming rose, the graceful maple, the solemn cedar and pine, the waving grass, all within a space of less than one sixteenth of an acre. How comes it that the same soil, with the same elements, produces such varied forms? At this instant I hear the ticking of the clock, the song of the thrush, the chirp of the cricket, the buzzing of the fly, the sighing of the wind, the jarring ring of the telephone. How can the waves of sound convey so many distinct impressions in one swift comprehension? Over a comparatively small area garbage has been distributed, with the aim of utilizing the bacteria that Nature provides for disposing of it with the least possible offense to the sentiments. How large an area will be required to consume a certain amount of refuse? Upon what do the bacteria feed when deprived of their food? How rapidly do they multiply? These are all very practical inquiries to every householder. How are the tissues of the body torn down and rebuilt? What foods serve as tissue-builders, what as fuel for strength? What are the constant forces of Nature that thunder at our doors, and yet we heed them not because we see and hear them daily?

To the inquiring mind there are no dull, blank days, no meaningless events. The most wonderful things are the most common to the instructed soul. He who journeys far will see little. He who inquires far will find meanings greater than any tower or architecture, howsoever fine, the Old World has to offer. Study, inquire, seek, know. That is the secret of a full and happy life. And it can be had on the poorest hill, in the meanest dale, provided there is an inquiring eye and perceiving mind.

◈

The Road to Greatness

It is natural and commendable to emulate the life of the great and to seek the path that will lead one to a place among the noble of the earth. Many are willing to undergo the precise form of hardships that the hero endured, provided they lead to the coveted crown; few are willing to assume the burdens that will fall on their own backs. It is observable that those who have contributed the most to humanity's cause did the thing that most needed doing at that time and in that place, apparently without a thought that it was great, but simply because it was needed. The need was the call. In that they answered the need and became human benefactors, served a purpose that existed in their time, did the best they could, and brought to their work a trained brain—or, more strictly speaking, trained the brain to do the work—lies their greatness.

Not every one can obtain fame, but every one has it in his or her power to live helpful, noble lives and make their need felt in a very large circle. Those of whom we say "their places can never be filled" simply did the work that appealed to them in the very best way possible. Not all can work in one and the same way. To each is given a different talent. Let each one do the work that his own thoughts suggest, and trust to time to show the worth of it. In every community there lies opportunity to do the work the world needs done. Every one has felt the insistent call to do some particular thing which will benefit his own place. Rest assured that the need in your community is the need of the larger community whose bounds are the world's bounds. If you cannot do the work under the conditions which you know, how can you under environments you do not know?

The recorded testimony of those who have become the world's benefactors is that success lies in doing the work nearest at hand. Rest assured that work further away will beckon you, and more will appear than you have strength for the doing. "'The world is white unto the harvest," you will exclaim, "but the laborers are few." You will not see the harvest or the scarcity of the laborers until you have served your apprenticeship. Great experience is needed to see great needs. Go, therefore, to work in your own grange, school, community. Do that which human experience has shown to be good, and with the doing shall come power, outlook, opportunity. They come not to the idler or the onlooker—only to the laborer.

◈

Barlow Grange

One of the most progressive granges of southern Ohio is located at Barlow, Washington County. In less than one year after it was organized it had more than one hundred members, who were eager and enthusiastic workers.

"How did you get such a splendid grange?" I asked the master, C. S. Pugh.

"We began by asking good people, we took in none but good people, and good people found it was a good place to go," he answered, with pride.

This grange offered a prize of five dollars for the best display of sweet-peas throughout the season. Vases were furnished by the grange, and members vied with one another in growing the finest sweet-peas and in making the most artistic display. Every meeting-night there was good-natured rivalry to see who would have the best exhibit and arrange it the most artistically. It is said that art literature was never more carefully studied in this fine old town than during last summer. A similar prize will be offered this year.

Young people attend regularly, and indulge in literary exercises, games and social converse. It is an excellent grange composed of excellent people.

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The Observatory

Garrettsville Grange, Portage County, recently spent sixty dollars for costumes. They are classical, and lend a charm to the work that can be secured in no other way. Electric lights are thrown on the three Graces, who pose in appropriate postures.

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Encourage the local talent. It will bring credit to you, and make your neighborhood an enviable place in which to live. A community that encourages its talent will be apt to keep it at home. The result will be that the community will foster local pride and develop beautiful and artistic homes.

◈

Since the exemplification of the degrees at Warren many granges have organized degree-teams and are drilling. The ritualistic work of the grange is inspiring and ennobling. It is well that it be exemplified with all the dignity and precision to which its excellence is entitled. It will not be long before one such degree-team that has become especially proficient will be called upon to visit other granges and exemplify the work.

◈

Another grange was organized in Fairfield County to take up the educational work. This was at Carroll. The master, J. M. Brunner, arranged to take up the work at the second meeting. Who can beat that record? All of the Fairfield County Patrons came in for the educational work. Ten members from Madison Grange, Canal Winchester, Franklin County, came down, and contributed greatly to the interest and fraternal feeling. Madison can be depended upon to do the right and friendly thing every time. I do not forget that when we had our first picnic in this county that they chartered a car and came forty strong to help make it a success. It is good to have such a grange in a community.

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Please do not allow your subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE to run out. It must be good, or it would not continue to grow faster than any other similar journal in the world. Renew early, and do not miss any of the numbers. Get your neighbor to send along with you.

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Collection of Subscription for Paper Never Subscribed For

C. P. N., Pennsylvania, asks: "Can publishers who get my address someway send me their paper, which I don't want, and refuse to accept from the rural mail-carrier, and then collect money for said paper?"

No, most assuredly not.

Inheritance

A. S. asks: "If a woman with a husband and three children (children being of age) dies without a will, leaving eight hundred dollars in bank and a farm, how will the property be divided by law?"

The money in bank would be equally divided, the husband taking a child's share.

Inquiry to Land Commissioner

A. W. H., Illinois, inquires: "Having bought eighty acres of land in Oklahoma that had just been proved up on, how do I get the patent or deed from the government? Does the man that proved up on it have to get it, or do I? He gave me a deed and the receipt for the patent."

You should address the commissioner of the land office at Washington, D. C., designating the tract of land, and ask him for further instructions.

Husband's Rights

S. A., New York, asks: "If a widow with no children is left with a farm and personal property, and makes a will disposing of such as she deems proper, can the husband hold her property, either personal or real, when she dies, unless she so disposes, especially the household goods?"

I doubt if the husband would have any interest in the real estate, but as I understand the law in New York he would get one half of the personal property.

Annual Interest

J. H. L., Maryland, inquires: "A contract for the sale of land specifically states that the interest must be paid annually. If the interest is not so paid, could I by any rule of law collect interest on such overdue interest from the time it was due until paid? If I cannot legally do this, what is the purpose of having expressed in the contract 'interest must be paid annually'?"

You can collect interest on the interest from the time it is due until it is paid. This interest would bear simple interest. It could not be compounded. It is what is called annual interest.

Breach of Promise—Limitation of Action

G. C. M., New Hampshire, inquires: "Is there a limit as to time in New Hampshire for bringing an action for breach of promise? A girl proposed marriage to a man in New Hampshire, knowing he was married and about to secure a divorce. The man gave no decided answer, but perhaps caused her to think he would be favorable to her. Soon after she went home to Michigan, and wrote letters coaxingly. The man answered nothing for one year. Has she a chance for a suit for breach of promise?"

The action must be brought within six years. I do not believe the girl has a cause of action.

Defective Deed

W. R. B., Iowa, asks: "W. R. B. bought a farm from H. B. in Oklahoma, and H. B. gave a warranty deed, and had an abstract run up to date by bonded abstracters. W. R. B. paid the taxes for three years, and when he went the fourth year they said there were no taxes against him, that the patent had never been put on record. Will W. R. B. lose his money, or will the abstracters have to make it good, or can W. R. B. get it off of H. B., the former owner?"

If W. R. B. is still in possession he can get a patent and have it put on record. If he has been ousted of his possession, and his title defeated, he could recover on his warranty from H. B., or he might recover from the abstracters. It seems odd that the matter was not discovered until he went to pay the taxes for the fourth time.

Inheritance Tax—Adverse Possession

L. C., Ohio, asks: "Is there any limit to the inheritance tax?——Can a renter of farm property in Illinois who has had no written contract get possession of property by twenty-one years' residence on same, the owner keeping the taxes paid?"

There are two kinds of inheritance tax in Ohio—the direct and the collateral. The direct applies where the father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, niece, nephew, lineal descendants, adopted child, lineal descendant's wife, or widow of a son, the husband of a daughter, etc., each receive by will or deed of gift property exceeding three thousand dollars, a tax of two per cent is then imposed. The collateral inheritance tax applies to those not included in the direct-tax law, and is five per cent on all in excess of two hundred dollars.——A tenant can never question his landlord's title. If he acknowledges being a tenant by paying rent, or in any other manner, he cannot hold adversely to his landlord.

Examination into Settlement

N. S. H. asks: "A man and wife living in Ohio had four grown-up daughters, A., B., C. and D. B. and C. married, and settled in Ohio. A. married, and settled in Iowa. D. and the parents also went to Iowa. After living there several years, and accumulating some property, the man died, and A.'s husband was appointed administrator of the estate without bond. Later A. and her husband, after failing in business in Iowa, moved to California. D. and the mother moved back to Ohio, where they now live, and refuse to tell C. or B. how much property there was or how it was to be divided. Should steps be taken while the mother lives or at her death? If so, how?"

I presume the court records in Iowa will show what the estate was. If it is not worth anything, you of course could get nothing from him. If you want to do anything, the sooner the better, although if there is no property yet remaining of the estate of your father I do not see how it will benefit you.

Vacation of Road

T. E. C., Iowa, wants to know "if a public highway can be vacated which has been in use for thirty-five years."

Yes, the road can be vacated if the course is pursued as laid out by the law. If vacated it would go to the adjoining landowners. Put your case in the hands of a home attorney.

Widow's Dower

R. E. H., Maryland, wishes to know: "My husband died without a will. What would be my share of the real estate yearly? Would I get one third of all that was raised on the farm—fruit, stock and produce—or the one third interest of the farm valued at three thousand dollars?"

You would get one third of all raised on the farm.

Marriage of First Cousins

E. J. H., Oregon, asks: "What is the law regarding the marriage of first cousins in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and California?"

I think it is forbidden in all the states you mention, and is punishable by fine and imprisonment. However, so far as property rights and legitimacy of children are concerned, such marriages are considered legal until set aside by a court.

Money in Name of Another

J. E. B., New York, inquires: "Can a mother who has deposited money in a savings-bank in her daughter's name and in the mother's trust withhold the bank-book and the use of the money from the daughter after she becomes twenty-one years old? Could the daughter demand the money from the bank, or the bank-book from the mother—in other words, is she, the daughter, entitled to the money absolutely?"

I rather believe the money remains in the control of the mother, unless the daughter could show that it was her money that was deposited, not her mother's. I very much doubt if the daughter can get it if the mother objects.

Liability of Father for Support

F. C. M., New Hampshire, asks: "A father living in New Hampshire has one daughter in Michigan aged nineteen and two daughters in New York State aged twenty-three and twenty-four years. One of the latter has been married, and is now divorced, having two children. Can the father be compelled to contribute to the support of either of the daughters or of the grandchildren? If one of them should become a public charge in either state, would the father be compelled to pay for her support?"

That the father is not responsible for the support of grandchildren nor his own adult children is the general rule, and which would, in my judgment, apply in the above case.

Contract with Tenants

A. S. desires to know "how a contract should be written between himself and tenant. A man has moved into his house to farm the land on shares. He is to furnish everything (team, machinery, etc.), and get two thirds of the crop. Should he charge house-rent? Ought he to furnish pasture for one cow free? What about chickens and eggs?"

I cannot instruct you as to the terms upon which your contract should be made. Landlord and tenant must agree upon this, and this is a matter that changes with the locality. Your query does not state who is to furnish everything. Does "he" refer to landlord or tenant? Querists must be careful to state propositions so that there can be but one interpretation.

Settlement of Estate

M. A. A., New Jersey, asks: "When a person dies in New Jersey and leaves a will, ought not the executor of the estate notify the heirs to hear the reading of the will? If not, how long a time afterward before they should be notified of its contents? If there is no time specified in said will for time of settlement, how long a time should elapse before it should be settled?"

Whether or not the heirs are required to be notified depends upon the laws and practice of New Jersey, and information on this subject could be had by applying at the surrogate court where the will is offered for probate. Administrators and executors are required to file their settlements in the surrogate court office within one year after the date of their appointment.

Marriage Before Divorce

O. E. N., Kentucky, wants to know: "A. married B., and raised children. Domestic trouble and threats of violence by B.'s people caused a separation. In two years A. married C. before a divorce was granted, which was in suit. Both were married under an assumed name. Afterward domestic unhappiness became so unbearable that A. deeded his farm to his children, and willed them all his personal property. C. has no children. If A. should die or leave C., could she be entitled to any of the property, or would the fact that they married without a divorce in another state without witnesses cut her out?"

Your question is not free from difficulty. You do not state whether A. was ever divorced from B. If he never was divorced from B., then the marriage with C. was illegal. If, however, A. was divorced from B., either on his own application or the application of B., and A. continued to live with C. after such divorce was granted, then there might be a common-law marriage, and C. would be the legal wife of A. Your matter is of so much importance to you that you had better consult a local attorney.

Use of Barn under Lease

J. F. S. writes: "J. F. S. leases land from J. F. R. The lease reads as follows: 'The land on the east side of the Williamson Road, containing about fourteen acres, excepting house and garden, from chicken-park to east corner of big barn.' Can I use the barn and barn-yard?"

Yes, I think you can.

Minors Signing Deed

M. J. S., Ohio, says: "If minors sign a deed to their mother's share in a homestead is it legal? Can they be cheated out of it?"

I wish querists to write as plainly as possible, and state facts fully, but briefly. A minor can make no contract, except for necessaries, that is binding. If he gets full consideration, however, he should repudiate it at once on coming of age, and offer to return what he has received.

Inheritance

S. M. J., Indiana, asks: "A.'s daughter married B., and in a few years died, leaving one child. Can B., the son-in-law, come in for part of A.'s estate when A. dies? Can B. take a part of his child's estate that is left by A.?——The grandmother of B.'s child gives the child a home, it being too small to earn anything. Can she collect enough of B.'s wages to clothe the child?"

No.——Yes.

Not a Crime

M. A. A., New Jersey, asks: "If a person throws notes in a grate to be burned, and another person takes them out and keeps them until the person dies, and then gives them to the executor of the estate to collect, what is the penalty for such an act?"

I doubt very much if there would be any crime connected with the matter that is cognizable by the law. He might be guilty of getting money under false pretenses.

Inheritance

W. A. S., Missouri, asks: "If a woman dies, and leaves a farm of one hundred and sixty acres and a husband and one child, how would the property be divided between the husband and child by the law of Missouri? The farm is all in her name. Could the husband sell the farm after her death or squander the property from the child? Could she make a will and leave it in the way she thought best?"

The woman could leave it in the way she thought best by will. If she died without a will the husband would have one half of the personal property absolutely and a life estate in the real estate. He could sell the personal property, but not the real estate. The husband's rights could not be changed by will.

Recovery of Land

E. W. S., Oregon, writes: "Can I recover a tract of land in the state of Iowa lost in February, 1873, on account of the taxes not being paid for one year—in 1861, I believe. The county kept receiving the taxes from my father after the land was sold until about 1870, when father heard something was wrong, and went there to see about it. He found the land sold, and two fellows living on it, each having eighty acres, and one of them swore he would kill my father if he tried to put him off the place. My father was frightened, and gave them a quit-claim deed to the land, and they gave him their notes, each signed by the other. The notes were not worth the paper they were written on. The case went into court, and was lost on the day my father was on his death-bed."

You cannot recover.

Troubles of a Tax-Dodger

L. M. inquires: "A. bought a farm for two thousand dollars. He got five hundred dollars from B., and put it in the farm as an investment, A. to pay all the tax and keep up the farm and pay B. twenty-five dollars per annum as dividend on his investment. A. gives nothing to show for B.'s part, and B. wants to know how to make and word a book-account against the estate of A. B. lives in town, and does not want to pay corporation tax when he was taxed on the land."

You can make out your claim and present it to the administrator of the estate, and you will have to satisfy him that it is just, and then you will get your pay. As you tried to escape the law by not taking a note or evidence of debt, you may now have trouble to get the law to help you get your claim. Better consult a local attorney.

Parties Bound by Erroneous Decision

E. H., Kentucky, asks: "Mrs. S. died, leaving seventy-five acres of land. A suit was brought in a county court to partition the land among her heirs. The petition sets up that C., who married one of the heirs, and by whom he had one child, both of whom are dead on the day of the suit, is entitled to a full share. A commissioner was appointed by the court to make deeds to interested parties, and a deed was made to C. Did C. have anything but a lifetime interest in the child's land, and does the fact that the court erred in having the deed made to C. estop the legal heirs of the child from recovering the land, C. being dead?"

It is a principle of law that only parties to a suit are bound by the decision of the court made in the case. If the legal heirs of the child were not parties to the suit, and I presume they were not, they would not be bound. You should at once put the matter in the hands of a responsible local attorney.

Inheritance

A. E. D., New York, asks: "D. married a widow with children. She owns property, both real and personal. Should he survive the wife, what interest would he be entitled to should there be no will and no children by the last marriage?"

I am not able to say that the husband would get anything unless she so provided by will.

Right of Tenant to Manure

C. M. N., Michigan, says: "I am working two farms—my own and a rented one. I am living on the rented one, and pay share-rent. Have I a right to haul the manure from the rented farm, all the feed being my share and all the stock mine? Have I a right to the manure when the feed is raised on my own place and hauled here to be fed?"

The manure that is produced from grain and hay or fodder raised on the rented farm belongs to the rented farm, and that produced on your own farm from grain, etc., belongs to that farm, and you could remove it.

Mare with Foal—Who Liable for Get

C. S., Ohio, inquires: "A. bought a mare of B. About three months after the purchase the mare was found to be with foal, nothing having been said at the time of the purchase that such was the case. Who will have to pay for the colt?"

The owner of the stallion might hold the owner of the mare at the time she was served, or he can sell the colt any time within twelve months from its birth, and take therefrom his pay. As between the seller and purchaser, I would say the seller is liable, but the purchaser, in order to save his title to the colt and keep the owner of the stallion from selling, may be obliged to pay the claim.

Recovery from City for Runaway Caused by Fire-Crackers

N. S., Maryland, says: "While I was driving through an incorporated town on New-year's eve some children threw fire-crackers under the vehicle, causing the horse to run away, breaking the vehicle into fragments, as well as ruining the horse. I have asked for damages, but the commissioners refuse to do anything. Can I recover damages for the full value of the horse as well as the vehicle? If so, what are the necessary steps?"

I presume you want to recover damages from the town, and this you cannot do, as it is not legally responsible for the damages. If you want further advice, consult a local attorney.

Deed from Wife to Husband

J. R. M., Michigan, asks: "A man and wife hold a joint deed of a farm. Can the wife give a quitclaim deed of her interest to her husband? If so, and she died, would the farm be wholly his? If he had deed of farm, could he make out deed to his wife and hold it without putting it on record? In case he died, could she then have it recorded? Would it not then be as good as a will, or better, and also save expense and trouble?"

In the above case I would say it would be better for the husband to make a will giving his share to the wife, and the wife to make a will doing likewise. If she made a quitclaim deed to him, and died, it would all be his. He could not make out a deed and hold it. A deed is not valid until delivered. This is a case where you had better consult a local attorney and have him fix up proper papers. Don't fear to spend a few dollars in having it done right. It will be money saved in the long run.

Wife's Rights

C. A. M., New York, says: "Over twenty years ago I married a man living on a large farm. He had eight children, all of whom are now married. Now my husband and oldest son are trying to sell the farm so I cannot get my third. Can they do so if I do not sign away my rights? I am willing to sign if they will give me my third. I have never had a girl to help in the house, but have worked early and late. What hurts me most is that the old man is a deacon and the young man a superintendent in a Sunday-school, but they are putting their heads together to cheat me after years of hard work."

You can deprive yourself of your rights only by your own act. Unless some provision is made for you, do not sign the deed if you are satisfied that your husband and stepson are trying to defraud you. You have worked long enough that you ought not be deprived of a reasonable support in your old age.

Inheritance

A. S., Oklahoma, inquires: "Mrs. A. owns land in Oklahoma. If Mrs. A. dies before her husband, what share will the husband get, and what share will Mrs. A.'s children receive? Mr. A. also owns land. If the wife survives the husband, what interest or share of his land goes to the wife, and what share to the children?"

The estate of any person dying without having disposed of his estate by will subject to the payment of his debts descends in the following manner: First, If the decedent leave a surviving husband or wife, and only one child, or the lawful issue of one child, in equal shares to the surviving husband or wife and child, or issue of such child. If the decedent leave a surviving husband or wife and more than one child living, one child living and the lawful issue of one or more deceased children, one third to the surviving husband or wife and the remainder in equal shares to his children, and to the lawful issue of any deceased child by right of representation; but if there be no child of the decedent living at his death the remainder goes to all his lineal descendants; and if all the descendants are in the same degree of kindred to the decedent they share equally, otherwise they take according to their right of representation. If the decedent leave no surviving husband or wife, but leaves issue, the whole estate goes to such issue, and if such issue consists of more than one child living, or one child living and the lawful issue of one or more deceased children, then the estate goes in equal shares to the children living, or the child living, and the issue of the deceased child or children by right of representation.

A Page of Pokes

By GEO. F. BURBA

THERE are a few million things that man does not know, albeit he thinks he knows it all. Man is the greatest bluffer in the animal kingdom, if anybody asks you, and what he doesn't know—these few million things he doesn't understand—he guesses at. If a man were to find lying in the middle of the road some strange thing from Mars, he would give it a name, write a book about it and pretend to understand it perfectly.

For instance, man accounts for the knowledge of animals by saying it is due to instinct. Instinct—what is that, anyway, but a name man has given to a thing he doesn't understand, just to carry out his bluff? Ask a man why a calf will lie perfectly still where its mother hides it, while a baby will squall until it alarms everything in the neighborhood, and he will tell you that it is instinct. You know a lot about it after that, don't you?

The old family cat is sitting in front of the fire, and you begin discussing the most humane way of getting rid of her litter of kittens. The old cat doesn't understand the English language, of course, but she sneaks out and makes away with her kittens, and when you go to get them you find they are not there. Or a dog—he knows when there is danger brewing. And a lot of little pigs know when it is going to rain without a weather bureau, and a bird knows how to build a nest without being taught, and a chicken chases bugs without anybody telling it to. And man passes the whole affair over by saying it is instinct.

As a matter of fact, man knows a little less than a chipmunk. He would starve to death if he were turned loose with no better tools to work with than a chipmunk has. If he had not been highly favored by Nature, whatever that is, he would make a mighty sorry show here on earth trying to get along. He has been taught that he was made in the image of his Maker, and he has been humored and petted and cajoled, and told that he has a soul and that nothing else has, and he has finally come to believe that he is the whole thing. Gradually he is learning something, and that something is that he knows precious little to start with, and that he can be taught by the dogs and cats and birds and horses and all the other things that do not put in their time talking. Gradually man is coming to realize that with all of his wisdom he cannot make a hollyhock or daisy nor understand the things that grow. Slowly it is dawning upon him that of the things which creep and crawl and wiggle through the world each understands its business a good deal better than man understands his, and it will not be until man learns how many different kinds of a fool he is that he will know his place in the economy of things.

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All weather is good weather for weeds.

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Soap and water is a health resort within the reach of all.

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A man doesn't have to know very much if he knows where he can find what he doesn't know.

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You can generally tell how long it has been since a woman was poor by the way she scorns poor people.

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Justice may be represented as being blind, but her ears are not stopped up, and the lawyer with the sweetest voice expects to secure the most favors for his client.

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Mother says she is surprised that Johnny got such a high per cent at school. Father says he is surprised that he got anything. Mother gets mad, but not at Johnny.

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COLLEGE is a great place. You can send any kind of a thing there, just as a fellow takes grain to a mill, and the college will turn out of the raw material poured into the hopper either a man or a monkey. Some pretty promising raw material has been sent to college and turned out monkeys, and some unlikely stuff has been made into men by the college process. John J. Ingalls used to say that Kansas was the great proving-ground. If Ingalls were alive to-day he would say that the colleges are the great proving-grounds, not Kansas.

One thing about the college product, however, is that it does not fool the community. A boy comes home from college with his fingers stained from cigarettes, and wearing stylish clothes, and parting his hair in the middle like a hay-rake had run over him, and maybe wearing eye-glasses, and advising his father and mother to sell the farm and move into town—that is the monkey of the institution. He was a pretty good sort of a boy until he went to college. Now he is actually ashamed of the old folks, and makes excuses to the fellow who comes home with him, and mopes around when his honest parents come near him as if they had leprosy. That's the monkey of humanity, only it is not justice to the monkeys in the cages to call him such.

But then look at the man who comes home from college—a great big, hearty fellow. He went away somewhat awkward and gawky. He's polished now, all right, and he gathers the old mother in his arms and he takes hold of his father's hand like he meant it; and he sits down on the porch, and lumps come up in his throat as he advises them to stay on the old place a while longer until he can earn money enough to pay off the mortgage. He has seen the shams and shoddies of the world, and he knows and appreciates the full, rounded life that can be lived on the farm. He is not ashamed of the brothers and sisters and kinfolks that come over to see how he is looking. He realizes that his parents have had to work like a pair of mules for him while he was at college, and he resolves to repay them, and he tells them so. His hands are tender, but he is in time for the harvest, and he knows they will soon harden. He knows some Greek and Latin, but hands are needed in the fields, and he puts on his old clothes and goes to work. He doesn't expect always to do that kind of work, but that is no reason why he should not do it now.

And as he sees the forms of those who bore him a little more stooped than when he went away, and thinks of his own easy life at school, he resolves to hurry up and make something of himself and let those old folks see what they have in the way of a son before their eyes are any dimmer. That is the man the college makes out of some kinds of raw material.

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The tiredest man there is is the one who is tired of resting.

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It's mighty hard to take an interest in what the other fellow is catching when you can't get a bite.

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A mother feels that there is nothing the matter as soon as she learns that it is not her child that is crying.

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A good many people put in more time trying to imitate a thing than would be required to originate something better.

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We can never understand why a woman thinks it necessary to have the prettiest clothes when she is married. She will need them a good deal more ten years after.

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EASIEST thing in the world to find lying around loose is argument. A fellow who wants to steal a sheep can step out in the yard and pick up great big chunks of good sound argument in favor of stealing sheep—argument without a worm-hole or knot in it. For instance, a man who smokes cigarettes can show by actual statistics that the reason Japan has such wonderful soldiers is because they smoke cigarettes. Fellow who is constitutionally opposed to taking a bath knows hundreds of people who have lived to be over a hundred without being on speaking terms with soap and water. People who want an excuse for drinking liquor can refer to a thousand other people who were born in distilleries and who were transported direct to heaven after tarrying on earth in a drunken stupor for ninety years. And so it goes—argument everywhere.

Arguing grows upon a fellow like the lumpy-jaw on a steer. Comes on a fellow gradually when he isn't thinking about it—just a little social argument with a neighbor as he sits upon the fence, a little friendly discussion about baptism, then politics, then the constitutionality of the ten commandments, then argument about everything and everybody, at home and when visiting, rain or shine, it's argument. Wife can't make any suggestions without bringing on an argument after the disease has developed. Arguing is a disease, you know, and contagious and incurable. Generally—always, in fact—the other fellow is wrong; that is the principal symptom of the malady. Strange thing, but just seems to be a fact, that the other fellow takes hold of the wrong horn when he begins discussing anything, from hives to heaves or from tariff to transmigration of the soul.

There are a few of these chronic arguers in every community—fellows who just like to argue. Sometimes they are interesting, sometimes they are boorish, always they are disagreeable—that is part of the business of the arguer. Next to a man who agrees with everything one says, the man who argues about everything one says is the most tiresome—after a time. Argument is all right in broken doses every other day, but for a steady diet, winter and summer, hot weather and cold, dark of the moon and full, the everlasting arguer gets a man into a mighty wearisome condition.

THIS hero business has been overdone. Somebody fixed it up all right, and put it in the stove, and went away and left it, and now it is browned too much. It is like a piece of steak—has to be cooked just right to taste good, but furnishing some nourishment whether rare or burned. Heroes are all right, but the business has been overworked, and half the ones who should have gold medals of honor have been forgotten.

A fellow shoulders up a gun, and "hikes" off to war. He gets with a thousand other fellows with guns, and puts in a year or two tramping around over the country looking for the enemy. It is not pleasant living upon the foods furnished him, and he undergoes a lot of hardships before he finally gets killed, or has his leg shot off, or gets back home to tell about what a hard time he really had. That is the sum and substance of the hero business, and no one wants to detract from it.

But what about the woman—the hero left at home? What about the frail little creature that didn't have to look for the enemy for a year, but found it the moment her husband left her with a kid or two to be taken care of? What about the loneliness, the struggle for existence, the disease that ever sits upon the door-step waiting to fasten its fangs into the children, the thoughts of being a widow and the stern reality of facing a world that is not overkind to a woman? What about her—isn't she something of a hero?

Did you know that Congress has never granted a medal of honor to any of those brave women who stayed at home and saved the country? Have you ever seen a monument in a cemetery to the army of wives and mothers who fought starvation at home while their husbands and sons were fighting a less strenuous enemy away from home? Ever hear of a torch-light parade to commemorate the valor of these people who had to fight every day in the year from morning until night and again from night until morning? That's why we say this hero business is overripe. All the fruit of hero medals has grown upon one side of the tree—where people can see it. The roar of cannon has deadened the sound of the child with the colic, but the mother hears it. Tales of daring in an effort to capture a fort have been told so loud no one has heard the story of the woman who suffered in silence the pangs and torments unknown to a soldier. Music and bands and oratory are for the fellows who shoot men to death, not for the women who save men's lives. The hero business is right so far as it goes, but it is wrong to stop as soon as it gets in sight of a woman's skirts.

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Some people can put you in a bad humor without saying a word.

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Most people swear because they cannot attract attention any other way.

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A man with sore eyes is the one who reads eye-water advertisements, and he is the one the maker of the eye-water wants to read them.

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The world likes show—there is no doubt about it. A fellow with a speck of skin knocked off his cheek will get more sympathy than a man who is wild with the rheumatism. In fact, people hardly ever believe a man has rheumatism until he is drawn double or goes to bed.

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Someway we never did like that old saying about every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost—it is not treating the devil right. Where every man is for himself the devil is pretty apt to pick the foremost. If it were every fellow for the others, then the devil would be delighted with the one who was furthest behind; otherwise he would have no use for him.

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Oh, ye of little faith, read the record of the storm, of the cyclone! Ponder upon the awfulness that trails along the land wrapped up in wind, whatever that is! Behold a power greater than was ever marshaled by all the scientists of the world, by all the inventors, by man at any time, at any place!

Think of it—air, wind, whatever you want to call it. Without form or feature, so far as we know, without a quality that can be described; without hardness, without color even, or odor, or anything that it can call its own. Think of this gentle something that toys lightly with a maiden's tresses, that kisses the cheek of little children, that caresses the aged grandmother as she sits knitting upon the porch. Think of this greatest of God's mysteries suddenly turning upon the earth and rending it asunder; of its tearing up the trees, and twisting them into ragged splinters; of its bending iron, and breaking it; of its tearing men limb from limb; of its digging up sod, and carrying it away and scattering it for a hundred miles; of its toying with bricks and stones as a boy toys with a hollow ball. What are you going to say about this wind after you have thought of all of that?

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As Henry always said: "Ninety dollars' worth of harness and ten dollars' worth of horse don't make a hundred-dollar steed."

Around the Fireside

The Story of the Stars and Stripes

ON JUNE 14, 1777, the Continental Congress adopted a resolution "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen white stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation," and thus was born the flag of our country, known throughout the world, and loved as few flags were ever loved.

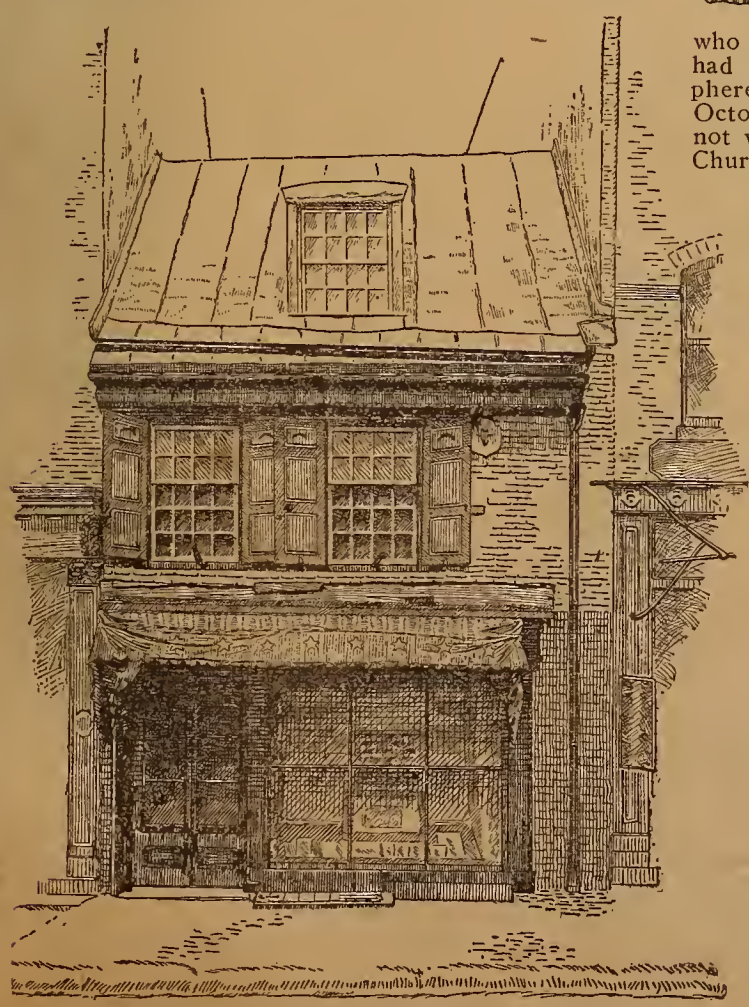
Our nation is considered young in years, as compared with many of the others, but its flag is as old or older. The present form of the Union Jack dates back only to 1801, while the tricolor of France was adopted in 1794. Spain's flag was adopted in 1785, while those of Germany and Italy are of an age equal to the time the reigning dynasty has held power.

The first Stars and Stripes were made by Mrs. Betsy Ross, a Quakeress. The committee which secured her consent to attempt this work included George Washington, Robert Morris and Colonel Ross, an uncle of the woman whose name was destined to go down in history as the maker of the first authorized flag of our country. It is said that her skill in embroidering ruffles for shirts, to which Washington himself could personally attest, won for her this important task. At any rate, her old home at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, was turned into a flag-shop without delay, and after the first one was made others followed rapidly from her busy fingers. Even after her death her daughter, Clarissa Claypoole, continued the work for some time.

On the following Fourth of July the Stars and Stripes were first displayed as the national emblem, various towns making use of the flags just made in celebrating the independence of the colonies. Later on, when additional states were admitted into the Union, a star and a stripe were added for each, until the number became so great as to mar the beauty and symmetry of the flag, when the original design was resorted to so far as the thirteen stripes were concerned, one for each of the original colonies, and a star was added for each new state. This plan was approved, and in 1818 the wife of Captain Reid made the first flag after this revised plan, there being twenty stars at that time.

As to the origin of the design of our flag, tradition points to the fact that General Washington's coat of arms consisted of two red bars on a white ground, with three gold-colored stars above. It is undoubtedly from this coat of arms that the design was obtained, changes being made in accordance with the needs. One point of difference lies in the fact that the stars on General Washington's coat of arms were six-pointed, while those of our flag are the regulation five-pointed stars. It is said that Mrs. Ross made this modification herself with the approval of the committee, and it was certainly a mark of artistic taste on her part.

The Betsy Ross Flag House, at Philadelphia, has never ceased to be a place of great and enthusiastic national interest. It is maintained by the Betsy Ross Memorial Associations, the funds of which were raised by public dime-contributions.



THE HOME OF "OLD GLORY," AT PHILADELPHIA

Washington at Valley Forge

VALLEY FORGE! With what emotion does every patriotic American thrill at the mention of the name! What heroic memories cluster around those dark days of more than a century and a quarter ago, when the soldiers of the American Revolution spent such a terrible winter at this natural fortification. The house, a stone structure, in which Washington the commander-in-chief wintered, is still standing, and is now used as a museum. An odd little porch covers the front door. Within one finds rare old furniture, prints, engravings and other relics of the Colonial and Revolutionary eras. In the third story there is a round window, called the "all-seeing eye." There was a system of signaling from this window and Valley Forge Hill. The addition of a log-cabin dining-room for Mrs. Washington's pleasure is a matter of history. Near the back entrance is a stairway leading to an underground passage which goes to the water's edge, and by which route escape could be made by boat.

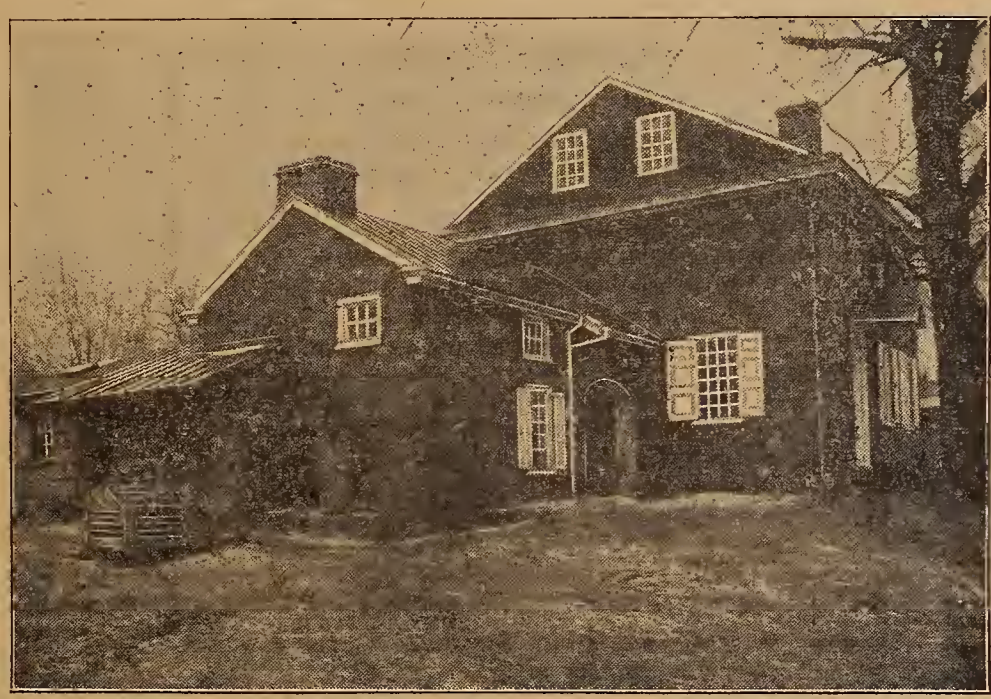


PHOTO BY CORA JUNE SHEPPARD.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE—NOW USED AS A MUSEUM

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"America" and "Brimstone Corner"

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, 'My country,' 'of thee.'"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES wrote the above amusing lines about Samuel F. Smith, the author of our national hymn, "America," a hymn that was written without the least idea that it would ever become our national anthem or that it would make any particular impression on those who might hear it. Samuel F. Smith had been born in the patriotic atmosphere of Boston, on the twenty-first of October, in the year 1808. His home was not very far from the famous Old North Church, from the steeple of which hung the signal-lantern of Paul Revere.

It was in the year 1832, while young Smith was a student in the theological seminary at Andover, that he wrote "America," and it was sung for the first time on the Fourth of July in the year it was written. The place in which it was first sung was Boston's famous old "Brimstone Corner," at the corner of Tremont and Park Streets. This suggestive name was derived from the fact that in no other church in Boston has there been more of the old-time theology preached. The religion taught here was of the "red-hot" type, and the ministers who taught it were sincere in their convictions regarding the literal lake of fire which is never quenched, and which is fed with the souls of those doomed to eternal perdition. It was in this church that our national hymn of freedom was first given to the world, and the occasion was a Sunday-school concert.

Doctor Smith's own account of the writing of the hymn is interesting. He has said: "One dismal day in February, 1832, about half an hour before sunset, I was turning over the leaves of one of the music-books, when my eye rested on the tune which is now known as 'America.' I liked the spirited movement of it, not knowing it at that time to be 'God Save the King.' I glanced at the German words, and saw that they were patriotic, and instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own adapted to the tune. Picking up a scrap of waste paper which lay near me, I wrote at once, probably within half an hour, the hymn of 'America,' as it is now known everywhere. The whole hymn stands to-day as it stood on the bit of waste paper five or six inches long and two and one half inches wide."

The next Fourth of July there was a children's festival in the old "Brimstone Corner" Church, and Mr. Lowell, one of the most noted musical men of the day, had charge of the music. He had asked young Smith, who had written other songs, to write for him some hymns suitable for children's concerts, as there was a great scarcity of songs of that kind. Mr. Smith submitted "America," the children sang the liberty song on the anniversary of the day on which liberty from British oppression had been proclaimed throughout the colonies, and as some one has said of the patriotic song, "The people took it into their hearts." It is there still, although there have not been lacking carping critics who have called it nothing but a "jingling rhyme," and have sneered at the idea of so simple a song being accepted as the national anthem of a great country like ours. But it has in it the right spirit, and no one can doubt but that it will ever remain the national anthem in our own "sweet land of liberty."

That fierce anti-slavery advocate, William Lloyd Garrison, made his first anti-slavery speech in Boston in this old church, and this was also on the Fourth of July. He had among his hearers Whittier and Holmes and Charles Sumner, and it was in this same church that Sumner cried out in sharp and bitter protest against war. From the western windows of the church one may see the graves of many of Boston's illustrious dead, and towering above all other of the old gray monuments is the one above the graves of the father and mother of Benjamin Franklin. Wendell Phillips was buried here, but his remains were removed later. The associations of "Brimstone Corner" are dear to many old Bostonians, repellent though the name may be.

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Preserving Historic Landmarks

The different patriotic societies of American women have been doing a truly wonderful and certainly commendable work in recent years by their efforts toward the preservation of historic houses in various parts of the country. Many old and famous buildings have been taken hold of just as the ravages of time and decay were about to complete their work. The organized attention of these good American women has resulted in creating memorial funds for the preservation and care of these grand old structures, wherein and about which American history was made.

"BRIMSTONE CORNER," WHERE "AMERICA" WAS FIRST SUNG

The Housewife

A Fruit Bazaar

ONE of the newest and best ideas for replenishing the funds of churches or social clubs is incorporated under the above title. It opens a wide field for variety, not only in salable goods, but in decorations and advertisements. A fair of this kind is equally at home under the blue sky on a wide grassy lawn or in hall or church parlors.

If given on the lawn the booths should be arranged under shade-trees, or in tents erected for the purpose. If well-laden fruit-trees are at hand, so much the better—the fruit may be disposed of directly from the branches, the work of picking being a source of merriment to the participants. Decorations for the booths may vary to suit the workers, but the use of branches of trees, wild-grape vines, woodbine, wild shrubs, flowers and grasses will produce the handsomest results with the least expense.

Native and foreign fruits should be put up daintily in baskets or wooden plates lined with crisp green leaves, while sprays of foliage arranged on the top will add to their attractiveness. Preserves, jellies and canned fruits generally should appear in bright-topped jars set in rows on neatly draped shelves or tables, with an occasional branch of vine or shrub to add its loveliness. Dried fruits will find place at another stand, and will sell best when done up neatly in one or two pound boxes, wrapped with tissue-paper, and tied with narrow ribbon or fancy cord.

Bonbons in which fruits have place, candied cherries and all sorts of crystallized fruits will find a ready market among the young folks. Paper boxes and baskets, or, as a more costly setting, those made from raffia or wicker; bags of silk and satin, of crêpe paper and organdie; baskets and trays made from oranges, grapefruit, cocoanuts, gourds, etc.—all make desirable receptacles for the sale of these goodies. The more daintily or grotesquely anything is put up, the quicker it will sell.

Pure fruit syrups, wines and juices for flavoring should occupy another booth, and if carefully made and pleasingly arranged will find numerous buyers, while fruit-cake, plum-pudding, pies, tarts and their kindred will keep their saleladies active indeed.

Recipes furnished by the housewives of the neighborhood, including their favorite fruit dishes, methods of canning, preserving, etc., may be written clearly on note-paper, and converted into small cook-books by uniting with bows of ribbon; or, if desirable, the recipes may be type-written or printed in booklet form. Paintings and photographs of fruits, orchards, and perhaps of the bazaar itself, should find purchasers at another booth, while fancy-work having fruit motifs will attract the attention of many guests.

For refreshments all sorts of fruit ices, sliced fruit with cream, cake, pie or pudding, milk, coffee and lemonade will form a variety which cannot fail to please every one.

As a side issue, to keep the mirth-loving spirits busy, provide some suitable amusements. Feats of archery will be satisfactory along this line. Procure plenty of bows and arrows, either selling them outright or renting them to customers. Set up a branch of an apple-tree having a generous supply of fruit to serve as a mark. Those who are fortunate enough to pierce an apple with their arrow should be given the fruit as a prize, the number of chances being limited, of course. Guessing on the number of seeds contained in specimens of fruit, fruit-races, apple-peeling contests, etc., call for prizes to the most successful.

Carefully planned and conducted, a bazaar of this character will yield an ample reward financially, to say nothing of its many opportunities for pleasure and sociability.

MAE Y. MAHAFFY.

Some Potato Dishes

The potato may seem a plebeian vegetable to mask in aristocratic dessert-dishes, yet the fact is indisputable that the cook who understands its varied and delightful possibilities may conjure with it delicacies which even an epicure must enjoy. One of the best of these is potato pudding. To make it, steam some potatoes until tender and very mealy, and rub them, finely mashed, through a sieve; to one pint add one fourth of a pound of butter, and mix well; beat the yolks of six eggs with one pound of granulated sugar, add the grated rind and juice of one large lemon, mix well with the potatoes, and fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs; line a pudding-dish with puff-paste, turn in the potato mixture, and bake in a moderate oven. Serve cold. The same recipe may be used for potato pies.

A most satisfactory luncheon-dessert or supper-dish is that old favorite of our grandmothers, potato cakes. Cold mashed potatoes may be used for these. Salt should be added if necessary, although only enough is required to season them as for the table. To three cupfuls of mashed potatoes add one cupful of sifted flour and one tablespoonful of butter; mix all thoroughly together, and add just enough milk to make into a tender dough; roll it out to the thickness of one inch, cut in nice-sized three-cornered pieces, and lay on a floured platter until time to cook. These may be prepared several hours before cooking if more convenient. Put a small piece of butter in a frying-pan, let it get hot, and put in as many cakes as it will hold without crowding them. Cook until delicately browned on one side, then turn, and cook the other. Set in a hot dish in the oven as done, and serve as quickly as possible. A rich fruit syrup served with these makes a delightful combination. Maple syrup is almost equally pleasing.

Potato pancakes are among the best of these favorite old-time cakes. Use four large grated potatoes, one well-beaten egg, one cupful of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one pint of flour in which has been sifted one teaspoonful of baking-powder; beat all together, and fry on a griddle; spread each with soft butter as cooked, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Keep hot in the oven, and serve as quickly as possible after cooking.

A delicate and quickly prepared soup may be made with potatoes. Add two cupfuls of nicely seasoned mashed potatoes to a pint of hot milk in which two teaspoonfuls of minced onion have been simmering for ten minutes; mix well, and put through a colander; bring again to the boiling-point, season to taste with salt and pepper and half a teaspoonful of celery-salt; thicken with three tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth in three tablespoonfuls of butter; boil and stir for five minutes longer, and serve with croutons or nicely poached eggs dropped carefully in the soup after it has been turned into a heated tureen.

A very pleasing breakfast-dish may be made with mashed potatoes and cold meat. Any kind of meat may be used. Free it from gristle and fat, chop fine, and season to taste with salt and pepper; to two cupfuls of mashed potatoes allow two eggs; work into a paste, roll it out with a little flour, cut it round with a saucer, spread the seasoned meat on half, fold it over like a puff, press the edges together, and fry to a delicate brown.

Savory potato puffs are another dainty. Pare and boil twelve medium-sized potatoes until tender; drain, mash very smooth and light, and add two large tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cupful of hot milk, one fourth of a cupful of grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, and beat until very light; while hot, shape into little balls, egg and bread-crumb them, place on a well-buttered tin, and brown delicately in a hot oven. Serve at once.

Almost every one has heard of the Cornish pasties. One in which potatoes are incorporated is made as follows: Take ordinary pie-crust, roll out as for a turnover, but elliptical in shape, and fill with the following ingredients almost across the center of the crust: Raw steak, potatoes and onions cut in dice, the meat rather smaller than the vegetables, season with salt and pepper, wet around the edges of the crust, draw the two edges together neatly on top, and pinch them firmly together. Place them in a hot oven at first to set the shape of the pasty, and then let the heat slacken down. The raw materials will cook thoroughly in one hour and fifteen minutes, and be more savory than if partly cooked before putting them in the crust. Serve as soon as cooked. This is a most delightful old-fashioned dish, and a very substantial one. Lean mutton and the quick-cooking white turnip may be similarly used, and the results will be very pleasing.

MARY FOSTER SNIDER.

The Hermit-Thrush

BY SARA ELIZABETH GRAVES

There's a song in budding woods to-day,
  A song that reaches to the sky—
  Exalted, mystic melody.
It steals my heart, and mounts away
To worlds of bliss illumined with bloom,
  Where subtle fragrance, heaven-distilled,
  In purest wine of joy is spilled;
Where doubt and discord find no room.

Song of a spirit undefiled
  By earthly passion, guilt or fear;
  Nor vanity nor pride we hear
In these rapt tones of "Nature's child."
A voice is in the budding bush:
  "Put off thy shoes!" Here is thy goal,
  'Tis holy ground—a seraph's soul
Imprisoned in the singing thrush.

Emergency Dentistry

It would not be advisable for any person to try to be his own dentist, but it sometimes occurs that a dentist cannot be conveniently reached. Here are two suggestions which may be of use in such emergencies.

A dentist gave the following piece of information to a friend who was starting for a camp in the mountains where she could not visit his office when necessary. The lady had a crown-tooth—a front tooth mounted on a pivot—which was so loose that it might come out in her absence, but still too firm to need recementing at once. The dentist told her that when the tooth came out to wrap the spike in a bit of absorbent cotton, and put it in place, holding it firmly for a moment; the saliva moistening the cotton would dissolve the cement in the cavity, and hold the tooth well in position. It happened that she did have occasion to test the utility of this plan, and was enabled to keep the tooth in place for about a week. She was very glad that she was not obliged to lose the use of the tooth and bear the unsightliness that a gap in the front teeth occasions.

In another case a lady who had a piece of bridge-work in her mouth discovered that it was becoming loose on the eve of a journey. The dentist said that it could not then be taken out. He advised her to carry with her a piece of chewing-gum, telling her that by its use she could keep the teeth in for several days, until she could visit a dentist at the end of her journey.

Both of these suggestions are very simple, but if better known might save considerable annoyance and embarrassment. The materials—absorbent cotton and chewing-gum—are so easily procured, and take so small a place in a traveling-outfit, that persons who have artificial teeth fastened to the jaw might do well to carry with them the two articles in pocketbook or bag. Even quite young people are in these days very apt to have one or more crowned teeth, and they are particularly susceptible to mortification if any accident happens to betray the fact.

AMELIA H. BOTSFORD.

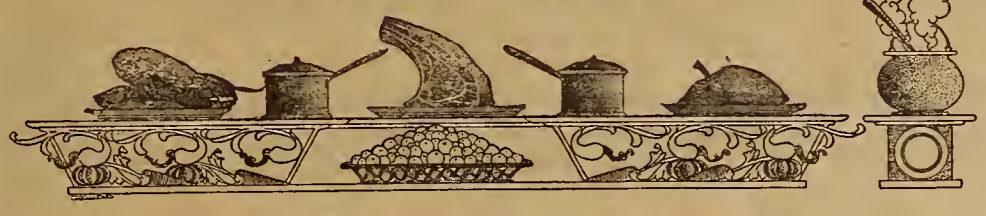
Important

Please do not allow your subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE to run out. It must be good, or it would not continue to grow faster than any other similar journal in the world. Renew early, and do not miss a single number. Get your neighbor to send his subscription with yours.

PHOTO BY MRS. N. F. CONES, COVINGTON, KY.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER

The Housewife



Little Economical Ways

A FRIEND recently remarked to me, "It must cost you considerable to dress. I don't see how you do it." In reality I spend much less on my wardrobe than this same friend, but the secret is that I buy only the best, and after I have it I make the most of it, and use it as long as there is a respectable shred left.

For instance, six years ago I bought a six-yard remnant of beautiful royal-blue ladies' cloth. I do not frequent the bargain-counters, but this was undoubtedly a bargain. I had it made into an afternoon-gown with a front of royal-blue satin covered with lace. For four years I wore the dress on every possible occasion, making a few simple alterations to keep it in the prevailing style; then I discarded the waist, using the satin and lace for dainty stocks. The skirt I had remodeled into a walking-skirt with stitching in white. A prettier or more serviceable skirt I have never had, for the cloth was as bright and smooth as when it first came from the counter.

When the skirt finally became worn in places I was still loath to give up the good parts, so I cut from it a lounging-jacket designed after a pattern of my

RIBBON BAG

own. The jacket fits smoothly in the back, with a blouse front similar to the blouse fronts of street-jackets. Below the waist-line is a peplin about four inches in depth, and at the waist, hiding the joining of the peplin to the upper part, is a stitched belt. The collar is a wide turnover, and the sleeves are bell-style. Around the edges of the collar, the sleeves, the fronts and the peplin I have crocheted a shell-stitch in bright crimson wool. I have never had a prettier nor a more comfortable house-jacket than this, not excepting some quite expensive in price.

Four years ago I purchased a ruffled neck-boa of liberty silk. For two seasons it fulfilled its original mission, then it was pressed out and used as a hat-drape for one season. When of no further use here I again pressed it, and gathered the silk into two pom-poms, which I have worn in my hair and at my neck for some time, and I could wager that not a soul would ever guess they were not expensive ornaments fresh from the hands of the milliner.

I spend almost no money on stocks, except to buy an occasional foundation, but all the little odds and ends of silk, velvet, ribbon, lace, jet, beads, etc., go into a box, and when I have a moment to spare I evolve from this miscellaneous assortment something pretty for my neck. The good edges left on a partially worn handkerchief always make pretty turnovers. I am not ashamed of my little economies, for I must earn all I spend. I only wish more girls might learn and practise these little ways of saving the nickels and dimes. J. T.

It Should be a New One

That new subscription that you are going to send FARM AND FIRESIDE to help reach the million-mark will be much appreciated. We wish that every reader would send just one.

Ribbon Bag

This pretty, useful article is made of fancy taffeta ribbon five inches wide, two yards being required. Divide the ribbon into four equal parts, make a very narrow hem on one end of each strip, and overcast the four pieces together as shown in the diagram. This forms the bottom of the bag. Overcast the strips together for the depth of seven and one half inches. Turn the rest of each strip back to half an inch below where the overcasting ends. Cut off the small end straight across, turn under the edge, and stitch twice around half an inch apart for a casing, through which two ribbons, each one and one half yards in length, are run, with which to draw the bag together. This ribbon should be one inch wide. This is a very simple way to make a very attractive bag. HEISTER ELLIOTT.

Infants' Bib

This pretty bib is made of sheer white goods. It is trimmed in front with Valenciennes insertion, and the spaces between the hemstitching are worked in fine brier-stitch. A line of double hemstitching outlines, or rather defines, the shoulder. The whole is finished with a ruffle of Valenciennes lace. H. E.

A Neat Trimming

A very neat and inexpensive trimming for children's dresses and shirt-waists is formed by two rows of machine-stitching with coarse black silk about one eighth of an inch apart, and midway between them a row of white stitching. This combination looks well on almost any color, though if you wish to lighten the color-scheme of the garment, the reverse may be used—two rows of white stitching, with one of black or any desired color between. I. B. H.

To Prevent Liquids Put Up Cold from Leaking

Housewives are familiar with the difficulty of putting up cold liquids so that they will not leak from the jar. By heating the cover, and then screwing it down quickly on the rubber, the seal will be perfect. Do not heat the jar—only the cover. The reason is that heat expands. The heated lid expands, and when screwed down tight on the jar in that condition its contraction as it cools will make an air-tight closure. This will enable one to carry tea, coffee and other liquids put up cold as well as hot. MARY E. LEE.

Sewing-Companion for Gentlemen

A piece of bronze leather eight inches long by three and one half inches wide, rounded at one end, and the same of red silk, is the foundation for this compact little article. Bind the leather neatly with dark brown seam-binding ribbon stitched with brown silk. Stitch on the outside of the leather near the square end a leather shield for small scissors pinked around, and neatly hem the lining in place. Procure from the drug-store three small boxes that open and shut like drawers, secure to the front of each box for a knob a small black button such as laundrymen use, or a shoe-button, sew the three boxes together, and place on the leather so that when the lined leather is folded over them the scissor-shield will rest on top of the boxes. To conceal the ends of the boxes, fit and overcast bound and lined pieces of leather, thus leaving none of the boxes exposed but the front end. On the long part sew a pocket of silk for bobbins of thread. Wrap and tie when folded with No. 2 brown satin ribbon. H. E.

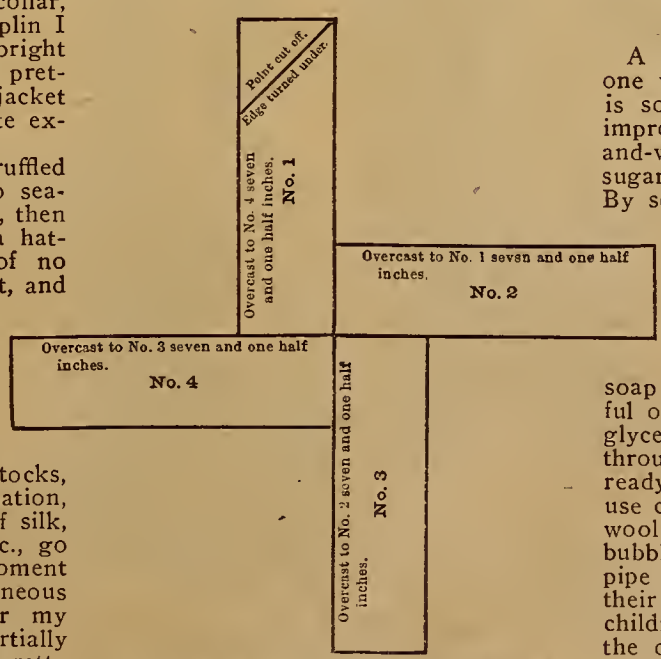


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE MANNER OF PUTTING TOGETHER THE FOUR STRIPS FOR RIBBON BAG

Always-Ready Chow-Chow Salad

Chop together very finely one head of cabbage, six green tomatoes and five green peppers; add two teaspoonfuls of

INFANTS' BIB

mustard, a little salt, vinegar sufficient to wet it thoroughly, and, if desired, a little cloves and allspice. This being done, it is ready for immediate use, or it may be kept an almost indefinite time. It is an excellent appetizer. ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

This and That

For weak eyes a wash of weak salt water will prove helpful.

Strong hot lemonade taken at bedtime will break up a bad cold.

Clothes turned right side out, carefully folded and sprinkled, are half ironed.

When making an apple pie add three tablespoonfuls of made tea and a little nutmeg to give a delicious flavor.

When cleaning a singed fowl use plenty of soap or baking-soda, and see how easily the black will come off.

To kill the tiny worms in the soil of pot-plants and to get rid of the small flies add a little gum camphor to the water you use for the plants.

For scalds or burns scrape or grate a raw potato quickly, and bind a thick layer of it on the burn. As soon as it turns dark, remove it, and put on a fresh layer.

Cranberries can be made very palatable with much less sugar by mixing them with about half their bulk of apples. Rub both cranberries and apples through a colander. MRS. J. R. MACKINTOSH.

Soap-Bubbles

A pleasant pastime for children, and one which requires very little expense, is soap-bubble blowing. A very great improvement over the ordinary soap-and-water bubble is obtained by adding sugar and glycerine to the soap-suds. By so doing the bubbles obtain beauty and durability, and can be blown to a much larger size. Prepare the solution thus: Fill a quart bottle nearly full of boiling soft water, and add two and one half ounces of finely shaven castile soap. Shake the bottle until the soap dissolves, then add one teaspoonful of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of glycerine; shake this thoroughly, strain through a fine cloth, and the solution is ready for use. For blowing the bubbles use clean clay pipes. A piece of felt or woolen cloth spread on a table for the bubbles to rest on when blown from the pipe will help considerably in retaining their shape for a longer time. However, children usually prefer to blow them in the open air and watch them sail into space. By the use of the above solution much pleasure can be derived and many moments passed pleasantly. KATHERINE D. SALISBURY.

Green-Tomato Pie

Wash, pare and slice five or six green tomatoes, put them into a ready-made under crust, add half a teacupful of vinegar, one cupful of sugar, scatter over it bits of butter, sprinkle over all a little allspice and flour, put on the top crust, and bake in a moderate oven.

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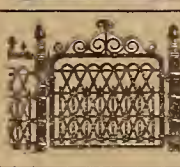

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The Setness of Silas Knapp

By J. L. HARBOUR

"IT RUNS in the Knapps to be firm," said Salome Knapp, in a resigned tone, to her old Aunt Susan, who was spending a few days on the Knapp farm.

"Dogged, you mean, don't you, Salomy?" retorted Aunt Susan, in whom there "run" a tendency to blurt out the thought uppermost in her mind.

"I don't know as I should call it that, Aunt Susan," said Salome, her thin, sallow face flushing slightly.

"No, come to think of it, I wouldn't, either," replied Aunt Susan. "I'd call it pure mulishness."

"La, Aunt Susan, how you talk!" said Salome, glancing around apprehensively, as if fearful that Silas himself might hear this description of his mental infirmities, although she knew that Silas was far afield that morning.

Aunt Susan noted Salome's look of apprehension, and her mental comment was, "I reckon she thinks mebbe Silas is snoopin' around listenin,' an' I wouldn't put it a mite above him." Then she added, aloud, "How in time you've put up with Si Knapp's setness all these years, an' kept sweet all the time, is more'n I can fathom, Salomy. An' I dunno as you deserve any credit for it. Mebbe if you hadn't been so yieldin' all the time Si wouldn't be so set. Nothin' makes a man so domineerin' an' so bent on always havin' his own way as for his wife to give up to him in every blessed thing. See here, Salomy Knapp, I'm goin' to tell you something." Aunt Susan folded her stout arms across her expansive chest with a look of resolution on her slightly flushed face. She gave her head a little toss as she said, "You know what you are, Salomy Knapp?"

"Why, Aunt Susan, I don't know as I sense what you mean."

"Will you sense it if I tell you that you're nothin' but a jellyfish?"

"La, Aunt Susan!"

"You ain't got no more spirit than a loaf o' unbaked bread—no, nor as much, for a loaf o' bread will rise to the occasion when it's time for it to do so, an' you never do so far as standin' out ag'in Si Knapp is concerned."

"You don't know Silas, Aunt Susan."

"Don't I? It's a pity if I don't! I know him better than you do, for I ain't biased in my vision an' opinion, as you are. A wife usually is biased, an' you seem to have a kind of a 'The king can do no wrong' idee 'bout Silas. So many wives have that fool idee 'bout their husbands. An' what's the best o' men but a poor weak critter? See here, Salomy, didn't you tell me yesterday that Silas had made you cook him two dropped eggs for his breakfast every mornin' o' his life from the day you begun housekeepin', forty years ago?"

"Why, yes, Aunt Susan, but—"

"An' didn't you say that he always changed from winter to summer underthings the first day o' May, an' back to winter underthings the first day o' November, if the heavens fell? An' didn't you tell me with your own lips that he hadn't missed havin' a b'iled dinner on Tuesday or baked beans on Saturday night a single Tuesday or Saturday since you've been married? An' he told me himself that he'd planted his potatoes on the same day o' the month, 'less it fell on a Sunday, every year for forty-three years. He gets up exactly on the stroke o' five every mornin' o' his life, an' goes to bed on the stroke o' nine. If that ain't setness, I dunno what is. My, but I'd hate to live by such hard an' fast an' fool rules as that! An' the worst of it is that he makes you live by 'em, too. That's why I've braced up to tell you that you're a jelly-fish. If I was in your shoes I'd come the turned worm on that man some day. Yesterday you walked a mile an' a half to the village in a pourin' rain to get a nutmeg to flavor an apple pie for Silas 'cause he always has apple pie on a Friday, an' he wouldn't eat it without nutmeg in it. I guess he'd went without nutmeg in his pie that day if he'd been my husband! He wouldn't 'a' had pie of any kind for his dinner if it hadn't been entirely convenient for me to make it. Si is a man with lots o' good streaks in him, an' I like to see a man have some staminy, but it belittles any man to be so dead set 'bout trifles. I reckon he'd go to the stake 'fore he'd wear a shirt that opened behind, just because he's always wore shirts that opened in front. An' you call that bein' firm, do you? If I wasn't a good Baptist I'd call it pure cussedness!"

Salome Knapp's sallow cheeks flushed, and her voice trembled a little as she said, with gentle deprecation, "Why, Aunt Susan!"

"'Tell the truth, an' shame the devil' is my motto, Salomy, an' I've lived up to it this mornin'; an' now I must go back an' pack my satchel if you're goin' to carry me home right after dinner."

The seeds of discord sown by Aunt Susan blossomed and bore fruit in the gentle breast of Salome Knapp. Some long-latent self-assertiveness quickened into life. She took herself sharply to task on her drive homeward after leaving Aunt Susan at her own little white cottage in the village. "Aunt Susan is right," she said in her own thoughts. "I am a jellyfish—a poor, spiritless piece of putty that any man ought to have contempt for. I know now that I haven't been mistaken when I have thought that I have seen a sneer on the face of Silas sometimes when I have given up to him without a word in every trifling thing. If he's set in his ways it's partly because I've helped to make him so. I reckon it will be something like trying to change the spots of a leopard to try to change Silas now, but I can change myself, and I'm going to do it—fool that I am for ever becoming the nonentity I've been."

The spirit of revolt rode high within her as she drove along through the dark, cool woods and up over the sun-crowned hills to her own home that summer day. She sat upright in the buggy and held her head high. There was an unwonted brightness in her brown eyes and a slight flush on her sallow cheeks when she drove into the barn-yard. Silas was there, and he opened the big swinging gate for her. He came forward to unhitch the horse, but first he pulled out his big silver watch, glanced at it, and said, "You're late getting home. I don't see how you're ever to have supper ready by half-past six, especially as we always have sallyratus biscuits for supper Thursday nights."

"Very well; we'll keep on having supper at half-past six, and we'll keep on having sallyratus biscuits for supper that night"

Salome braced herself for a conflict. Her heart was beating a little more rapidly than usual, but her voice was quite firm when she said, "I don't know that it will be any killing matter if we don't have supper exactly on the stroke of half-past six, and I'm not planning to make biscuits to-night—there's plenty of cold bread."

He stopped in the act of twisting up a tug of the harness, and turned toward her. "We always do have supper on the stroke of half-past six, don't we?"

"We've been having it at that time, yes."

"And we always have sallyratus biscuits for supper Thursday nights, don't we?"

"We have had."

"Very well; we'll keep on having supper at half-past six, and we'll keep on having sallyratus biscuits for supper that night."

Having issued this philippic, he returned to the task of unharnessing the horse. Salome did not weaken. Her eyes were a little brighter, the flush on her cheeks was deeper, and she held herself a little more erect, as she said, "Silas, I want to say something to you."

"This is no time to say it, with supper likely to be late already," he replied, without looking around.

"There's no better time than the present for saying things that ought to be said, Silas. I just want to say that I'm tired of yielding my own will, my own thoughts, my own feelings, my own convenience to yours in every trifling little thing as well as in great things. I've been foolish enough to do it for years and years, but now I'm done with it. All the reward I've had has been your deserved contempt and the bitterness of seeing you get smaller and pettier in your dreadful setness. I'm not going to submit to it another day, Silas."

He finished doing up the rein he held in his hand, and then he turned toward her with lowering brow. His voice quivered with partly suppressed anger as he said, "Salomy Knapp, you can take your choice. You can march right into that house, and flax around and have supper on the table at the usual time, and you can have sallyratus biscuits, as usual, or you can clear out of my house and never come back. I reckon you know by this time that I always mean just what I say."

The rosy flush left her cheeks, and there was a frightened look in her eyes for a moment; then she said, in a voice as cold and hard as her husband's had been, "Very well, Silas. I will go over to Adaline's, and you can let me know when you want I should come back."

He made no reply, and she walked out at the open gate of the barn-yard, and down the road toward the home of Adaline Mowry, half a mile distant. Adaline Mowry was the only child of Silas and Salome Knapp. She had married a prosperous young farmer, whose sympathy was entirely with Salome. Tom Mowry and his wife were eating their supper when Salome suddenly appeared at the open door of their cozy little dining-room. Her somewhat agitated manner caused Adaline to cry out, "Why, mother, what has happened?"

When Salome had told her story in very few words Tom Mowry took the liberty of giving her a light slap on the back, while he said, "Bully for you, mother! I'd never have thought it of you! You have done just right. You can stay right here until that dogged old—"

"Tom! Tom! you forget that he is my husband, and your wife's father," said Salome, with gentle dignity.

"I beg your pardon, mother," said Tom. "But I can say that you are a regular brick without hurting any one's feelings, can't I?"

"How's the baby?" asked Salome, irrelevantly, for she had seen the child but a few minutes before, on her way home from the village.

"He's gone to bed," said Adaline. "You know I always put him to bed before we have supper. He talked about you while I was putting him to bed. He said 'grammy' plainer than I have ever heard him say it before. I'll have him say it for you in the morning."

In the morning! Salome gave a little start. If she stayed all night it would be the first night she had slept away from home for years. Her resolution almost failed her as she thought of Silas alone in the house she had left.

Her son-in-law saw the startled look in her face, and said, "Now, mother, you just stick it out. You show Father Knapp that you can be just as set as he can—particularly when you are in the right. Bully for old Aunt Susan! I'm glad she stirred you up to a sense of the fact that it is very foolish of you to yield to all of Father Knapp's whims the way you have for so many years. And you are just making him worse all the time. Some of his cast-iron rules will have to be broken if you stay here with us a while. It's my belief that he will come around all right in a few days, and be glad to come over here flaunting a flag of truce. He's the last man in the world to worry along trying to keep house by himself."

But Silas had not "come around" to the extent of asking his wife to come home at the end of a week. Two weeks passed, and he had showed no sign of relenting. Salome was growing thin, pale and manifestly nervous under the stress and strain of it all.

"But don't you be discouraged, mother," said cheery Tom Mowry. "The baby will bring him around yet, see if he don't."

Salome had cherished this belief herself. Silent and undemonstrative as he was, Salome knew that underneath the hard outer crust of his seemingly impregnable heart there was a mighty depth of affection for Adaline's baby boy. Silas had secretly regretted that no son had ever been born to him, and Adaline's boy, his only grandchild, was to him all that his own son would or could have been. Salome had hoped and nightly prayed that the baby would be the magnet that would draw Silas to Tom Mowry's house. He

had rarely missed going to see the baby daily since the birth of the child, and Salome knew that two full weeks of absence from the child must have been a great strain on the old man. "But I guess he'll stay away for good before he'll give in," she said to Tom.

"No, he won't," replied Tom. "That little chap has a mighty clutch on his heartstrings. I used to think before the baby came that he didn't have any heartstrings, but I found out that he had before the baby was a week old. He never made any fuss over the little chap, but he thinks a sight of him, all the same. I'll bet you that baby will make him break some of his iron rules sooner or later."

Three weeks passed, and there was no sign of relenting on the part of Silas. Salome would have weakened and returned home had it not been for Tom and Adaline, both of whom urged her to remain where she was, their confidence in the compelling influence of the baby being unshaken.

"He'll be coming over here some day to see the baby, and then I'll see to it that he speaks to you," said Adaline.

One day Tom Mowry and his wife drove away to the town of Vervay, eight miles distant, leaving Baby Silas in charge of his grandmother. The little fellow had not been well for a day or two, and Adaline had at first said that she would not go with her husband.

"Now, you go right along," said Salome. "I can take care of this child just as well or better than you can. He just has a little cold. 'Grammy' will take good care of him. You go right along with Tom. It's a beautiful day for a ride."

Tom had added his persuasions to Salome's, and Adaline had finally driven away with her husband. They had been gone less than an hour when the flushed face of the child showed a fast rising temperature, and Salome held his hot little cheek to her own, and said all sorts of soothing and endearing things to the fretful child.

It was eleven o'clock, and Silas had just driven into his barn-yard from the hay-field. He looked tired and unhappy. Housekeeping cares had weighed heavily upon him. There was none of the "old betty" about him, and he loathed housework. He had a painful sense of the fact that his housekeeping had been a flat failure, and he longed for the neatness and order and the excellent cooking that obtained when Salome was at the head of his household affairs. He dreaded to go into his disorderly house and begin the preparation of his own dinner. He had a rein in his hand, and was doing it up, when Salome suddenly appeared around a corner of the barn with a shawl thrown over her head and wrapped around her. The outline of a little form was plainly visible beneath the shawl, and a mass of shining yellow curls showed on her shoulder. Silas dropped the reins, gave a little gasp, started toward her, and then stood still, with tightly compressed lips, and grim determination on his sunburned face.

"Silas Knapp," said Salome, "you get that horse out from between those shafts just as soon as you can, and race off to town for the doctor as fast as possible. Little Silas here is burning up with scarlet fever! You know how his mother all but died with it when she was about his age! Tom and Adaline have gone to Vervay. Hurry! hurry!"

He made no reply, but dragged the harness from the horse and threw it on the ground.

"I'll go right into the house, and get the child to bed," continued Salome. "I am going to nurse this child through this myself, and I can do it better here in my home. You bring the doctor here."

He mounted the horse, and then spoke for the first time. "Just one peep at the little chap before I go, Salome," he said, huskily.

She went and stood beside the horse, and drew the shawl away from the flushed face. The boy opened his eyes, made a brave attempt to smile, and said, weakly, "Grampy, little Si sick, Grampy bring doctor."

"I will that, honey," said the old man, with tear-dimmed eyes. He gave the horse full rein, and was off down the dusty road on a gallop.

A great many of Silas Knapp's iron rules had to be set aside during the six weeks little Silas was ill in the house. There were three days and nights when all that the old man cared for was the power to do something that would help to bring the little fellow back from the valley of the shadow toward which he seemed to be slowly and surely drifting. The day on which Silas had for twenty-five years driven to town in sunshine or in fearful storm to pay his taxes went by unheeded. The day on which he had for an equal number of years collected a sum of interest-money due him was apparently forgotten. Many of the rules of his life that had been as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians were forgotten. In all his married life he had slept in but one room in his house, but when the doctor said that for several reasons it would be best for the sick child to occupy this room during his convalescence, the old man said, gently, "Of course grandpa's little Si can have grandpa's room if he wants it. He should have it if grandpa had to sleep in the barn, so he should."

Much of the "setness" of Silas Knapp had disappeared never to return by the time the little boy was well enough to go home. The old man carried the child home in his own arms, with Salome by his side.

"I'll have to hurry back, father, for this is the day you always have apple pie for dinner, and I haven't any made," said Salome.

"You needn't bother making one," replied Silas. "I'd just as soon eat anything else you have handy for dessert. I guess that Tom and Adaline will likely want us to stay and eat dinner with them. We'd better do it to celebrate the safe return of this little chap, and—and—well, you're going to come back home to me, Salome."

And he kissed her for the first time in many years.

The Romance of Betty

By NINA K. SLATER

THE slumbrous sunshine lay in full, rich glory upon the quiet village of Eastman, enfolding the Hancy Farm, which marked its eastern limit. The rush of the passing river was subdued to a murmur, the birds had hushed their songs, the air was soft, and the distant, measured stroke from the village smithy mingled harmoniously with the dreamy hum into which Nature had symphonized all sounds. Betty sat alone under the great maples, lost in thoughts and dreams. She heard again the words to which she had listened the evening before in the moonlight: "Darling, I will come for your answer to-morrow night."

Even in the early days of its master the Hancy Farm had been a snug possession, but under John Hancy's skilful management it had increased in acres until its boundaries spread miles to the north, south to the river and a goodly distance east and west. John had been a comely, well-educated, popular young man, who in time married the village teacher, bought a quarter-section of land from the government, and had early tasted the intoxicating wine of prosperity. Esther being of a strictly economical turn of mind, John had, to the surprise of his old friends, rapidly developed into "the village miser." In his later life no coat was too ragged, no accommodations too poor, no fare too meager for his satisfaction. Occasional delicacies—doughnuts, cookies or tea-cakes—were divided into halves for his hirelings. The few cakes of maple sugar left over from a season dripped and soured instead of being sent to a less fortunate neighbor. An application for aid in charity sent an unfeigned shiver through the weazened figure and a tremble of vague apprehension into the thin voice.

His daughter Betty had not been exempt from the grind of home life. Her privileges were few, and those few chosen for their inexpensiveness. School had been denied her because she might meet with some accident on the road, and the old school-books in the attic could no longer be used. Only one summer's visit with cousins had broken the long monotony of her life.

It was of all this that Betty was thinking as she sat beneath the home maples with crisp locks of gray hair blowing softly across her face and a gentle, far-away expression in her blue eyes. She viewed the past as a panorama—her restricted girlhood, without school-days, with but one party, few books, little girlish finery, no girl friends, and but one lover. She saw Jack's tall form again, stole away to walk with him under the shadowy beeches, heard his first words of love, and went again through the scenes of her thwarted elopement. Betty now, gray-haired and fifty, knew that Jack's professed love had been financial diplomacy, but, after all, love had not lost its charm nor moonlights their glamorous sheen.

She saw once more the plain casket that hid her mother's form carried from the door of the low-roofed, rambling farm-house. She knelt again by her father's dying bed, and heard him weakly say, "Betty, you'll be rich. Don't spend it, Betty; don't spend it. I've saved it all for you."

"Oh, father," she answered, wearily, "if you had saved less for me, and given me one little bit of girlhood!"

"But, Betty! Betty! you'll have thousands of dollars—thousands, I say."

"Betty, don't you think you and I had better get married?"

"Yes, father," she replied. "I'll try to make it pay for happy school-days and all the other pleasures that most girls have and I have missed."

"No," she thought, "it can never pay for all the longings, all the deprivations, all the humiliations I have known. That one summer's visit taught me how empty my life was, and all this wealth cannot buy me a girlhood."

Last night she had thought love might supply the missing past, and give to her life the something she had missed; but now the mystery and charm of the moonlight was gone, and the low, insistent voice sounding through her memory had a false ring. The shrewd brain that had so skilfully accumulated thousands had bequeathed to Betty some of its keenness, and she remembered and understood much that she had been fain to believe. She knew then that the past was not only missing, but irretrievably lost.

"Ben is younger than I," she reflected. "He will not take me to socials or parties, or even to church, when I ask him. He doesn't mean it when he says, 'Darling, I want you all to myself.' He is ashamed of me! oh, ashamed of me!—and true love knows no shame. It is my miserable money that he wants—the money father saved to make me happy. Oh, the curse it has been!"

That night Ben received his refusal—not tearfully, but with a kind of regret. That night, standing before her mirror, Betty shook out the long strand of gray hair to the light, looked long at the sad face; then she blew out the light, and with a few tears and a choked sob softly prayed that God would change the heart that longed for the things of youth to a heart that ought to belong with colorless cheeks and whitening hair.

Summer came again, and the fields were yellow with harvest. The whir of the reaper broke the stillness of the days, and the management of a well-ordered household helped to quiet the heart that Betty had prayerfully struggled to discipline. It was after one of these busy, hard harvest days that John, her competent manager, said, earnestly, "Betty, you need somebody to look after this big farm and you. You're working too hard lately, and what with no girl in the kitchen, and you trapesing around after the turkeys and ducks, I've been considerably worried about you. Betty, don't you think you and I had better get married? I'll be good to you, Betty."

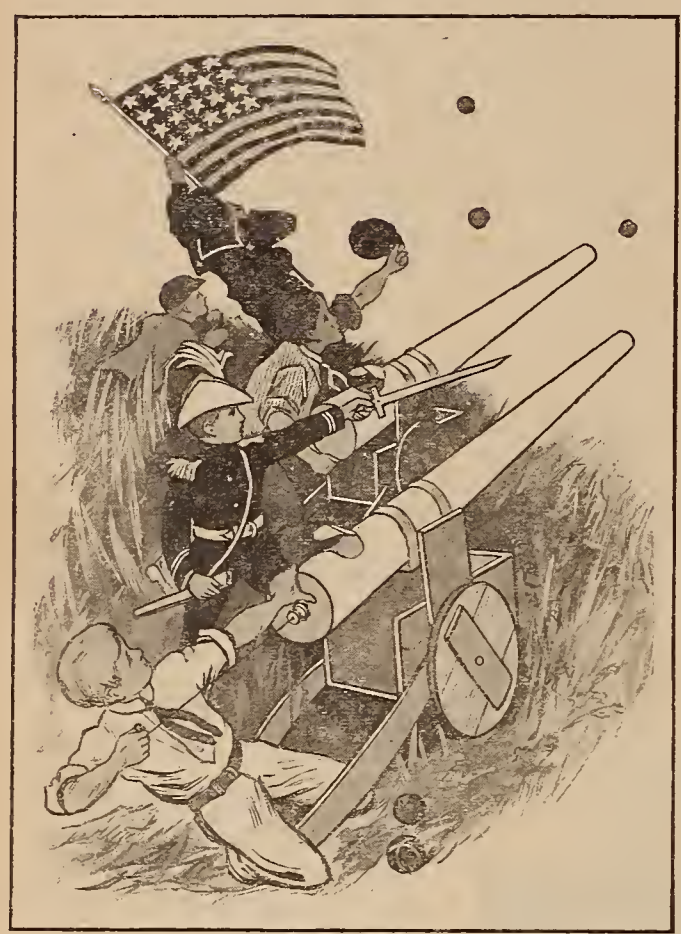
It was a very prosaic wooing. No word of love—it was all so unlike anything Betty had read or dreamed. But John was broad-shouldered and honest, and Betty recognized the truth of his statements and the sincerity of his one declaration, so when he gently added, "Can't you, Betty?" she answered, calmly, "Yes, John, I will marry you."

Prosperity still reigns at Hancy Farm. The low-roofed white farm-house nestles among the ancient maples, the whir of labor breaks the quiet of the summer days, and song, laughter and merry, friendly voices the white silence of winter. John still looks after Betty and the farm. The fair face of the woman has lost its sadness, and rounded into a serene, mellowed autumnal beauty. John still wades through morning dew and evening rain to look after the turkeys. There are occasional summer trips to the coast and long winters in the South. If Betty ever wonders whether life has compensated for the years of humiliation and lost youth; if she ever reaches out for the old ideals, or her soul ever grows heavy with longing, it is in the silence of her heart and the lonely watches of the night.

Home-Made Artillery

HURRAH, boys, here's some fun! A chance for you all to make cannons for yourselves! Easy? Why, all you have to do is to get some heavy sheets of wrapping-paper, paste these thoroughly, then roll them into long, cylindrical tubes. That's easy enough, is it not? The gun-carriages, too, are made without any more difficulty, a soap-box and barrel-head wheels serving for the "field-gun," and a pasteboard support and wheels for the "house-gun."

Just for the fun of it, try and see what you can do. Follow the directions carefully and you will be enabled to enjoy the sport of sham-battles in the garden, mimic battles on the dining-table, and lots of fun generally. At this time, when the dogs of war are loose in deadly conflict, and guns are booming in patriotic celebration, and when every young American is "playing soldier," these always interesting and harmless toys are bound to be more than ordinarily entertaining and popular.


A FIGHT WITH "FIELD-GUNS"

First make the "house-gun." Unless otherwise specified make all fastenings with sealing-wax.

HOW TO MAKE THE "HOUSE-GUN"

Paste half a large sheet of heavy wrapping-paper thoroughly on one side, and then roll it into a long tube, tapering at one end. Roll very neatly. The tube should measure eighteen inches in length, three inches in diameter at the larger end, and two inches at the smaller end. Wind the string around it to prevent unrolling, and put aside to dry.

While the cannon-tube is drying make the "shot-thrower." Cut from the stoutest cardboard a disk one and three fourths inches in diameter, and bore three holes in it at an equal distance apart, near its outer edge. Then cut out a strip of pasteboard one inch wide and six inches long, roll this in the form of a napkin-ring one and one half inches in diameter, fasten the overlapping ends securely together, and then as securely fasten this ring to the cardboard disk; this being done, now take three narrow elastic bands—each measuring three and one half inches in length—and thrust one end of these through the holes around the edge of the disk. Knot the ends of the elastic afterward, so as to prevent them from slipping out, then thrust three short pieces of string—of equal length—through the same holes; tie these securely to the disks, also tie the loose ends together, and add another piece of string one foot in length just where these intersect.

The "shot-thrower" for the "house-gun" is like that for the "field-gun" in all respects, with the exception that only three elastic bands are used for the propelling power in place of six for the "field-gun." The measurements just given for the disk, etc., are especially for use in the "house-gun." Of course, these measurements would have to be very much enlarged for use in the "field-gun."

Now trim off the ends of your cannon, if it is dry, with a pair of scissors, drop the shot-thrower into its large end, taking care to keep the free ends of the elastic bands hanging downward, then pass a three-inch length of tape through each band, and fasten the ends of these to the outside of the cannon's mouth.

Cut out a disk of cardboard three inches in diameter for the breech, punch a hole through its center, fasten a small spool to it in the same place, pass the end of the long string attached to the shot-thrower through the holes in the disk and the spool, and afterward tie to the end of the same string a little stick of wood. Then fasten the breech to the cannon.

Now for the gun-carriage. Make two wheels, eight and one half inches in diameter, of heavy pasteboard, and fasten spools to these for hubs; make a delicate wooden axle eight inches in length, pass it through the wheels and spool hubs, and put a bit of sealing-wax on both ends of the axle, to prevent the wheels from slipping off, and another bit of sealing-wax on the axle just inside the wheels, to prevent these from slipping too near the cannon. Cut out two strips of cardboard fifteen inches in length by three inches in width, join together for fully half their length with sealing-wax, punch holes through the tips of the unjoined ends, slip these over the projecting pieces of wood on each side of the cannon, rest the cannon on the axle, and fasten the strips to the same very securely with sealing-wax.

Now with a penknife cut an almost complete circular slit in the cannon, beginning two inches from its breech, leaving only one half inch uncut, to serve as a sort of hinge for the paper flap. Your cannon is now completed.

Cannon-balls for this gun may be made of wads of newspaper tightly bound with string. When ready to fire, lift up the paper flap, pull back the firing-string as far as you can, place a paper ball into the shot-holder, aim carefully, then let go the string.

Before beginning to fire take care that the shot-thrower is held in position quite taut by the little piece of wood on the end of the firing-string. If loose, wind up the string on the stick until it is taut. On no account allow the elastic bands, the tapes inside the cannon or the firing-string to sag in the least.

HOW TO MAKE THE "FIELD-GUN"

The "field-gun" is made in almost precisely the same way as the "house-gun," except that it is larger, that the gun-carriage is made of a soap-box, with barrel-head wheels, while two barrel-staves support it on the ground. Also the disk of the shot-holder is made of wood, the propelling force consists of three pairs of heavy elastic bands, and the tapes attached to the ends of these are thrust through slits made in the sides of the cannon instead of outside the cannon's mouth, as in the "house-gun." Follow the instructions carefully and you cannot go wrong. For cannon-balls use hollow rubber balls. In conclusion fasten the large "field-guns" to the swivel boards on which they rest by pasting a number of strips of paper entirely around them and the board.

Always wait until the cannons are thoroughly dried and hard before using.—Meredith Nugent.

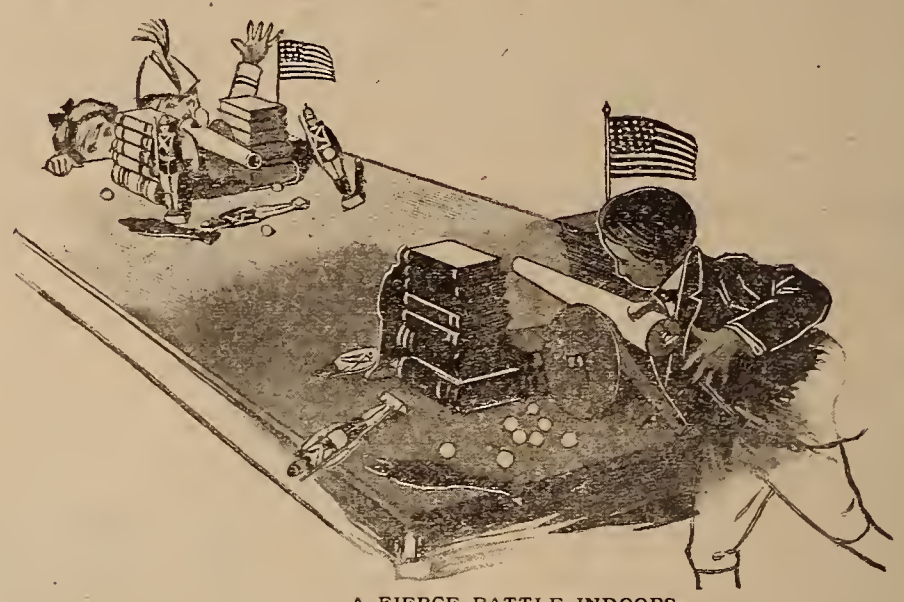
◈

The Story of Patrick Henry

"Treason! treason!"

"If this be treason, make the most of it!" So exclaimed Patrick Henry in the Virginia Assembly when the obnoxious laws of taxation, coupled with an imperative order to house and feed the British, was announced. Henry was the son of a Virginia planter, and was born on the twenty-ninth of May, 1736. He was not an ardent student, and his early years promised a useless life. He married at eighteen, and passed most of his time in idleness at the tavern of his father-in-law, where he often served customers at the bar. Having utterly failed in farming and in trade, he made an attempt at the law, and after only one and one half months' study had the boldness to ask for license to practise. This was granted on condition that he should extend his studies before undertaking to practise. His first effort was the celebrated Parsons case, which was a contest between the clergy and the state legislature on the question of an annual stipend claimed by the former. Henry's eloquence, after a rambling introduction, electrified judge, jury and people. The jury brought in a verdict of one penny damages, and the people took Henry upon their shoulders, and carried him in triumph about the court-house yard. Patrick Henry knew not fear, nor did his success conquer his aversion to the black letter of the law-books. He loved to stroll through the forests, hunting deer for days together, taking his only rest under the trees; and as he wandered about with his ever-ready musket in his hand his serene mind was ripening for duty, he knew not how, by silent communion with Nature.

In 1769 he was admitted to the bar of the general court, and was recognized as a leader in legal and political matters until the Revolution broke out. He became the authorized leader of the people against the aristocracy. In the first Continental Congress he was one of the delegates, and in that famous assembly he was hailed as the champion of constitutional liberty, and his wonderful eloquence was at once recognized. At the Richmond convention, of which Henry was the moving spirit, the resolutions to organize the militia and put the colony in an attitude of defense met with great opposition. He replied in a burning speech, in which occur the memorable words: "There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are already forged; their clanking may be heard in the plains of Boston; the next gale that sweeps from the north will bring the clash of resounding arms. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" Without an opposing voice the resolutions were adopted, and very soon afterward came the news of the battles at Lexington and Concord. Shortly afterward two regiments were raised, and Henry was appointed commander of all the forces to be raised. Washington nominated him for the office of secretary of state in 1795, but Mr. Henry declined it. In 1799 he was prevented from accepting a diplomatic position to France by feeble health and advanced age. His disease soon after became alarmingly active, and he expired at his seat at Red Hill, in Charlotte County, Va., June 6, 1799, aged sixty-three years.


A FIERCE BATTLE INDOORS

DECORATIONS FOR THE FOURTH

Photo by Will G. Helwig.

A Cat Climbs a Church-Steeple

One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the street were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament near the top of the tall church-steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air was a black cat.

"How did it get there?" was the first question every one asked, and "How will it get down?" was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a little window some distance above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw, and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then with a violent effort flung herself over the side into the bottom of the basket. She was safely drawn to the window, amid loud cheers.—St. Nicholas.

◈

Take Care of the Nickels

"Careful saving and careful spending invariably promote success," says Marshall Field. "It is not what a man earns, but what he saves, that makes him rich. John Jacob Astor once said that the saving of his first one thousand dollars cost him the hardest struggle. As a rule people do not know how to save. The average young man of to-day, when he begins to earn, is inclined to habits of extravagance. He gets the idea that he must indulge in habits corresponding to those of some other young man, without regard to what he earns, and he imagines he cannot be manly without. The five, ten or fifteen cents a day he squanders, while apparently a trifle, would amount to thousands of dollars in a few years if saved, and go far toward establishing the foundation of his future career. Too few realize that in order to acquire dollars one must take care of the nickels. The young man should begin to save the moment he begins to earn, be the saving ever so little, and if he does so the habit will be of incalculable benefit to him in after-life."—Frank Carpenter, in the Record-Herald.

◈

The Little Soldier

"When I'm big I'll be a soldier—
That's what I will be;
Fight for father, fight for mother,
Over land and sea!"
And before him on the table
Stood in bright array
All his little wooden soldiers,
Ready for the fray.
Then he charged his little cannon,
Singing out with glee,
"When I'm big I'll be a soldier—
That's what I will be!"

By the firelight sat the mother—
Tears were in her heart—
Thinking of the swift time coming
When they two must part.

* * * * * * * *

Soon the shadow fell between them,
Soon the years flew by;
He has left his little mother—
Left her, perhaps, to die.
All the laughter gone forever;
All the sunshine fled;
Only little mother praying
By his empty bed.

Then there came a dreadful battle,
And upon the plain
Crept the little mother, seeking
Some one 'mid the slain.
But she never found her darling
In the white moon-gleam,
For the little cannon firing
Woke her from her dream.
All a dream! He stood beside her,
Singing out with glee,
"When I'm big I'll be a soldier—
That's what I will be!"

—Melbourne Leader

Immortality

Immortal life is something to be earned
By slow self-conquest, comradeship with pain,
And patient seeking after higher truths.
We cannot follow our own wayward wills,
And feed our baser appetites, and give
Loose rein to foolish tempers year on year,
And then cry, "Lord, forgive me, I believe!"
And straightway bathe in glory. Men must learn
God's system is too great a thing for that.
The spark divine dwells in each soul, and we
Can fan it to a steady flame of light
Whose luster gilds the pathway to the tomb
And shines on through Eternity, or else
Neglect it till it simmers down to death
And leaves us but the darkness of the grave.
Each conquered passion feeds the living flame;
Each well-borne sorrow is a step toward God.
Faith cannot rescue and no blood redeem
The soul that will not reason and resolve.
Lean on thyself, yet prop thyself with Prayer;
For there are spirits, Messengers of Light,
Who come at call and fortify thy strength.
Make friends with them and with thine inner self.
Cast out all envy, bitterness and hate,
And keep the mind's fair tabernacle pure.
Shake hands with Pain, give greeting unto Grief,
Those angels in disguise, and thy glad soul
From height to height, from star to shining star,
Shall climb, and claim blest immortality.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

◈

How to be Happy

Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is envious of another's. We lose a great deal of the joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day, instead of longing and wishing for what belongs to others. We do not take any pleasure in our own modest horse and carriage, because we long for the automobile or victoria that some one else owns. The edge is taken off the enjoyment of our own little home, because we are watching the palatial residence of our neighbor. We can get no satisfaction out of a trolley-ride into the country or a sail on a river-steamer, because some one else can enjoy the luxury of his own carriage or yacht. Life has its full measure of happiness for every one of us if we would only make up our minds to make the very most of every opportunity that comes our way, instead of longing for the things tnat come our neighbor's way.—Success.

Jap Precepts

On the walls of the barracks, on the sides of the tents, at the foot of every Japanese soldier's cot hangs a printed copy of seven moral precepts, says the New York "World." The Emperor of Japan is supposed to be the author. At any rate, he, as general-in-chief, issued them to his army. The last thing the soldier sees on retiring, the first thing to greet his eyes when he awakes, are these precepts.

Every morning after roll-call an officer of each company reads the precepts to his men; then he makes the men recite them in concert, and afterward calls upon individual soldiers to repeat them. In barracks the officers drill the men in the knowledge of the precepts, and explain them in detail, illustrating their explanations with examples drawn from history. Deeds of Washington, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Grant and other famous commanders are related, that the soldiers may know the precepts in practical application as well as in theory.

Baron Kaneko, a Japanese statesman who recently visited this country on a confidential mission, asserts that the personal valor of the Japanese soldiers is due to the practice of the seven precepts. The following are the precepts as they have been translated by Baron Kaneko from the Mikado's edict:

"To be sincere and loyal, and guard against untruthfulness.

"To respect superiors, keep true to comrades, and guard against lawlessness and insolence.

"To obey the command of superiors, irrespective of its nature, and never to resist or disregard it.

"To prize bravery and courage, and be diligent in the performance of duties, and guard against cowardice and timidity.

"To boast not of brutal courage, and neither quarrel with nor insult others, which will incite general hatred.

"To cultivate virtue and practise frugality, and guard against extravagance and effeminacy.

"To prize reputation and honor, and guard against vulgarity and greed."

◈

Look on the Bright Side

A habit of constantly looking upon the dark side of things, of thinking that something terrible is going to happen, that we are unfortunate, that fate is against us, that we were born under an unlucky star, and that our lives are comparative failures; a habit of thinking that perhaps we are not so smart as others who have succeeded, and that we have overestimated our ability—in other words, a habit of worrying or of self-depreciation—will after a while dwarf the highest ideals.—The Evangelical.

Answers to Fish Puzzle in the June 15th Issue—Pickerel, Perch, Sucker, Sturgeon, Herring, Shark.

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Similar patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores at 20 cents each, but in order to introduce FARM AND FIRESIDE into thousands of new homes, and to make it more valuable than ever to our regular patrons, we offer our line of stylish patterns to the lady readers of our paper for the low price of only ***10 Cents Each.***

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A Sterling-Silver Design

We believe there has been nothing created in the line of silverware heretofore that surpasses this design in real beauty. It requires an expert to tell the difference between these spoons and the regular sterling ware that costs seven dollars and fifty cents for a set of six spoons. This ware is absolutely guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear and give perfect satisfaction under ordinary circumstances for a period of ten years, and any defect within that time will be made good by us.

"The Wild Rose Pattern"

Now, in this latest pattern, the "Wild Rose," we feel that we have something even more beautiful than any design yet offered at such low prices. It has met with the most enthusiastic praise from expert judges, being pronounced equal to the best sterling in artistic design and the working out of a unitary conception. In it you have a representation of the growing wild rose carried out to the minutest detail, with back design to match the face, and the whole effect is that of the very best sterling silver. Sent prepaid.

Farm and Fireside one year and the Set of Six Spoons sent prepaid to any one for only $1.00

Address
FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

A positively sure remedy
Pratts Veterinary Colic Cure.
Made by Pratt Food Co., Phila. Over 30 years old.

How to Dress

TUCKED BLOUSE AND TUCKED SKIRT

MANY times, in making up the thin summer materials, it is astonishing to see what clever effects can be produced solely by the lining. The idea of making up a plain mousseline or organdie over a flowered lawn or flowered silk is new and pretty, especially when the dress proper is simply made and worn with a Dresden ribbon girdle with long sash-ends.

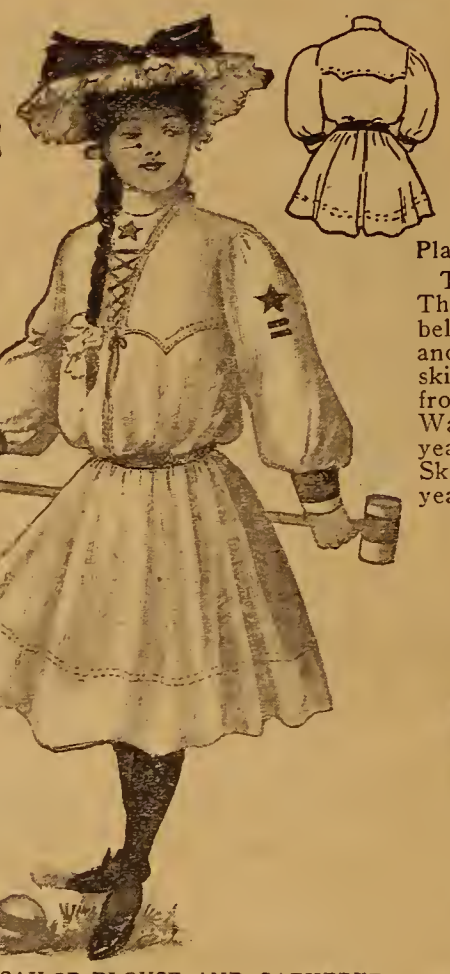
If one happens to have a bright plaid or check silk dress which has seen its best days, it will make an effective lining for a girl's dress of plain voile or openwork canvas or coarse net.

WAIST WITH ADJUSTABLE YOKE AND FLOUNCED SKIRT

Tucked Blouse and Tucked Skirt

It is this sort of simplicity in a frock that gives it a certain indefinable charm and style. So simple, in fact, is this design, that any girl, with the aid of a FARM AND FIRESIDE pattern, ought to be able to be her own dressmaker. Frills and furbelows are missing in this frock, and tucks form the only trimming. The tucked blouse opens up the back and gives a good broad effect to the shoulders. Tucks trim the upper part of the full bishop-sleeves, which are finished with a deep cuff. The fullness at the waist is confined with a soft silk girdle. The full skirt is cut in five gores, the upper part laid in fine tucks all the way around. Four deep tucks are used as the foot trimming.

A dress copied after this design in white dimity would be very inexpensive, girlish and pretty. To vary it a trifle it could be worn with different-colored girdles, always having the big maline rosette at the back of the collar matching the girdle in color. In fine lawn or batiste in the fashionable wheat-color the dress would also look attractive, with white lace insertion trimming the cuffs and the collar, and having the girdle and rosette also white.



FANCY SAILOR-BLOUSE AND GATHERED SKIRT

This design is equally as adaptable for a silk as a cotton fabric. In linen-color or white pongee or Alice blue Rajah silk it would make a very lovely dress. The pattern for the Tucked Blouse, No. 562, is cut for 14, 16 and 18 years. The pattern for the Tucked Skirt, No. 563, is cut for 14, 16 and 18 years.

◈

Waist with Adjustable Yoke and Flounced Skirt

The adjustable yoke cut with a Dutch neck makes this gown a very practical one to possess, as it can be worn as a low-neck evening gown and also as an afternoon summer frock. The full waist and short sleeves are trimmed with ruffles. The three-piece skirt is gathered at the waist and finished with three full flounces. The pattern for the Waist with Adjustable Yoke, No. 560, is cut for 14, 16 and 18 years. The pattern for the Flounced Skirt, No. 561, is cut for 14, 16 and 18 years.

◈

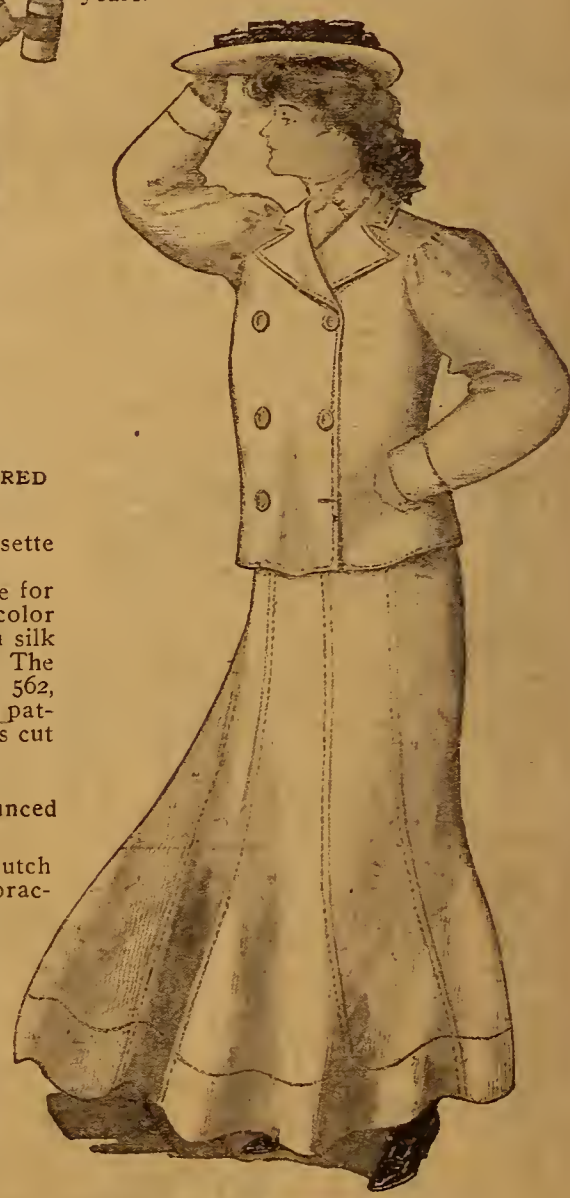
Fancy Sailor-Blouse and Gathered Skirt

This attractive little dress, very useful during vacation, should be made of some good-wearing wash-material, like percale, duck, butchers' linen or piqué. The blouse has a yoke back and front. The shield, which is not adjustable, is laced with silk cord. The fastening of the blouse is at the left side of the yoke and down the center front. The full skirt is gathered at the waist. The pattern for the Fancy Sailor-Blouse, No. 558, is cut for 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The pattern for the Gathered Skirt, No. 559, is cut for 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

PLAITED SHIRT-WAIST AND SIDE-PLAITED SKIRT

Plaited Shirt-Waist and Side-Plaited Skirt

This shirt-waist is in dark blue linen. The plaits in the back taper toward the belt. White piqué is used for the cuffs and turn-down collar. The five-gored skirt is side plaited, with a box-plait in front. The pattern for the Plaited Shirt-Waist, No. 564, is cut for 10, 12 and 14 years. The pattern for the Side-Plaited Skirt, No. 565, is cut for 10, 12 and 14 years.



DOUBLE-BREASTED BOX-COAT AND NINE-GORED SKIRT

The Coat pattern for the above design, No. 566, is cut for 14, 16 and 18 years. The Skirt, No. 567, has nine gores, and the pattern is cut for 14, 16 and 18 years.

◈

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

Our new summer catalogue of fashionable patterns is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon request.

Wit and Humor Old and New

Contributions to this page are invited. Funny things that you know or have heard of, whether in verse, prose or short story, will be gladly received. When the jokes are not original, the author's name should be given

Victor Hugo's Breeches

For three years a man now indicted for swindling has been living on a pair of Victor Hugo's breeches. On bringing them home wrapped up in tissue-paper, he showed them to his housekeeper. "A wonderful bargain," he said. "I paid only thirty francs for them."

"A bit shabby," remarked the housekeeper, as she turned them over; "worn in the seat, and frayed over the boot. I should call them dear at the price."

"A bargain, I tell you," retorted the man. "They are not for wearing. They are a relic. They were worn by Victor Hugo!"

The housekeeper was wonderstruck, and in five minutes all the neighborhood knew that her tenant possessed a pair of the poet's pants.

The next day callers came begging for portions of the relic. The generous owner parted with buttons and fragments of the cloth at a franc apiece. His custom grew, and the trousers seemed to keep growing, too. However many bits he sold, there were always more fragments of the relic wherewith to satisfy fresh applicants. The housekeeper says that, according to her computation, he must have disposed of three hundred pairs of Victor Hugo's trousers all told.

He grew reckless at last, and only a few days ago was still selling whole legs of the breeches at four pounds apiece. That gave him away. A purchaser boasted to a friend that he possessed a leg of a pair of trousers worn by Victor Hugo.

"That's funny," said the friend; "I have one, also."

They compared treasures, and both were found to be right legs. Becoming suspicious, they called on a common acquaintance. He had a third leg of Victor Hugo's trousers. They scoured the neighborhood, and found legs, rights and lefts, and other portions of the poet's pants almost in every household where there was any member of the family with a poetic turn of mind. "I don't believe," one owner of a relic at length remarked, "that Victor Hugo ever could have worn so many pairs of trousers, though he did live to be eighty-three." The poet's admirers then went in force to the police and lodged a complaint.

When the warrant was served on the vender of the relics his room was searched, and the original pair of breeches was found intact.

"Then you acknowledge," said the officer, "that none of the trousers you sold had ever really been worn by Victor Hugo?"

"Quite so," said the man, cheerfully, "and so far as I know, he never wore that pair, either."

◈

Couldn't "Stick" Him

The "Tatler" tells a story that is old, but good: In a restaurant in Cheapside at one time customers' wants were looked after by a waiter renowned for the clever way in which, when shouting down the lift to the cook, he interpreted the different dishes. For instance, if a customer ordered sausage and bread, he told the cook "a doorstep and a bag of mystery" were required.

In consequence of this, two city gentlemen had a wager for five pounds, one of them saying he was sure he could give an order which the waiter would find it impossible to twist in his usual way.

Accordingly they repaired to the restaurant, and Mr. Brown gave his order. "Waiter, bring me a couple of poached eggs on toast and the yolks broken."

The waiter shouted down to the cook, "Adam and Eve on a raft, and wreck 'em."

GENTLEMEN: "OUR COUNTRY!"

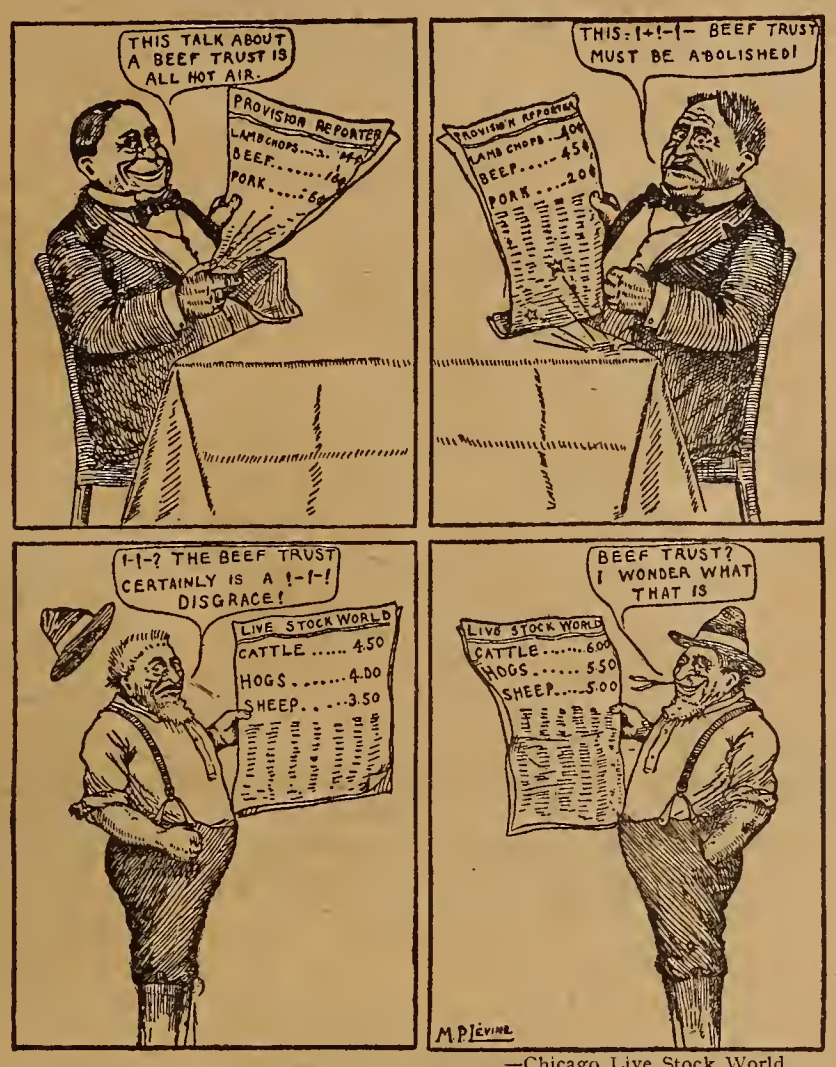
Miracles

Living in a certain Georgia town is an old darky who is said to be a sort of a thorn in the side of the local preachers, for the negro is always putting embarrassing questions to them touching mooted theological points.

Not long ago old Zeph had a long and earnest discussion with his pastor with reference to just what constituted a miracle, and the divine found it no easy matter to make his ideas on the subject clear to Zeph.

"I s'pose, now," said the preacher, "dat de greatest ob all de miracles was dat ob de loaves an' fishes. You 'member, ob co'se, dat dere was five thousand loaves an' two thousand fishes which was eat by de twelve Apostles."

"Sho' I 'member," replied old Zeph, with a grin; "an' it always 'peared to me dat de miracle was dat dey didn't bust!"



—Chicago Live Stock World.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Just a Little Too Smart

A good story is told at the expense of an undergraduate at a certain university. He was attending the chemical lectures of a distinguished, if not popular, professor, who had announced for his next lecture some experiments with laughing-gas. The student, who knew that persons under the influence of laughing-gas were not responsible for their words or actions, saw an opportunity of telling the professor what he thought of him with impunity.

On the afternoon of the lecture the professor called for a volunteer for the experiments to be made, and the undergraduate promptly came to his assistance, to the amusement of the class, which had been taken into his confidence.

The tube containing the gas was duly affixed to the student's mouth, and he commenced to inhale vigorously. The effect was magical. The student began to abuse the professor as he had determined.

The professor lent a patient ear to this testimony to his character, and then, turning to the class, said, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, "You see, gentlemen, how powerful this gas is, when even the anticipation of it produces such effects. I will now turn on the gas."

◈

Hogs Not Exempt

The story is told of an old negro toll-gate keeper's encounter with the occupants of a large touring-car that had rushed through the gate without paying toll. Twice they succeeded in getting by, but the third time the tollman shut the gate. The half-dozen occupants of the car protested vigorously, declaring they were entitled to ride free.

"Look at your rules," said the spokesman. "'Every carriage, cart or wagon drawn by one beast, two cents; every additional beast, two cents.' We're not drawn by any beast at all."

"No; but here's where you come in, sah," replied the darky, pointing to another clause, as follows: 'Every half-dozen hogs, four cents.' An' three times four am twelve," he added.

The twelve cents was paid.

◈

First Composer—"Well, old boy, you look happy. What have you been doing—writing a wedding-march?"

Second Composer—"No; there are wedding-marches enough already. I've got a brand-new idea."

First Composer—"What's that?"

Second Composer—"I'm composing a divorce-march."—Meggendorfer Blätter.

On the Safe Side

In an old New England church an aged woman had been making herself quite conspicuous by persistently bowing during the church service whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. The minister took her to task for so unseemly a habit, but his reproof had no effect. Finally, in exasperation, he asked her why she thought it was necessary to bow.

"Well," she replied, "civility costs nothing, and you never know what will happen."

◈

Didn't Look Well

Hilly bought a horse from a Frenchman. He asked, "Is the horse perfectly sound?"

The Frenchman said, "He is; only he is very thin, and—oh, some little word I cannot think. You understand he—he—oh, what you call it? He—he don't look well. What do you call it in English?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Hilly. "I will fix that."

The horse was paid for, taken home and hooked up to the family carriage, and away they went. The road made a sharp turn, but the horse kept straight ahead, and smashed into the fence. The wreck was complete. It was then that Hilly noticed the horse was blind, so he went for the Frenchman, who said, "Yes, yes, it is it, it is it. Blind—yes, yes, I could not think the name. I told you he did not look well, but I could not remember that little word. Blind—yes, it is it. He does not look well. He is blind. You find him just as I said."

◈

Irish Blarney in Court

Old Mike Gordon, the high constable of a certain town in the Pennsylvania coal regions, was a witness in court some years ago to prove character for a plaintiff. The counsel for the defendant was a sharp, shrewd Irishman by the name of Lavelle—Martin Lavelle. Mike had told of many good qualities of the plaintiff, when Lavelle, who, by the way, was from the same town as Mike, and in fact was a brother church-member of his, took exceptions to Mike's quality as a witness. Lavelle tore up poor Mike's record regardlessly. Said he, "There sits a man—a fellow I am supposed to know as the right honorable high constable of my home town—a man who hasn't drawn a sober breath for the past ten years."

Mike grew red with rage, and left the court-room vowing vengeance on Lavelle.

At the foot of the corridor stood Mike, blackthorn in hand, awaiting Lavelle, whom he swore he would kill. Finally Lavelle came along, and throwing his arms about the crippled form of old Mike, said, "Arrah, Mike, what are you getting cross about. That's the only way I could win my case. Come over and have a drink."

Mike's reply was, "An' how could I hit a man who talks to me loike thot?"

◈

Foxy Dad

A young man just home from college was seated at the home dinner-table, on which were two nice roasted chickens—one at each end. The father, a practical man of the world, asked his son if he was learning at college.

"Yes, indeed," the son replied. "Why, father, I can make two count three."

"Nonsense, my boy; it can't be done."

"But, father, I can prove it; for instance, the chickens. This is one chicken at your end of the table."

"Yes," says the father.

"And that is two at mother's end."

"Well?" says the father.

"Well," says the son, "two and one are three."

The father looked puzzled for a minute or so, but he quickly recovered, and said, "Well, I will take this chicken; wife, you take that chicken, and, son, you can have the third."

◈

By Gas

An Irishman who was tortured with toothache walked into a dentist's surgery one evening, and inquired of the extractor of molars, "How much do ye charge for pullin' a tooth?"

"One shilling; five shillings with gas," replied the expert on ivories.

"Five shillin's wid gas!" gasped Pat. "Begorrah, then, I'll come 'round ag'in early in th' mornin', when it's daylight."—Tatler.

A Stand-Off

A cross-eyed bicyclist was riding down the street, when an Irish pedestrian, in crossing the street with head bowed, walked directly in his way, with the result that there was a clash, and both men went down in the dust. The cross-eyed bicyclist swore at the Irishman, "Why don't you look where you are going?"

The reply of the son of the Emerald Isle was in kind and in part, "An' why don't ye go where ye are lookin'?"

◈

East and West

"Yes, I've just returned from a two months' visit in the East," the Portland young lady was saying, "and oh, I had such a lovely time! Those Easterners are so different from us, though."

"What points did you visit?" inquired the new-comer in Oregon. "I do hope you saw dear old Boston."

"Boston!" the Portland girl ejaculated. "I should say not. I was in Montana."—Oregonian.

◈

A Flea's Gratitude

Walter Beverly Crane writes to the New York "Sun" in support of the belief that animals have intelligence and feelings like folks. He says that a flea bit him as he was going to bed in Paris. He started to kill the flea, then listened to the pleadings of some inward voice, and relented. A year later he was asleep in that same bed, when the flea bit him so savagely that he awoke at once, and lo! the room was filled with smoke—the hotel was on fire! But for his kindness the year before that flea would have let him frizzle to a cinder.

◈

The Missing Chickens

A banker in a Western city bought some chickens of a ranchman, and told the man to deliver them at his house. When he went home at noon his wife met him at the door, and told him with great consternation that the man brought in the chickens as he had promised, but instead of putting them in the hen-house, had left them on the lawn, and they had all disappeared.

Forgetting his dinner, he started off in no very amiable frame of mind in pursuit of the missing fowls. After scouring the neighboring alleys for some time, he came back triumphantly driving the lost chicks.

When in a few days he met the offending ranchman, he demanded, severely, "What did you mean by leaving those chickens on my lawn the other day? I hunted the neighborhood over for them, and then could find only eleven!"

"You did mighty well," was the mild reply. "I left only six."—Grace M. Crawford, in Harper's Monthly.

◈

When the truant-officer called to see why an Indianapolis small boy had been absent from school, he received, according to the "News" of that city, this reply from the youngster's mother: "I have got a new blouse which buttons at the back, and as I don't like to ask the neighbors, I have to keep Johnnie at home to fasten it for me."

◈

Passenger—"Whatever became of the Bulger family?"

Bus-driver—"Oh, Bill turned out fine—got to be an actor; Tom's an artist; Mary's a music-teacher. But John never amounted to much. It took all he could earn to support the others."—Chicago Journal.

◈

Simpkins—"My brother met with a serious accident yesterday. He was blown up."

Timpkins—"Indeed! Wife or automobile?"—Chicago News.

A COMPROMISE

"Number nine ag'in! Will they be wantin' hot wather or ice wather, I wondher? 'Tis lukewarm I'll take thim—betwixt an' betwane—an' 'twill save the exthra thrip."

The Family Physician

By R. B. HOUSE, M.D.

Soft Foods not Good for the Teeth

SOFT foods are a mocker, and liquid aliment makes the dentist prosper, because it gives the teeth nothing to do. An unused muscle or organ soon atrophies and becomes practically useless. There isn't an organ in the body that can maintain a state of perfect health unless it is regularly and reasonably used.

◈

Oxygen

Oxygen is a remedy of very great usefulness in pneumonia, typhoid fever, and in septic conditions generally, if it is used properly. The mistake generally made is to wait until the patient is three fourths dead, or perhaps nine tenths dead, and then give him oxygen. Oxygen will not revive the dead. It does not work miracles, but given to the patient in time it very often will prevent death in severe cases, and will invariably give much relief; in cases of moderate severity it tends to render the course milder, the recovery surer.

◈

Change of Climate in Consumption

Every practitioner knows from observation that the majority of cured cases of pulmonary tuberculosis have been cured at or near their homes, yet we still find prevalent the belief that would exile from home comforts to unforeseen hardships and discomfort every unfortunate sufferer from the "great white plague." Perhaps one of the most valuable advancements made in the treatment of this disease is the rapidly increasing tendency to hesitate before exiling the patient, and to ascertain the special climatic requirements of each individual case before recommending a change.

◈

Hot-Weather Hints

Professor Wiley, whose name has fairly become a synonym for sense in relation to dietetics, has made public some hot-weather hints that it will be well for every one to study and heed. Compressed into nuggets, this is what he says:

Moderation in all things eatable and drinkable in hot weather is the price of health. No alcoholics, or great moderation in their use; avoidance of iced drinks of all kinds, especially by those who are much exposed to the hot rays of the sun. Temperate people seldom suffer from sunstroke. If iced beverages are taken at all, they should be sipped slowly—not more than a teaspoonful at a time. Summer beverages should be taken at about sixty degrees Fahrenheit, not at the temperature of melting ice. A hearty, rapid drinking of ice-cold liquid in hot weather is always dangerous. Ice-cream is permissible if eaten very slowly. One should spend half an hour in swallowing an ordinary dish of this delicious relish.

The quantity of food should be lessened. One of the principal functions of food is to supply heat and energy. When the weather is hot very much less of it suffices for the body's needs, and every ounce of excess taken into the stomach is a menace to health. At least one fourth of the winter diet should be lopped off in summer. Even much less than this will keep the body thoroughly nourished.

The foods peculiar to summer should be used in summer. This rule implies the free use of fruits and fresh vegetables, with less flesh-meat, substituting for the latter good bread, beans, peas, etc. But beware of under-ripe and over-ripe fruits.

Finally, masticate long and thoroughly everything eaten. This latter injunction is not dwelt on by Professor Wiley, but there is no doubt that it would prevent a large percentage of the cases of acute indigestion common to bad weather. He might have added that good rich country milk and cream, with freshly made pot-cheese and fresh buttermilk, are excellent and wholesome articles for summer diet.

Keep cool, but not by sitting on a cake of ice nor by repeatedly chilling the stomach with iced sherbet or ice-cold drinks.

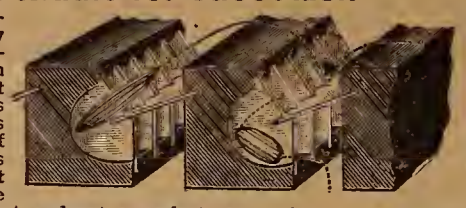
Bathe frequently. Protect the head, but expose the rest of the body to the direct rays of the life-giving sun on every possible occasion.

The temptation to gulp down iced foods and drinks is strong, and will be thrust upon you at every turn, but have the stamina of will and good sense to resist it.

Never mind pinning these rules in your hat, but get them into your head, and don't forget them.—The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

OATS FROM WHEAT AT LAST!

Remarkable Chatham Riddle for Succotash



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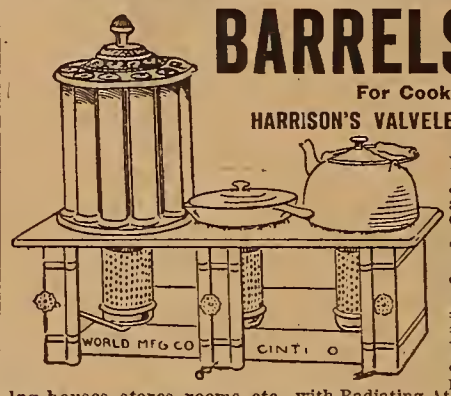

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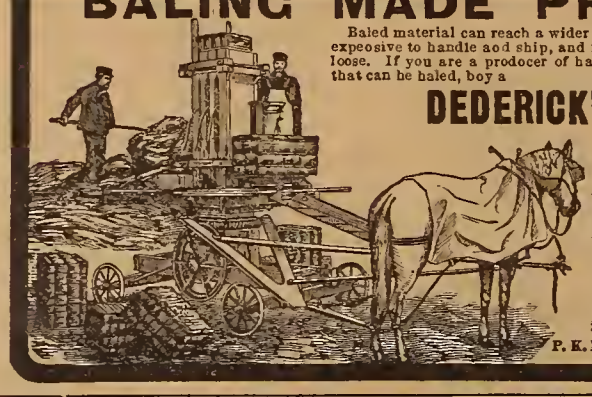

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AN ILLUSTRATED FARM AND FAMILY JOURNAL

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A Beautiful Farm Home

By MARY E. LEE

It is a normal desire to have a beautiful home and the comforts and luxuries of life. That such may be attained, and in a higher state of perfection, in the country than anywhere else is my firm belief. Examples are too numerous in progressive neighborhoods to make it necessary to adduce further proof.

One of the beautiful country-seats, of which Ohio boasts a large number, is that of A. L. Brown, of Wyandot County. Thinking that readers would be interested in the life of this successful farmer, I inquired into the history.

"Was your property given to you, or did you acquire it by the efforts of self and family?"

"Both. When I attained my majority in 1883 my father gave me four hundred dollars. As horses were high, there was not enough to buy team and tools. Like other young men, I put a part of the money in a horse and buggy and the rest on interest. I rented a farm for grain rent for two years, the landlord furnishing everything save labor."

"Was your first year encouraging?"

"Not very. It taxed the greatest courage and blasted the brightest hopes. That year heavy snow fell May 22d, and we had a killing frost September 9th. Hence, my corn crop was almost a total failure. I had all of northern Ohio for company, so the misery was lessened. That fall I ditched for my father and fed cattle for him during winter for twelve dollars a month and keep of horse. I had one of the best mothers that ever lived to board me and look after my personal welfare. The next two years I rented for cash rent, having saved enough to buy a team and tools. The next three years I went in partnership with my father, taking half interest in all stock. He furnished farming and grazing land, and I did the work, feeding included. In 1890 my father concluded to retire from active business, so divided a part of his estate among his children. I saw that the inevitable was coming, and that I could not always depend on my father's wise counsel, so I married in 1890 one of the best girls Wyandot County produced. She has proved a helpmate tried and true."

"When did you acquire your first land?"

"In 1890 my father deeded me eighty acres of land, and I purchased forty acres from one of the heirs at forty-five dollars an acre. During the hard times of 1897 I bought seventy-six acres at thirty-two dollars and twenty cents an acre, good land, unimproved. Last fall I added fourteen acres at fifty dollars an acre. In 1898 we bought Walnut Grove Farm of one hundred and seventy acres at sixty-four dollars an acre. While we have not been called upon to clear the land from timber, we have often had to clear it of debt. We paid the first and last mortgage last fall. There are three hundred and eighty acres in all. The principal crops are corn and oats—eighty to ninety acres for corn, and fifty to sixty acres for oats. When I have land to seed, I put twenty or thirty acres in wheat. The balance is in pasture and clover. I raise sheep principally, carrying four hundred to five hundred head. I now have two hundred and eighty breeding-ewes, and am feeding lambs, a few shorthorn cattle and hogs. Sales run from four thousand to six thousand dollars a year."

"When did you build your fine residence?"

"It was built by a city banker who broke up trying to improve a farm. He knew as little about planning a house as making money on a farm. He built splendidly, but the arrangements were poor—eight outside doors, six piazzas and windows galore. There are nine rooms, with not a double door in the house, and with no plumbing or furnace. So in 1900 we remodeled, and added steam-heat and plumbing at a total cost close to eighteen hundred dollars. We now have but three outside doors and one piazza, and very convenient throughout. The kitchen is supplied with hot and cold water, so that all that is necessary is to turn the faucet and the wind does the rest. The rooms are all furnished in different native woods, and present a very pleasing appearance."

"How does the wife manage when there is such a scarcity of labor?"

"In the first place, there is a handy house with no steps to get fuel or water. Second, there are two tenant-houses, where hired help live. Men do the milking, and we make only enough butter for our own family. In short, we do away with a lot of the housework that doesn't pay, keeping a girl only in housecleaning-time. This is one of the problems we have worked out for ourselves, finding it more pleasant and profitable than keeping help in the house and caring for milk and butter."

"To what crops do you owe your success?"

"Sheep and wool largely. Corn, oats and clover have helped. I never used a pound of commercial fertilizer in my life. I do not condemn it, but I prefer clover, barn-yard manure and drainage. I have spent thousands of dollars in drainage. In 1904 I put in seven thousand four hundred feet of tile, and have now let a contract for six thousand seven hundred feet more."

What more can one want? A beautiful home, an abundance of everything to eat and to wear, a nice family, and spirit and leisure to take an active interest in civic affairs, telephone, rural free delivery, books and magazines, and God's sunshine and fresh air.

What we want is more enthusiasm for farming, a larger respect for our business. We are so close to it that we fail to see what a splendid contrast it presents to the town and city life of men and women of similar ability and industry. When we shall have realized the worth of our calling and the value of the individual life lived under the happiest possible circumstances, then will there be less of the old discontent. "'Tis not in our fortunes, but ourselves, that we fail."

HOME OF MR. A. L. BROWN

WALNUT GROVE FARM BARN

Wheat-Seeding During a Drought

All things do not come to him who waits. Luck does not come to the wheat-grower, who, because a severe drought occurs in August or early in September, waits and waits for rain before fitting the soil for the reception of seed. Better luck attends the wheat-grower, who, despite the drought, no matter how severe, fits his wheatland early, and keeps a dust mulch two or three inches in depth upon the surface. The blanket of loose top-soil formed by the frequent cultivation of the soil protects and holds the moisture beneath, and saves it for the crop to be raised. A soil so fined and fitted always has sufficient moisture to properly sprout the grains of wheat or grass seeds, so that a good and even stand invariably results, even if no rains occur immediately after seeding.

For fitting a stiff clay soil or a heavy loamy one during a drought the use of the disk-harrow is indispensable. The soil must be fined from the surface down, instead of bringing great clods to the surface, as in plowing with the common plow. Harrow and cross-harrow the field with the disk-harrow until the surface is well cut up, then weight down the harrow, and if necessary add more horses, and continue the work until the full depth of the disk is attained. The longer the period between the thorough preparation of the soil and the time of seeding, the better will be the condition of the seed-bed. This careful preparation of the soil is especially desirable if grass-seed is to be sown instead of grain.

W. M. K.

The Sugar-Beet Industry

The progress which the sugar-beet industry is making in the United States is shown by the fact that there are now fifty-five factories that can work up almost forty thousand tons of beets daily. The six new factories that will be ready for this year's crop will have a daily slicing capacity of about two thousand tons. *

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Our Good Friends

In the June 15th issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE we inclosed a subscription blank for you, and requested that you secure at least one new subscription from your neighbor in order to double the subscription list of FARM AND FIRESIDE subscribers. Thousands of good friends made use of the blank and sent in subscriptions, but there are thousands yet to come. If we could see your neighbor personally we would get the subscription ourselves, but you know that is impossible, and for this reason we ask you to kindly do FARM AND FIRESIDE this little favor. The list of subscribers is growing wonderfully fast—faster than any other farm and family paper in the world, and with your coöperation it will be only a short time until the subscription list is doubled. Now, good friends, be gracious enough to lend a helping hand. When your neighbor has a new barn to "raise" you all turn out and help. Now, FARM AND FIRESIDE is having a little "raising." Will you help? Just one new one from each subscriber, and the work is done. Please let us hear from you real soon. We will appreciate it so much. THE EDITOR.

About Rural Affairs

BY T. GREINER

SHIPPING PLANTS BY MAIL.—A lady in Illinois sent me by mail a plant of the climbing gooseberry. Unfortunately the plant was stone-dead when it came into my hands. It had been simply put into some coarse hay, and wrapped in ordinary packing-paper. Plants shipped in this way usually dry out completely before they reach their destination. If you want to send live plants by mail you should first pack their roots in moist moss, then wrap them in oiled or waxed, and therefore waterproof, paper, and in ordinary wrapping-paper afterward, or better still, pack them in a small pasteboard or wooden box; or if you have unrooted cuttings or grafts to mail, stick both ends into a small potato, and then wrap into some suitable packing-material.

◈

BRUSSELS SPROUTS.—An Ohio reader has tried Brussels sprouts. They were rightly given the same culture as cabbage, and grew luxuriantly, the long stalks filled with tiny heads. But the tiny heads were in their turn filled with still tinier heads, and tiny bodies attached, known as plant-lice, or green fly. This insect is the curse of the more delicate members of the cabbage family, and Brussels sprouts are often badly infested with them. The crop needs close watching. If you have a good knapsack-sprayer (as any gardener should) the task is comparatively simple. Make a strong tobacco-tea or a kerosene emulsion, or take plain hot water or soap-suds at a temperature of about one hundred and sixty degrees, and spray it with considerable force on the plants, holding the nozzle rather close to the stalks, so that the force of the spray reaches all the tiny heads. I have a nozzle that is bent at about a right angle to the main direction, so that I can reach underneath the leaves and spray upward or in any direction I please. Repeat the application as often as may be needed, and I think you will get rid of the lice. It will not be necessary nor advisable to remove any of the leaves from the tuft on top of the plant. The question submitted by this same reader in regard to comparative returns from squabs and chickens will be answered later.

EARTHWORMS.—A Pennsylvania reader asks for information in regard to "fishworms" and how to get rid of them, as his garden is full of them all summer. The common earthworm, or as often called "angle," or "fish," worm, is almost invariably found in rich garden spots in great numbers, and as it does no particular damage, but, on the contrary, is considered of great benefit as an improver of the mechanical condition of the soil and a transporter of fertility from the subsoil to the surface, soil-tillers are in the habit of paying no further attention to its presence. When for any reason, however, we wish to destroy them—as, for instance, in flower-pots—we can easily accomplish that task by the application of lime or wood-ashes. If we water our house-plants with strong lime-water we will have no trouble from worms in the soil. To kill them in the garden, the best way is to apply freshly slaked lime broadcast over the land in the evening, or to apply it rather freely at any time. This is a good thing to do anyway in alternation with applications of stable manure, and will seldom do harm even should it fail to be of striking benefit.

◈

MOSQUITO AND FLY PESTS.—A barrel of stagnant water anywhere on the premises or a half-open cistern under the barn will breed swarms of mosquitoes—indeed so many as to make outdoor life on these summer mornings and evenings anything but a pleasure. And a heap of manure accumulating in the rear of the stables and otherwise undisturbed will send forth flies enough to make things very uncomfortable inside the house if you let them in. They are bound to come in. An empty ham-barrel was left outside, filled with well-water, to soak, and neglected for a few weeks. I found it full of wrigglers the other day, and at once turned a tablespoonful of kerosene upon the water, and at the same time, while my attention was called to it, I put a more liberal dose of kerosene into the barn cistern. This, I hope, will put the wrigglers "hors de combat," and give us a rest from the mosquito pest. It made me think of that manure-heap, too; but I find there is not so much danger from the increase of the house-fly since the manure-heap is inside of the hog-yard, and the pigs keep it well worked over, while the hens and little chicks also scratch in it and pick up the maggots about as fast as they hatch.

◈

SWEET CLOVER.—I remember having already spoken in these columns of sweet clover as a possible cover and green manure crop. The more I see of the wonderful thrift and luxuriance of the sweet-clover patches as we find them all over here on the roadsides, and covering whole fields in the suburbs of our cities, and often on dry railroad embankments and other supposedly barren waste places, the more I am convinced that this plant has a mission and uses that have not yet been appreciated. If any one wants a cover-crop for an orchard, what better could be imagined than sweet clover? What other plant will so completely cover the soil with an immense mass of green stuff, and that in a comparatively short time? That stock are not particularly fond of the plant, and that it does not make good hay, may be an advantage rather than a detriment. If cut, it is likely to go all back to the soil, to the soil's great benefit. I do not know of any better crop to choke out every vestige of other weeds. I have a patch of vetches, sown last fall with rye, in my apple orchard, and this also makes a great quantity of green stuff; but sweet clover would have given even a good deal more. Melilotus is a free seeder. In this vicinity one might gather bushels of it with little trouble. For improving a dry, barren or half-barren soil, what better crop could we expect to find? A writer in a recent issue of the "Ohio Farmer" tells an instance from his own experience which suggests the value of this plant for preparing poor or barren soils for other crops. The roadsides in his vicinity used to be covered with many weeds, and were generally pastured down into the ground with sheep and cattle. Later ragweed grew abundantly. Some twelve or fifteen years ago sweet clover commenced to grow in patches. Now he notices that where the clover has grown thick for a few years it seems to die out and give place to the natural blue-grass. The sweet clover has performed its mission—that of growing upon and enriching an otherwise barren soil, leaving its legacy, the nitrogen nodules, which are of the same kind as those on alfalfa. I believe sweet clover will yet be more generally utilized for some of the purposes mentioned.

◈

CANADIAN GRAIN EXPERIMENTS.—When we grow grain for feeding stock we are less concerned about the exact selection of that kind of grain than about the quantity of food material we may grow on an acre of ground. We would want to grow just that kind of grain or that mixture of grains which will give the greatest food value from that particular area. Oats and barley, or oats and peas, or possibly other mixtures, may be grown in mixture. The experiment farmers at Guelph have made extensive experiments with mixtures of oats and barley in various proportions, and find that one bushel of oats and one and one half bushels of barley to the acre, in an average of six years' tests, have given the best results. One of the grains much recommended in recent years for stock-feeding is emmer or spelt. Prof. W. J. Squirrel, who with Professor Zabitz, is explaining the grain-tests on the experiment farm at Guelph to the visiting crowds, stated that we have no spelt in this country, it fortunately being all emmer, which is the better grain, not having so much hull. Emmer is bearded, a good yielder, going forty pounds to the bushel. For many localities it may be worth the trial as a grain for stock-food. One of the Philadelphia seedsmen sent me last spring a package of some grain looking like a giant wheat, and labeled "corn wheat," with the question, "What is it?" This grain is known as the Wild Goose wheat, or corn wheat, or Colorado Giant rye. At Guelph it has been tested with the Polish wheat, the latter not yielding as well as the other by one half. Whether this corn wheat will prove of any value as a food grain I am not prepared to say. Hull-less barley has been found very good for hog-feed. Among eighty varieties of oats grown at the farm, Siberian has proved the best and heaviest yielder. The Early Ripe was the earliest to ripen and freest from smut. Among the tests with winter wheat was a series made for the purpose of discovering at what stage the seed-wheat should be cut to give the best yield. It was found that when cut in the dead-ripe stage, seed-wheat gave a much better yield than when obtained from seed that had been cut before it was fully matured. Dawson's Golden Chaff wheat still stands at the head as a yielder. It has strong straw, but the kernel is a little soft, and therefore not of best quality for flour. Prize-taker, which is much like it, comes next to it as a yielder. Improved Amber stands third in the list, and is a good milling-wheat. Turkey Red is the best of the milling-wheats, but is inferior as a yielder.

◈

NITROGEN CULTURES.—It shall not be disputed by me that there is some merit in the new discovery of nitrogen cultures. The only danger is that we expect too much of such innovations. Seedsmen report a good trade in these cultures at two dollars an acre. The cost of manufacture of these cultures is a mere trifle, the expense of putting it on the market (and a very willing one, apparently) being mostly in the cost of advertising the goods. It seems to me that a very large percentage of the vast sum spent this year by our farmers is simply wasted. I say this in the face of the statement coming from officials of the Department of Agriculture in Washington that "while satisfactory inoculations have been obtained by transferring soil from old fields on which the particular legume has been grown, there are dangers incident to such methods of soil-transfer which it is wise to avoid." It is, of course, possible that with the soil shipped from one part of the country to another, new weeds, new insect pests and new plant diseases may be introduced in a new locality. Yet in many cases such soil-transfer is not needed at all, as the bacteria which a farmer may seek to introduce are already present in the soil in great abundance, or may be readily obtained from an adjoining or near field. Before I spend money for nitrogen cultures I shall want to be sure, in the first place, that they are needed or will be likely to do some good.

◈

THE MILK PAINT.—Some time ago I mentioned in these columns that I had tried the cement-milk paint on my greenhouse, both inside and out. I can now report that it has stood the test quite well, and hereafter, when I have some outbuildings or board fences in need of painting, I shall probably do it with the cheap paint, the recipe of which, as given by "Scientific American," I repeat herewith: Stir into one gallon of milk about three pounds of Portland cement, and add sufficient Venetian red powder, or any other colored paint-powder to impart a good color. The milk will hold the paint in suspension, but the cement, being very heavy, will sink to the bottom, so that it becomes necessary to keep the mixture well stirred with a paddle. This feature of the need of stirring is the only drawback to the paint, and as its efficiency depends upon administering a good coating of cement, it is not safe to leave its application to untrustworthy help. Six hours after painting, this paint will be as immovable and unaffected by water as month-old oil-paint. The party giving this recipe claims that he has heard of buildings twenty years old painted in this manner in which the wood was well preserved. The effect of such a coating seems to be to petrify the surface of the wood. Whole milk is better than buttermilk or skim-milk, as it contains more oil, and this is the constituent which sets the cement. If mixed with water instead of milk, the wash rubs and soaks off readily. This cement-milk paint brushes on smoothly and easily—almost equal to genuine oil-paint—is cheap, and easily procurable almost everywhere.

◈

A CANADIAN EXPERIMENTAL FARM.—The Niagara County Farmers' Club once again joined the Welland County (Ontario, Canada) farmers in making a trip to the model experiment farm in Guelph. It could hardly be called a "flying" trip, as it was in reality of a rather creeping-along nature, the ninety-mile journey requiring five to six hours each in coming and going. This snail's pace of travel, especially under weather conditions that are dampening enthusiasm with everything else, is about the only drawback to these otherwise very enjoyable excursions, in which hundreds, and even several thousands, of persons annually take part. If one of the American multimillionaires wants to ride in a special train, the railroad managers will promptly clear the way so that he can make the quickest trip that can safely be provided. But the thousands of farmers have plenty of time and patience, and hardly grumble when left for an hour or so standing in some out-of-the-way station waiting for a freight-train to move out of the way. I believe that with a little good-will on the part of the railroad people better transportation facilities could easily be provided in such cases. The old "Government Farm" is even in better shape and more attractive than ever, and just as replete with instructive features and pointed lessons to the visiting farmer as I always found it. The grain-tests are carried on in the (to us) old familiar way. The two thousand good-sized plots still make the same imposing appearance. For the generally good crops and results here shown, however, a large share of the credit must be given to the first selection of spot and soil, a large stretch of well-drained, clean, sandy loam, and to the plenteous and efficient help. Not many farmers have advantages such as are here found. I believe that on such a piece of ground I could raise big crops right along, and make farming a financial success. It is not intended for a slur, but only as stating a plain fact, that these experimental farmers have rather the advantage of us common people when they had the pick among the farms of a whole province or a whole state, and an almost unlimited amount of financial backing, for their operations. We have to work with such soil and conditions as fate has happened to throw in our way, and we are obliged to make our operations self-supporting.

All Over the Farm

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

PUT IMPLEMENTS UNDER SHELTER.—I notice that many farmers neglect to take their implements apart and house them away when they are through with them for the season. The poles can be taken off the planter and cultivators, and they can be housed away in a small shed. The implements used on an eighty-acre farm can be housed in a small building if they are taken apart. Oil the bolts and nuts when put away, and they can easily be returned to place when the implements are put together again. After all that has been said and written on this subject, it would seem that there should not be a single farmer left who leaves his implements exposed to the weather. But there are lots of them. Get the tools under shelter by all means, even if they have to be entirely taken down to do it.

◈

REPLANTING CORN.—Just after our corn was planted a hard storm came on and beat the soil down hard. This was followed by smaller showers for a week, which kept the soil wet and prevented harrowing. By the time the soil was dry enough for a horse to travel on it the corn had reached a stage that precluded harrowing. Then we noticed that quite a lot of the seed had rotted. Thousands of farmers have been caught in just this fix. We had on hand a two-hundred-pound bag of corn-fertilizer and quite a lot of dry, finely broken hen-manure. A lot of the two were mixed together, and one person took a bucketful of it on his arm, and another hung a bag of seed at his side, and they went up two rows. Where the hill was missing, a hollow was quickly made with the hoe, the one with the pail dropped a small quantity of the fertilizer in it, the seed was dropped in, and covered. The two went over the field at a rapid rate. The plants came up quickly, and have made such rapid growth that they are now almost as high as the others, and in another week will be about even with them. I never believed in manuring in the hill, but this experiment has led me to think that there are times when it can profitably be done. Corn-growers dislike to replant, because the last planting is behind the other all the season and always seems at a disadvantage. If a little quick-acting fertilizer dropped in the hill with the replant will hustle it along so it overtakes the other it will pay to use it, as it will enable one to secure a full and even stand.

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GROWING BIG CROPS OF CORN.—A Tennessee and two Kentucky farmers write as if they rather think that one hundred bushels of corn cannot be grown on one acre. Whether it can in their states I do not know, but I do know that it can in the states north of the Ohio River. But the soil must be very rich, the seeding and cultivation first-class and the stand almost perfect. They think that forty to fifty bushels an acre is a big crop of their big Southern corn. I am wondering if they ever tried some of the earlier-maturing Northern varieties, like Reid's Dent or Silver Mine. I know that oats grown in the northern part of this state, or in Wisconsin, Michigan or Minnesota, grow and yield better here (the central part) than those grown here. I never have tested corn, but a neighbor informs me that he is satisfied that a good quality of seed-corn from one hundred or two hundred miles north has given stronger plants than seed grown in the locality.

I am well aware that Southern farmers stick closely to their big corn, with its great stalks and ears, but it always has been a question in my mind whether that is the best thing to do. One Kentucky farmer says he is obliged to have his rows six feet apart to get anything like a fair yield. Then later in the season he drills a row of cow-peas between each two of corn, and they take the land when the corn is done with it. The greatest crops I have ever seen were of well-bred Reid's Dent and Silver Mine varieties. These are not so large in stalk or ear as the big Southern corn, but they give much better crops. I well remember the time when farmers considered it necessary to hill or ridge the corn-plant to obtain a crop. In the last cultivation they used small mold-board plows to heap the soil up against the plants, and left the fields a series of ridges and ditches. We were the first to introduce the level system of cultivation, with small-shovel cultivators, and all the old residents predicted all sorts of disasters to the crop we were trying to grow, or no crop. To their great astonishment, our crop averaged something over ten bushels an acre more than the best of theirs, and it did not fall down before the grain ripened, nor do anything else they predicted. But it took several years of "showing" to convince the old people that level culture is the best. Now a "diamond plow," as the pairs of mold-board soil-ridgers were called, would be a curiosity, and the younger generation would take it for some kind of a ditch-digger.

I am inclined to think that our Southern friends are a little backward in adopting the newest methods of soil and crop culture. I have noticed many times the implements shown and advertised as being very popular in the South, and they are a little peculiar, to say the least. The one-horse plow seems to be quite popular yet, and some of the cultivators look to me like mule-killers. One Kentuckian told me that he could not use a sixteen-inch plow in his locality because the soil was too heavy and lumpy. Then I told him I would use a gang of smaller plows, ten-inch if necessary. He had not thought of that. I believe the improved varieties of corn will yield larger crops with them than the big-stalked Southern corn, and if I lived in the South I would not be long about testing the matter. To grow one hundred bushels an acre the soil must be very rich and filled with humus. In the North clover and manure make the soil right for heavy crops of corn, and they will do the same for the soil in the South. Then it must be properly fitted for the seed—made fine and mellow—and the cultivation of the crop must begin at once, so that no crust will form on the surface, and it must be continued until the crop is made—that is, until the roots fill the soil, and cultivation is more harmful than beneficial. There is no reason that I know of why the farmers of the South should not grow larger crops of corn than those of the North. I mean a larger yield for a series of years. They can get the seed in earlier, and they are in no danger of damage from early frosts. A Tennessee farmer says clover does not succeed on his soil. Has he tried cow-peas? I think they will grow for him and improve his soil almost as rapidly as clover. He should lose no time in testing them.

A PENNSYLVANIA HAYING SCENE

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The Sunny Side of Farm Life

"I tell you, I like it out here! The farm is the place for me! And we all feel the same way about it—little folks, wife and all. Take a vote of the whole farm population and you would not get one contrary voice. We know what we are talking about, too."

That did me good, for I have heard a great deal in my day about what a hard life the farmer has. Nothing but work—and hard bone and sinew work, at that—from one year's end to the other. It is a fact that thousands of farmers see only that side of it. Only shadows—and dark shadows, too, with no silvery lining—seem to be their portion. But here was a man who saw something of the sunny side, and my heart gave a great leap.

"This does me good!" I said. "Tell me about it. Why is it that you get the sunshine, while so many see just the shadows?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I honestly believe lots of folks don't know the sunshine when they see it. They are so in the habit of groaning at everything that comes along, and finding fault with all that comes into their lives, that they really would be surprised if they should be told that there is far more of happiness right here on the farm than anywhere else in the world."

"Too bad, isn't it? Shows what the habit of grumbling will do for a man, doesn't it?"

"It takes a man that has seen something of other kinds of business to appreciate the country. That is about all there is to it. It is because people do not have this knowledge that they complain so much about the hard things of the farm. Now, you have a bit of time. Here is a cool, grassy spot. Sit down and let me tell you an honest Indian story."

We threw our hats off and stretched out on the warm earth. The sunshine came flickering through the leaves which the breeze moved gently now and then. A bird up in the branches was whispering to his mate about the nice nest of little folks they were just sending out to cheer and bless the world.

"I was born and brought up on a farm. I knew nothing about any other home until I was about twenty; then I got hungry to see the world beyond the hills. I think most boys do get such spells some time or other. And I went away from home. I had a good job and made some money. I worked like a slave, though, and if I ever knew what it was to be really tired it was then. Why, many a night, after the day's work was over and I would go to bed, I could not sleep any more than a hawk. You see, my mind was the part that was tired. My body was starving for something to do. And I did not know how to give it the exercise it ought to have had.

"And then the nights were so hot there in the city. The pavements and the brick and stone houses drew the heat during the daytime and held it all night long. From one day's end to the other the buildings did not cool off. And I could not sleep at night. Put the sash up as high as I might, not a breath of real pure air ever came in, and my lungs grew weak and hungry for the sweet breath of heaven up home among the hills. In the office where I worked there were men who had been there so long that they could not bear to have a whiff of cold air strike them. They wore their caps all the time, for fear that a draft would give them a cold. Open the window a bit, and they would begin to fly around and complain about some folks being brought up in a barn, and all that sort of thing.

"It began to get worse with me. I could not eat anything much, and what I did eat did not do me any good. I lost flesh and grew thin and pale. I was saving money right along, but someway it did not seem to me that the money was worth very much, after all. Health is worth so much more than all the money in the world.

"One day, as I was passing along one of the halls in the building where I worked, I caught sight of myself in a full-length glass, and the sight very nearly frightened me. Was this a picture of the tough, rosy-cheeked young man that came down there a few years ago to do battle with the world? If so, then it surely was time something was done about it. This was a pale, hollow-eyed and sunken-chested man, just about ready to sink into the grave.

"I went home that night and held a council of war with my wife. Wife? Oh, yes. Before I had been there a year I had married, and if a man ever had a sensible wife, I had, too. I told her that night that I was going to resign and get out of that city. She said 'Amen,' and said it up good and strong, just as a good Methodist might have said it.

"I did as I said I would, and the wonder to me is that I ever had the strength of will and purpose to do it, for not one out of a thousand would have laid down a good position like that for an uncertainty. We struck a bee-line for the country, and I never have been sorry I did. Now look at it. We have this pretty little farm, all paid for. The pure air has brought me back my appetite. I eat a man's rations every day, and enjoy it all. I sleep like a king. I whistle and sing and take life easy. The cows furnish me butter and milk. The hens give us more eggs than we can use, and when we want a chicken pie we go out and take one of our own birds from the roost, though that is about the hardest job I have to do. It seems a shame to take the life we cannot give. The horses work for us like faithful slaves. We love everything here, and if there is anything on the farm that is not glad to see us coming I do not know what it is. The boys and girls are as happy here as they can be. I hope they will always be. We are a part of the world here. I think about the loneliest place I ever was in in all my life was that great big city. Why, a man is a cipher there. Nobody knows anything about him, and he loses his interest in everything and everybody. Here we all touch elbows. We help each other and God helps and blesses us all.

"And there is something here besides the mere animal comforts I have spoken of. The farmers of this country figure too much on the money part of farming. They have not yet gotten the idea into their heads that they have a mind and heart and soul. It used to be thought that the farmer was just about on a level with the cows and the pigs and the horses he cared for. It was a wicked notion, and it did a wonderful sight of harm. But we are beginning to see now that the farmer is blessed above almost any other class of men in his chance to make all of himself that God intended he should. The man that cannot or will not grow better on the farm never would amount to much anywhere. There is a living on the farm for us all if we will take it, but there is what is better—a life if we will make it."

EDGAR L. VINCENT.

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Items of Note

In Colorado they grow the largest and best crops of potatoes on land where alfalfa has been grown for several years. Alfalfa is a nitrogen-gathering crop, and the potato has eyes enough to see that it is nitrogen that it needs most.

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As the population becomes more dense, the greater will be the necessity of maintaining the fertility of the soil. It remains to be seen whether the sewage of the great cities will be allowed, as now, to pollute the navigable streams that flow to the sea, or whether some scientific method will be discovered by which the fertility of the soil can be maintained other than that which the agriculturists of China and Japan have persistently used for centuries. *

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FARM AND FIRESIDE is to-day the greatest twice-a-month farm and family journal in the world. If it were not good it couldn't be great. Merit wins out in the end. Friends, introduce the paper to your neighbors.

Gardening

By T. GREINER

For Lice on Cabbage I think the kerosene emulsion is yet the best remedy. If a reader in California has killed his cabbage-plants by using kerosene emulsion on them for lice, as he says, he must have failed to properly emulsify the mixture. It must be thoroughly churned until a complete emulsion is formed, which will dissolve in water without leaving a free oil.

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Seed-corn.—A lesson which we might have learned anew from the adversities of the present season, if we had not fully known it already, is the great need of having seed-corn tested before it is planted. A good share of the corn gathered in this vicinity and many other places last season was absolutely unfit for seed. This was true to some extent even with the early common field-corn. The later sweet-corn varieties, however, were almost wholly unreliable as seed. The season being so very much advanced this year before we could plant our sweet-corn, I planted early and late all on the same day, using Golden Dawn as the best flavored of the first earlies, Mexican, or "Black" (in reality bluish purple) Mexican, as the best in quality of the midseason sorts, and Stowell's Evergreen as the all-round, old reliable, standard kind. I also intended to sow Country Gentleman, or Shoe Peg, for its recognized good quality, but the season being a little too late for it already, I would have risked but little of it anyway, even if an earlier test had not shown me that the seed was absolutely without life. So it was left out.

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The Limas.—I still prefer the pole Lima beans to the bush Limas, at least under my conditions and environment. In some places bush Limas are said to be very productive. I can grow three times the quantity of beans on my pole Limas that I ever could on the bush Limas, except the bush Sieva. The last-named is very easily grown—as easily, in fact, as any other bush bean—but the beans are small and not of the high flavor of the large Limas. To get the Sieva shelled for market is slow business, while for my own table I want the large ones anyway. Among the different varieties of pole Limas I have found but slight differences as to earliness. I can grow any of them here, and usually get the entire crop ripe or disposed of before frost injures or kills the vines. This year I planted the Early Jersey, Leviathan and another new one, but the seed nearly all rotted, and I had to replant with Early Jersey and King of the Garden. Usually, if planted during a warm spell in spring, say early in May, Lima beans come up promptly, and a light frost afterward seldom injures them. But if planted when the ground is wet and cold, as this year, they will be sure to rot in the ground. As a market crop, when I have cheap help to gather and shell the pods, they have always proved to be profitable.

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Grubs Eating Cabbages.—A reader in Ulster County, New York, asks me what will prevent grubs from eating her cabbages. I have to ask, "What grubs?" The cutworm grub sometimes cuts the plants down just above the surface of the ground. A California reader asks how to get rid of cutworms. I usually manage to keep my garden-spots free from cutworms by perfectly clean tillage. When no green growth is allowed to remain in the garden over winter, and there are no grassy or herbaceous margins, cutworms cannot breed there. In fields infested with this pest, however, we can get control over them by hunting them up by lantern-light or at break of day, or we can poison them by scattering pieces of green sod sprinkled with Paris green all over the patch to be protected. If the grubs eating the cabbages are maggots that work on or in the stalks underground, then the matter is rather serious. A large percentage of all the early cabbage grown in the country is destroyed by this pest, for which I know of no better and surer remedy than the tarred-felt collars. When these are properly adjusted, especially where two collars are put around each plant, resting on the surface of the ground, the maggots are mechanically excluded from entering the soil next to the stalk, as the latter, where exposed to air and light, is too tough to be gnawed into by the maggot.

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Making Spray-mixtures.—A reader writes me that he has sprayed his tomatoes, peppers, potatoes, egg-plants, etc., with Bordeaux mixture, and greatly injured all these crops thereby, even entirely killing the peppers. He used three ounces of copper sulphate, two ounces of lime and five quarts of water. Undoubtedly he did not make the mixture as it should have been made, or there would have been no injury to the foliage. I have used the Bordeaux mixture for many years on all sorts of crops, made after the standard formula, both with lime and with soda, without ever noticing ill effects. But the mixture as I use it is rather more diluted, as I use only about one pound of copper sulphate to ten gallons of water (nearly two gallons of water to three ounces of the sulphate, while our friend used only five quarts of water). Then he used the minimum quantity of lime, and if that was not fresh or of good quality it may not have been enough to neutralize all the free acid in the copper sulphate; hence the scorching effect on the leaves of plants. When we use poisonous or corrosive materials we must know exactly what we are doing, and if we go blundering along, hit or miss, there may be trouble. Before you use such things, be sure you have the right recipe. In many cases, however, it will be wise to use Bordeaux mixture in even greater dilution than the standard formula calls for.

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Weather Difficulties.—Exceedingly abnormal weather conditions have this year greatly retarded and curtailed our gardening operations. I was almost afraid that I should not have much to report this year, especially in the way of successes. On June 22d I have finally been able to plant some corn, both sweet and field; yet there were some spots in the fields still too wet for corn or most other crops, and many of my neighbors have given up the idea of planting any corn this year, because their fields are yet water-soaked. I have also just planted Lima beans again, now for the third time. The ground after the first two plantings became so thoroughly soaked that most of the seed-beans rotted. The few that came up, however, were left, and more seed was put in between them in the subsequent plantings. So we shall have some Limas most likely, anyway, even if the crop of the latest planting should not all get ripe. To-day (June 23d) we are setting the last tomato-plants from greenhouse and frames. Better late than never! I have no recollection of ever having had my tomato-plants, and even some of the earliest among them, stand in greenhouse and frames until nearly July, and this for no other reason than that the soil was too wet by almost continuous downpour to allow setting them. But should the season from now on be favorable, as I hope it will be, then we shall have corn and Lima beans and tomatoes to our hearts' content. The soup is seldom eaten as hot as it comes from the stove. Nature often mends in a most wonderful manner what mischief the elements have done.

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Lessons from Adversity.—We often learn some needed lessons from the difficulties which beset us in consequence of the unpropitious season. We have had it impressed upon us very forcibly this spring what a lot of valuable early vegetables can be taken off from a nice rich garden-spot that is particularly well drained, and if possible laid off in well-rounded, narrow beds in the fall. Then just as soon as the frost draws out of the ground in the spring, and the soil gets dry enough to work mellow, we can put in some radishes and onions and beets and lettuce, setting the well-rooted plants from the flats in the greenhouse or cold-frame, and early in June we can have some of those nice solid lettuce heads that will bring five cents a head at that time even wholesale. This is one of the best and most profitable of garden crops at this time. Later lettuce, from seed sown in open ground, is not so profitable, because prices rapidly decline after a full supply comes in. But the earliest from outdoor-sown seed usually pays pretty well, and a favorably located, "real early" garden-spot is just the one on which lettuce can thus be grown from seed with some assurance of good profits. Another lesson impressed upon us by the adversities of the present season is that it pays to have a reserve stock of certain kinds of seed ready for replanting should the first sowing fail. I usually save my own Lima-bean seed. This is an easy task if you think of it in the fall. Of course, I had an abundance of it from last year's gathering. There was plenty of it and to spare for the first replanting, and when that failed I still had enough for a second replanting. It is only a wise precaution to make provision for mishaps, and if any of my Limas ripen this year, the best and lowest pods on the best vines will be left on as usual, to be gathered for seed when fully matured, and enough of such seed gathered to provide for all possible needs and emergencies.

Fruit-Growing

By S. B. GREEN

Pears not Bearing.—S. W., New York. There are so many reasons why pears and other trees fail to set fruit, even after they flower, that it would be quite out of the question to make a statement offhand without a study of the case. I would first like to know what variety the tree is supposed to be, and whether the fruit falls at once or late in the season; whether the fruit is wormy; whether you have blight upon other portions of the tree, and other features that may occur to you as being exceptional in this tree.

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Peach-borers.—A. L., Elmhurst, N. Y. Your peach-trees are evidently full of peach-borers, and the borers are undoubtedly in the holes and at work. You will know this by the fact that there is an exudation of gum and borings at the entrance to the holes. If the holes are perfectly clear the borers have disappeared. The best remedy for peach-borers is probably to dig them out with a sharp knife. This should be done at least twice a year, in May and in August. If this is carefully looked after twice a year it is seldom that the borers will do serious injury. If not attended to it is very common for them to completely destroy the trees by girdling them.

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Fire-blight.—D. A., Box Elder, Mont. The specimens of apple-twig which you recently sent on I think have been destroyed by what is commonly known as "apple-blight," or "fire-blight." This is a disease which is occasionally injurious to almost every variety of apple and pear, causing the leaves and young growth to turn black and die. Some varieties are injured by it every year. The best way of overcoming it is to plant varieties that are resistant to it. Where it attacks trees, the best treatment is to cut, remove and burn the diseased portions as soon as the disease seems to have run its course. This disease can probably be transferred to other trees by the implements used in cutting it. Consequently, it is a good plan to cut off the wood below the injury.

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Lice on Plums.—R. A. S., Ocheltree, Kan. The plum-leaves that you sent, and which are infested, as you say, with a large number of bugs, are thoroughly covered with what is commonly known as the plant-louse, or aphis. Spraying with kerosene emulsion or tobacco-water is a good remedy for this pest, but where it occurs in great numbers, as with you, it is almost impossible to keep it in check by this means, and I have found that the best way to manage is to cover the trees with a tent, and then fill the tent with a smoke made from the burning of moist tobacco-stems. In using this, fill the tent so full of smoke that you cannot see your hand before your face. Do not allow the stems to blaze, or even to emit hot smoke, which would burn the leaves. Such treatment will absolutely rid the trees of this pest.

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Scale on Lilac.—H. M. F., Delton, Wis. The parasite on the wood of the lilac, a stem of which you sent, is what is commonly known as the oyster-shell bark-louse. It is not nearly so injurious as the common San Jose scale, but it has been known in this country for many years, and is occasionally quite destructive. The best treatment for it is to spray the infested shrubs and trees in autumn or winter with whitewash so as to thoroughly cover all infested parts. When the whitewash scales off in the spring of the year, the scales come with it. This should not be applied in the summer, but only after the leaves have fallen in the autumn. I am inclined to think that there are not enough of these parasites on your lilac-bushes to cause any serious injury, and do not think they have anything to do with the killing of some of the younger shoots near the surface of the ground.

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Blackberry-leaf Rust—Grape-flowers Killed by Frost—Name of Plant.—J. C. M. J., New Wilmington, Pa. The specimen of blackberry-leaf you sent on, and which is covered with a brilliant mass of bright orange-red spores, is the Æcidium stage of the common blackberry-rust. I think you can get some literature on this subject by addressing the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. I believe they have published a bulletin that treats of this and other diseases.——You must have had a very severe frost to have had grape-leaves, as well as the grape-flowers, killed. The new growth from the vines will bear little, if any, fruit, except in the case of varieties of partly European grape stock, such as those of the Rogers hybrids, including such varieties as Lindley, Agawam, Massasoit, etc., which will often fruit well on new growth, although not nearly as satisfactorily as if not injured. ——The flowering plant you sent on is common speedwell ("Veronica officinalis"), a harmless herb.

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Sweet-pea Attacked by Dodder.—E. J. S., Bangor, Maine. The sweet-pea plant that you sent has attached to it a yellowish, thread-like parasitic plant. I cannot tell you just the species to which the parasite belongs, but it is undoubtedly a Cuscuta, commonly called dodder. There are a number of these plants that are native to Minnesota, and they are injurious to a large number of our cultivated plants. It is seldom that we have trouble from them in the garden. The best way of getting rid of this plant is to not let it go to seed. I am inclined to think that some of it goes to seed each year, and probably you plant your sweet-peas in the same place. I would suggest that you put your sweet-peas in a new place. I do not think that you sow the seed of this parasite with the sweet-peas, as the seed is so small that it would probably be sifted out in the cleaning process, even if it had been with the sweet-peas when they were gathered. The pod that contains the seed is about the size of sweet-pea seed, and may sometimes be sown with it, but this seldom, if ever, occurs.

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Red Cedar from Seed—Arbor-vitæ—Catalpa.—A. P., Montpelier, Iowa. The chances of your succeeding in getting a stand of cedar on your hillside by sowing it with the seed of the cedar is rather remote. Cedar-seed never starts until a year from the spring following the season in which it ripens, and the best way to manage it is to sow it in beds as soon as it is gathered, cover it with two or three inches of hay, and allow it to stand for a year, when the hay should be removed and the soil carefully loosened. The seedlings will come through early in the spring. The best way to get the seed is to gather it from cedar-trees in your section. The small blue berries are what are used, and these are rubbed against a fine sieve until the blue hull comes off. The seed itself is in the bony, hard portion in the middle.——American arbor-vitæ may be gathered from arbor-vitæ trees that are in fruit, or it may be purchased from the larger seed-dealers.——The catalpa is a very good tree for general planting in your section, especially in favorable locations. You should be careful, however, to get the true Catalpa speciosa, or hardy catalpa, as it is the best form, and some of the other catalpas that are frequently offered by nurserymen are practically worthless.

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Peach-leaf Curl—Rose-rust.—S. B., Norcatur, Kan. The specimen peach-leaf that you sent, and which you describe as being infected with a disease which is seriously affecting the leaves on your peach-trees, causing them not only to curl up, but later on to fall off and leave the trees bare of foliage, or nearly so, shows the disease to be peach-leaf curl. This trouble comes from the same disease that causes plum-pockets. Its scientific name is "Exoascus pruni." It has been studied very thoroughly, and a satisfactory remedy has been found for it. This consists in spraying the trees, thoroughly wetting the small branches, with a solution of sulphate of copper, at the rate of one pound to twenty-five gallons of water. Bordeaux mixture, made with half the quantity of water usually used, is also a good remedy, but is more difficult to apply than the sulphate of copper. This material should be applied about two weeks before the buds start into growth. Nothing can be done at this season of the year to correct the damage done by the disease, except in the way of fertilizing the trees and making them better able to resist its ravages.——The rose specimen that you sent, covered with a brilliant red rust-like powder, is affected by what is commonly known as the red rust of roses. This is a fungous disease that in one form of its existence produces these red spores. The best remedy is to remove and burn the infested portions, and where a single plant is especially badly diseased it is a very good plan to remove and destroy the whole plant. Such radical treatment as this will generally prevent further spread of the disease.

Poultry-Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Summer Vices

FARM AND FIRESIDE has received numerous inquiries regarding feather-pulling and egg-eating on the part of the fowls, the replies to which necessitate more elaboration than is usual.

Feather-pulling, known by the individual fowls gradually losing their feathers (usually beginning on the necks and breasts), may be started by a single hen, the male often being the first victim, and the other fowls soon learn and follow her example. It is mostly due to confinement and idleness, and not always to lack of any particular food, although with some flocks the cause is due to the food not containing certain essential elements demanded by the fowls. Feathers when plucked from the birds and immediately eaten contain considerable moisture, the taste is agreeable, the blood and bone content relished, and the remedy is to destroy the guilty ones or separate them from the others until they forget the vice. There is a "poultry-bit" manufactured which is claimed to prevent feather-pulling, but the surer mode is to remove the first fowl found guilty, and watch for other offenders, separating them from the flock, giving opportunity for exercise, and allowing foods rich in nitrogen, such as cut bone, animal-meal and linseed-meal, but not feeding very heavily.

Egg-eating is also an acquired vice, the first offender teaching the others. An egg becomes broken, the hen discovers that the contents are a luxury as well as a "balanced food," and she is then disposed to seek her supply in that direction. Refuse egg-shells should never be thrown into the poultry-yard. The nests should be so arranged as to be about ten inches from the ground, and should be made in a box with a top, into which the hen should be compelled to walk, instead of being allowed to alight on the nest. The nests should be about ten inches wide, twelve inches deep to the rear, and twelve inches high, and if ten inches from the floor the hen cannot very conveniently appropriate the eggs she lays. Varied food and favorable conditions are the only remedies for the vice. Fowls in confinement are more subject to all vices than those at liberty, for which reason they should be kept at work if possible.

Rapid Molting

There is a loss of about three months' time in the molting (shedding old feathers) of fowls, and any method of shortening this process will be of advantage to all interested. It is well known that when a flock is fed on oily food the fowls sometimes begin to molt out of season, or even twice a year. Experiments made for the purpose show that if the flock is confined for about two weeks, and given barely enough to sustain life, or each fowl being fed on about an ounce of lean meat once a day, so as to reduce the individuals in flesh, then at the end of two weeks allowing twice a day as much as they will eat of a ration rich in oil, the feathers will begin to drop out and new ones appear. Such a food may consist of one pound of animal-meal, one pound of bran, one pound of corn-meal and one fourth of a pound of linseed-meal, to be given in the mornings (one pint of millet-seed to twenty hens at noon), and whole corn or wheat and sunflower-seeds at night, allowing as much as they will eat both morning and night, omitting the whole grain after the feathers begin to come out, then feeding only once a day, at night. The hens that molt early are usually the best winter layers.

Inducing Hens to Lay

When hens cease laying it will be of no advantage to resort to red pepper or other stimulants. The best egg-producing material is lean meat, cooked or raw, about one pound of meat to sixteen hens being sufficient. If a hen should become broody, let her sit on the nest for two weeks, giving only the meat as food. If immediately "broken" from sitting she may lay a few eggs, but will soon become broody again. It will pay to allow broody hens to hatch a brood, as such hens will lay as many eggs during the year as the hens that do not attempt to incubate. At this season of the year the hens should give good results at laying, and the expense of food should be at the minimum. The lean-meat diet is the one that should be relied upon when the flock ceases to be profitable, but in the feeding of lean meat the grain ration should be reduced if the hens are in good condition.

A Cheap Ration

One of the best and cheapest foods at all seasons of the year is sliced roots, turnips, carrots or beets. Handy and convenient little implements, known as root-slicers, are now used. They cost but little, and quickly cut all kinds of roots and vegetables into thin slices. These slices are sprinkled with bran or corn-meal, and fed to chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, or even young pigs, as the slices almost crumble into fine pieces, and are easily eaten. The advantages of using such foods are that they cost but little, comparatively, and they afford an agreeable change from the regular diet, especially during the winter season. When ground grain and sliced vegetables are fed in combination the ration is more easily and completely digested and assimilated than is the grain alone, and the fowls will be more thrifty when they receive a varied diet. There is but little labor required in slicing the vegetables, a sufficiency for a dozen hens being supplied in a few minutes, and no cooking is required. There are several kinds of root-cutters, and they can be had at any poultry-supply store or of leading seedsmen. The object here is to direct the attention to the value of sliced vegetables as poultry-food at all seasons.

The Laying Ducks

The supply of eggs from ducks comes early in the year, and when they begin to lay they produce eggs regularly until in the summer, when they suspend such work until another season. Some individuals may continue to lay until August, while others will begin in September, after a resting-spell, but ducks as a general rule lay their eggs from January to May, and they will sometimes excel the hens, as they miss but few days while laying. They need little or no attention now if given a pasture, as they can easily assist themselves. They should have a dry place at night, as dampness causes lameness. If food is necessary, the best ration is cooked turnips, beets or carrots, thickened with equal parts of bran and animal-meal, given once a day, at night; but if the ducks are confined they should also have a full supply of chopped grass, clover being excellent in the morning and a mixed ration at night.

Value of the Hen

The hen that lays large eggs is a better producer than one that lays small ones, as more food is converted into the desired product. So far as market prices are concerned, the size of the eggs seems to be a matter of no consequence, yet it may be safely maintained that the farmer or poultryman who will send to market large eggs, uniform in all respects, will secure higher prices than will his neighbor who ships eggs of all kinds and sizes. On the farm the real value of a hen is in proportion to the weight of that which she produces. A small bantam hen weighing less than a pound will sometimes lay an egg nearly half as large as that from a hen which weighs six pounds. The bantam consequently performs the greater service, because she gives more eggs in weight in proportion to size, cost of food and room occupied than a hen of one of the large breeds.

Disinfect the Soil

Disease spreads rapidly in summer. The well-known Bordeaux mixture is excellent for use on yards that have contained diseased fowls, but a cheaper method is to dissolve one pound of copperas in two gallons of boiling water. When cold, add one gill of sulphuric acid. With an old watering-pot sprinkle every portion of the grounds, handling the mixture carefully. Where the ground seems to be the source of gapes in chicks, lime is one of the cheapest materials to apply. Use stone-lime, slake it with as little boiling water as may be necessary to convert it into a fine, dry powder, and dust it freely over the ground once a week. If the ground is spaded, and limed both before and after turning the surface-soil under, it will be better. Lime may be freely scattered over the platforms and walls, and also on the roosts, as lice will not relish it in its caustic condition. A gill of spirits of turpentine incorporated with every peck of the lime will be beneficial.

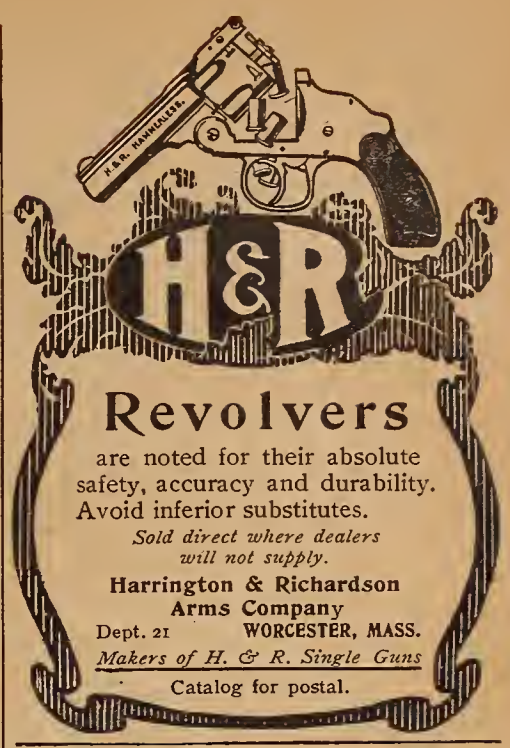
Inquiries Answered

REFUSING THEIR QUARTERS.—E. R. S., Atglen, Pa., wishes to know "how to induce his fowls to accept new quarters near the old poultry-house." Simply confine them in the new quarters for four or five days, and they will forget the old building.

BOWEL DISEASE.—J. L., Lima, Ohio, asks for a remedy "for bowel disease; he feeds liberally, and the fowls are otherwise apparently well." Probably the cause is overfeeding or allowing too much grain. A simple change of food or reduced quantity should effect a cure.

A WINTER POULTRY-HOUSE

This illustration shows how tarred paper or other suitable paper may be applied to the outside of the walls as a winter protection. The roof may also be covered with paper if preferred. There are several preparations manufactured for the purpose



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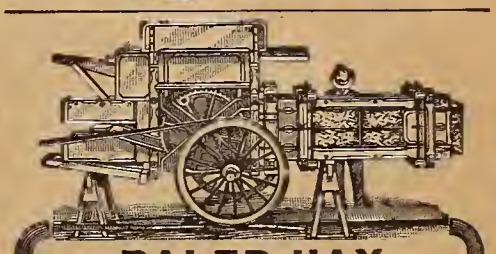
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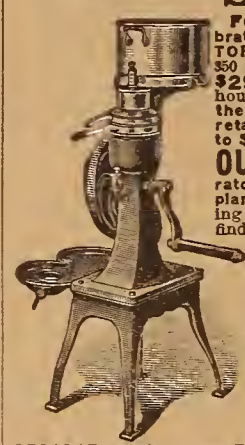

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Live Stock and Dairy

Mottled Butter

ALTHOUGH not numbered among the most serious of dairy troubles, "mottling" of butter has, perhaps, been the cause of as much discussion as any other. The white streaks and patches which mar the beauty of otherwise perfect butter do not affect the flavor or aroma of the product, but they displease the eye, and thus lower the price. For a long time the trouble was seemingly beyond control, for it would appear and disappear in a most peculiar way in dairies and creameries where most careful attention was given to all points, and where no cause could be assigned with certainty by the vexed maker. Finally irregular distribution of salt was settled upon as the cause, and a method of handling established, based on this factor, which practically eliminated the trouble. But it seems that the last word on the subject was not yet said. Recent investigations made by the experiment station at Geneva prove that the success of modern dairy methods rests, so far as mottling is concerned, upon securing removal of casein compounds rather than upon distributing the salt evenly. Butter entirely freed from the casein of the milk—that is, butter washed thoroughly enough to get rid of all buttermilk—will not produce mottles, no matter how unevenly the salt is distributed, and butter containing an excess of buttermilk will produce mottles even if the salt is uniform throughout.

The bulletin notes, experimentally, the effect of many factors upon mottling, and shows clearly that only those which prevent perfect removal of the buttermilk tend to produce the defect.

This discovery involves no change in methods—it merely explains why the best present methods succeed. Churning at rather low temperature, and continuing only until the butter has reached rice-grain size, washing twice with water at from thirty-five to forty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and salting and working as usual, will give butter free from mottles.

All buttermakers should secure the bulletin, and read it carefully, for it is only intelligent understanding of principles that enables even the best workman to succeed in the face of adverse conditions. Knowledge of methods is indispensable, but knowledge of principles back of those methods makes the good buttermaker an expert.—Review of Bulletin No. 263 of the New York Experiment Station.

Texas-Fever Ticks

There have been a great many references in the bulletins and press bulletins of the Oklahoma Experiment Station at Stillwater in regard to the fever-tick, and it is gratifying to know that stockmen and farmers generally appreciate information of this kind. A few have followed out the general plan of getting rid of the ticks that has been recommended so often, and they are now entirely rid of ticks on their farms and pastures; consequently they are rid of Texas fever. It is not necessary at this time to undertake to prove that the tick does carry the fever germ from infected to susceptible cattle, for practically every stockman and farmer knows this, but it is necessary to emphasize the fact that a little careful work for a season or two is sufficient to rid a pasture or farm of the tick.

In order to work at the tick intelligently it is necessary to know how they develop and the length of time necessary for them to hatch from the eggs. The large tick seen on animals of all kinds is the female, which when fully developed falls to the ground, where the eggs are deposited. In the summer these eggs will hatch in from twenty to thirty days. In the spring and fall it will take longer, and eggs deposited late in fall will not hatch before the following spring. The time necessary for the eggs to hatch has been determined several times in the laboratory. In one test during the latter part of July and the first part of August the eggs hatched in twenty days, while another test, made in September, required twenty-six days.

After the eggs have been hatched the young ticks get on the grass and weeds, where they remain until some passing animal brushes against them. These young ticks are generally called "seed-ticks," but this name is applied to the young of any ticks, whether cattle-ticks or not. The young ticks soon attach themselves to the animal, and after shedding their skins (molting) a couple of times, they develop rapidly into the adult form. The time required for development after the young ticks get on the animal is about twenty to twenty-five days in warm weather. During cold weather they develop slowly, and ticks that get on the cattle late in the fall may be carried all winter, completing their development in the spring.

If one becomes familiar with this life-history it will aid very materially in dealing with the tick. It is necessary for the tick to become attached to some animal before it can complete its development. It may live for several weeks on the grass and weeds, but it will never develop until it gets food from some animal. This is an important item in the destruction of the tick, for if the pasture is unused for a season it will free it from ticks. To rid of ticks a pasture that is in use will require close work, but it will pay in the end. For a small bunch of cattle such as is owned on the average farm a dipping-vat is too expensive, and is not even necessary. Crude petroleum may be obtained in any portion of Oklahoma for a few cents a gallon, and there is no better remedy. It may be applied with a brush, a mop, or in the form of a spray. A mixture of cheap kerosene and lard is also effective. Do not expect to get your cattle rid of ticks by feeding them sulphur and saltpeter, or any other combination, for it will not cause them to drop off. If the ticks are removed from the cattle once every two or three weeks by using any of the oils, and no outside cattle with ticks on them are brought into the pasture, you may get rid of the ticks in one season. On many farms where there are only a few cattle the ticks are removed by hand-picking and put in a cup of oil or burned. A few cattle may thus be kept free.

The advantages of having a farm, a township or a county free from ticks are evident. In the first place, if there are no ticks there will be no Texas fever. No one ever saw cattle with fever that were free from ticks. In the second place, no considerable area that has ticky cattle will be found above the federal quarantine line. It is a loss of time and energy to worry about the quarantine lines while you have fever-ticks on your cattle.

The vitality of the tick-eggs is such that it is practically impossible for the pastures to become disinfected by freezing temperatures. Some of the eggs will hatch out, as they did this spring, following an unusually cold winter, and some ticks will pass through the winter attached to the cattle. In order to determine definitely the vitality of the eggs, the following experiment was made last winter: Ticks were secured from Texas and Florida, those from Texas being received on January 22d and those from Florida on February 2d. Those received from Florida were depositing eggs when they arrived, and those from Texas began depositing eggs the next day after they were received. These eggs were placed outside of the building in an exposed place on the evening of February 4th, and allowed to remain in the cold until February 14th, after which they were removed, and placed in an incubator at a temperature of thirty-six degrees Fahrenheit. The first young ticks appeared March 4th, and practically all of the eggs were hatched by March 10th. The minimum temperature during the time the eggs were exposed ranged from fifteen degrees above to eighteen degrees below zero. If the eggs of the fever-tick will hatch after being exposed to such a low temperature it is useless to expect the cold of the winters to disinfect the pastures.

There is no extremely easy plan by which you can rid pastures of ticks, but by taking a little time and work, along with plenty of crude petroleum, you can get rid of them, stop the loss by Texas fever, and secure the much-coveted convenience of being above the quarantine line. If counties could be induced to take up the work in a systematic manner they could be in a position next year to be placed above the quarantine line.—Bulletin of the Oklahoma Experiment Station.

To Cure a Sucking Cow

I would like to reply to Mr. Stenson's article, "To Cure a Sucking Heifer." I am unfortunate enough to have my best cow afflicted with the habit. After reading Mr. Stenson's cure, I tried it, but it proved a failure for me. I have tried all kinds of muzzles, with no success. The only way I can keep her from sucking is to put a halter on her head, put a girt around her body just back of the fore legs, fasten a stick to the under side of the halter, put it between her fore legs, and fasten it to the girt. To my mind that is rather cruel, especially in summer-time, when the flies are bad, but it is a good preventive, although no cure.

ROBT. PICKLES.

Live Stock and Dairy

Fattening Young Hogs

I AM aware that the young hog is the hog now in demand, and the great object is to sell the pigs even before they are hogs—when they are shotes less than one year old. I never like to sell a hog until he weighs four hundred pounds or over, notwithstanding I know that our professors tell us that it takes more corn to make a pound of pork on a hog over three hundred pounds in weight than before.

I have my pigs come along in May, after we are sure of good weather. Then I let them run in the pasture the whole summer, and they grow to be long, lank, big-boned and big-muscled fellows. There is no fat on them yet. The following summer we commence fattening them. In February they weigh four hundred and ninety pounds. A few years ago such hogs were at a discount. It was all "English bacon! English bacon!" I told them that before long they would be wanting fat hogs. It wasn't long. Of course, you must get them off at the right time, at the regular season.

A. STENSON.

◈

The Folly of Whipping

TESTIMONY OF EMINENT HORSEMEN

William Sheriden, the trainer, says: "I talk to my horses a great deal, and they soon understand me."

◈

The fleet and docile horses of the Arabs are ridden without whips or spurs. Why, then, should Americans use them?

◈

Queen Victoria's master of horse, the Duke of Portland, owns famous racing-horses on which whip or spur is never used.

◈

Dan Rice, an apostle of the whip, in correcting a timid and valuable circus-horse at Geneva, N. Y., whipped it to death.

◈

Even for intentional shying the use of the whip does more harm than good. —H. C. Merwin, in Road, Track and Stable.

◈

Professors Gleason, Mingo, Musany, Magner, Norton Smith and many others reform confirmed balkers, kickers, biters, etc., without cruelty in any form. Which method is best?

◈

The whip should never be used, if possible to avoid it, as it makes horses vicious and obstinate.—Musany, the famous French horseman.

◈

Instead of "breaking" colts, we "gentle" them. That word "gentle" tells the whole difference between the old method and the new.—H. C. Merwin, in Road, Track and Stable.

◈

Professor Mingo, the horse-trainer, writes: "No horse should be whipped for shying or bolting, for he is sure to connect the pain with the object of his fright, and be more afraid of it thereafter."

◈

In nine cases in every ten of trouble between horse and driver the driver is the sinner. The less a man knows about horses or mules, the more certain he is to use the whip; and the man who abuses a horse will abuse his wife or his baby, but not a fellow bigger than himself. Boys, blockheads and brutes do the whipping.

Two men in Vermont tied a cord around the tongue of a horse made obstinate by cruel usage, and pulled it out by the roots.

◈

In this and in a multitude of similar cases, ignorance and cruelty have done their utmost, only to incur costly and merited failure. Obviously, severity is not the correct principle.

◈

Blinders are responsible for much shying and half the runaways. The whip and ill-tempered drivers do the rest, and are causes of many accidents. Ill-tempered grooms are dangerous and costly.

◈

Budd Doble said: "When 'Nancy Hanks' made her famous mile I did not touch her with a whip, but talked to her all the way. Many a race has been lost by whipping or spurring, causing sulks."

◈

A man in Wisconsin, having balked his horse by overloading and severity, built a fire under him and burned him to death. Another in Connecticut kerosened his horse, set him afire, and he died in great agony.

◈

J. S. Rarey, an apostle of reason and kindness, challenged the world for a horse he could not manage without whipping or other cruelty. Hundreds of desperate and vicious horses were presented, but in no case did he fail.

◈

To say that under no circumstances should a horse be whipped is not far wrong. A whip is like a poisonous drug —to be used but rarely, and in very small doses. If you are kind to your horse he will obey you.—Millard Saunders.

◈

Horses have rights, and ownership has limitations. Every horse has a right to be so harnessed, fed and worked that he can be comfortable, and can live at least half his natural term of life, which in our half-civilized nation he is not allowed to do.

◈

Ownership gives no right to dock, clip, starve, beat or abuse any animal, and this fact is rapidly becoming law in all the states. Cruelty is disreputable, and it is always unprofitable. Throw away your whip, and make your horse obedient by becoming his friend.

◈

Madame Marantette, rider of the champion high-jumper "Filemaker," writes: "I never use either a spur or a whip on him. When I bought him he was so vicious that nobody believed I could ever ride him. I tried patience and kindness with entire success."

◈

In the United States army balky horses are started by holding up a fore foot three minutes, tapping it, etc. Always be quiet and gentle with a balky horse, and be careful to avoid hurting him. Balkiness is caused by overloading, too tight collar or harness, harsh treatment and incompetent drivers.

◈

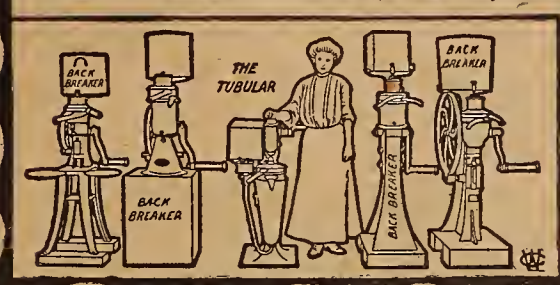
Your horse intends to do right, to obey and please you. Do not expect him to know as much as you, who can read, but be patient and gentle, and kindly show him how to do. Talk much to your horse, and always kindly, and treat him as you would wish were you in his place. Realize that he is dumb, cannot tell his distress, and must rely on you, whom he serves, to protect him. Do not be so unmanly as to take a mean advantage of his helplessness.

SCENES OF MEADOW AND STREAM—No. 1

TUBULAR--or "Back Breaker?"

When you see the waist low Tubular you can't be driven into buying a back-breaking, "bucket bowl" separator. **Can and crank are just the right height on the Tubular.** Here is the largest Dairy Tubular along side four "back breakers." The girl with her hand on the Tubular is 5 feet, 4 inches tall. This is an exact reproduction from a photograph. **Which kind for you?** Makers of "back breakers" try to get their cans low by setting the cranks low. **High cans** break your back backward—**low cranks** break it forward. Unless you are a double jointed giant, you'll find a high can is no joke. To show you how high these "back breaker" cans really are, when the machines are set high enough to turn easily, we raised these "back breakers" 'til their crank axles were level with the Tubular crank axle. "Back breaker" makers don't like this picture—**it's too true.** They try to squirm out of it. **You wouldn't like turning cranks as low as "back breaker" makers put them.**

The low can is only one of many advantages Dairy Tubulars have over all others. Dairy Tubular bowls are simple--"back breakers" are complicated. Tubulars are self-oiling--no oil holes to fill up. "Back breakers" are oil drippers and oil wasters. To learn a lot more about Tubulars, write today for catalog N-112



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With this Wheat-and-Oats Riddle you can *go ahead and sow oats and wheat together*—as we guarantee you can make a perfect separation.

Here is a cross section of the new Riddle. You can see the riddle will let wheat through readily, but oats cannot get through. The riddle has a jumping attachment that keeps the oats jumping until they go over behind on the floor. **GROW SUCCOTASH!** The new riddle will help you obtain double crop value by sowing wheat and oats together, as it insures the perfect separation necessary to obtain the highest market prices.

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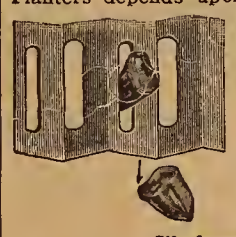

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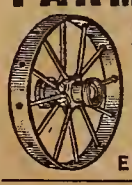

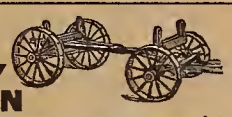

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The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

Honesty in Public Affairs

CAN it be that we are entering upon an era of honest administration of public affairs? From many cities and states are coming reports of sweeping reforms wrought by some strong leader backed up by the determination of a burdened and outraged public. The strong personality of the President and his determined stand for what he thinks right have won against the powerful organizations of intrenched greed and lawlessness. Graft thought the American public too drowsy to take heed and aid. But graft did not reckon with the inherent traits of character that have existed and will exist so long as time is. The people have been accused of laxness of morality. Their efforts for better administration so long met defeat, because unaccustomed to deal with intrenched wickedness, that it was declared that they never would unite to win, and without organization there was no possible chance of victory. So the grafters thought, but they reckoned vain. Under the reflex influences of venality grew up various societies to suppress the crime.

"Tax the people as much as they will bear" is the old slogan. The breaking-limit was reached. In the city civic societies were organized. Women's clubs of various kinds are always in favor of high morality. In the country was the grange, binding thousands of little communities together in one great organization, powerful to effect its will. Secret societies, that have a history of hundreds of years quietly working for good.

Another potent factor is the increasing size of the graduating classes of secondary schools and colleges that are annually sending out a splendid type of citizens. These young men and women, imbued with high ideals and a keen perception that truth and right are eternal, that falseness meets a just doom, are factors in every-day life.

"An educated man may err sometimes," wrote Ex-President Super, "but he is not apt to go permanently wrong."

This is the gist of the whole matter. People are recognizing that education pays in a civic way as well as in acquiring a higher degree of happiness. Our various societies, therefore, have education as their avowed aim. All these agencies are strengthening the public conscience, ripening its intelligence, making it powerful in the knowledge of its own strength.

"I have within me the strength of ten, for my heart is pure," said Sir Galahad.

Everywhere men and women are recognizing that private purity and virtue cannot tolerate public laxness and venality. The school which preached the doctrine that men are justified in dishonesty in public affairs so long as they win is dying out. In no place is there need for honesty as in the administration of public affairs. Nowhere else is it so conspicuous. In no other place is dishonesty so warmly condemned as where interests of the public are at stake. Take heart, then, ye who seek the better way. It may not be all as you wish it. Your way may not be the best way. But keep the main thing in mind—honor and truth and justice in public and in private affairs—and rest assured that Nature will fight well on your side.

◈

Coöperation of Teachers' Associations and Granges

I have so often urged in these columns, and before teachers' associations and granges, the coöperation of these potent societies, that I sometimes fear that my readers will tire of it. A letter this morning from Superintendent Landsittel, commenting upon this phase, gives me courage to repeat what I have so often said before, and will likely say again. It will bear repetition. More attention is being given to-day to rural-school problems by the educational organizations than to any other question. Scarcely is there a convention but some one has a paper upon some phase of this subject, and it brings out prolonged discussion. I attend many of these conventions, and know whereof I speak. It is sometimes said that farmers are indifferent. They are not indifferent, but each community needs a strong leader to unite the interested ones, arouse the indifferent, and overcome the little opposition that exists. Let the subordinate and Pomona granges invite teachers of known power to address them. If there is no good speaker at hand, secure one through the teachers' organization. Get an enthusiastic man or woman who can present matters well and forcibly. Let him present matters as they appear to him. Discuss the address, ask questions, get together on the mooted points, understand one another. Let the educational organizations invite prominent members of the grange to address them in turn, and present the farmers' views. Let each appoint committees to confer with one another, to the end that the power of each organization may be multiplied, and the common end—the interests of the child—conserved. The next legislature will witness many educational demands. It is well for all to understand each other and work in harmony.

The persistent agitation in favor of this has led to a great many results. It is hoped that before the next session of the legislature there will be many more conferences. Act together.

I have a list of prominent Patrons which I would be glad to submit to educational organizations, and a like list of educators that I would submit to granges.

◈

Hon. Renick W. Dunlap

Ohio farmers will be glad to learn that Hon. R. W. Dunlap, a stalwart young farmer of Pickaway County, was renominated for a second term as state senator. Mr. Dunlap is a member of the grange and a graduate of the Ohio State University. The renomination was a deserved honor. He was the first person his party ever elected to the senate from that district, but his sterling integrity, his vigorous defense of what he believes right, brought him this honor. He faithfully performed his duty, and was a potent factor in behalf of farmers in the last general assembly. All over the state farmers are hoping that his district will confer upon him the honor of reëlection, upon themselves the pleasure of serving well the interests not only of their own district, but of the state as well, and upon Ohio agriculture the great benefit of having a strong friend at court. Mr. Dunlap carried the pure-food-stuffs bill through the last legislature, a law that will save the farmers of the state many millions of dollars. His name will ever be linked with this great and needed reform. He also was a strong advocate of other meritorious measures. The farmers of the state owe his district a debt of gratitude for placing him in a position where he could conserve the interests of the public.

◈

Dates of State Master Derthick

Hon. F. A. Derthick will spend a week each in New Jersey and New York addressing grange field-meetings. August 15th he is to be at Thousand Islands, where there is held what are probably the largest and most successful annual picnics in the country. There are over six thousand Patrons in the county, and it seems that all of them and their friends, as well as other counties, contribute their quota to swell the throng. From there he will go to Lakeside Assembly, and address the Chautauqua gathering. He will also address Lake Park Chautauqua August 5th. The calls for the state master have been more insistent and greater than ever before, and that is saying a good deal, for from the opening to the close of the season he usually has every day filled. In fact, some of the large societies are arranging to hold their picnics in September, so as to secure the state master. The calls come not only from granges, but from educational and Chautauqua assemblies. Mr. Derthick gives most of the time to the granges, answering only such other calls as he can take in on his trips.

◈

The Observatory

Be not jealous of another's success. You can win if you will. Success lies largely in doing the little things well.

◈

Leaders do not acquire the power of leading by inactivity. Only by constant effort in the right direction is power acquired.

◈

Some people say that it does not mean anything to be a member of the grange. Show that it does by your works. Make it mean something to yourself and to your community.

◈

Deputy J. S. Brigham has just organized a grange with one hundred and fourteen charter members at Rawson, Hancock County, Ohio. Hurrah for Brother Brigham!

◈

Mrs. J. W. Bates, of Broad Ripple, Ind., one of the prominent women institute lecturers, is spending the month of June in Canada doing institute work at the women's institutes. She is to address the Association of Institute Lecturers in Louisiana this fall.

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Query Answered

I. R. O. I will say that your query was answered, or at least the answer left my hands before your note was received.

Right of Husband to Mortgage Wife's Chattel Property

C. F., Illinois, asks: "If a woman has two hundred dollars given her by her father, and she buys a team of horses, can her husband mortgage the team without her consent?"

No, the husband cannot, unless the wife permits the husband to treat it as his property, and even then it is questionable.

Copyright

N. I. P., Montana, asks: "If a book of poetry is copyrighted, is it only the title of the book which is copyrighted, or would a poem taken from the book be considered as copyrighted?——If a song is composed with the intention of selling, but the music or tune of some other song is used, would it be infringing on another's rights?"

Yes, I understand that when a book is copyrighted all in the volume is included.——Yes, my judgment would be that would be an infringement.

Probating of Will

R. D. S., Ohio, says: "Our father's will bequeaths his real estate to his two sons, dividing the farm equally between them, the one daughter to receive a money consideration from each of the brothers. The probate judge informs us that we have no need to have the will probated, as it is satisfactory with each of us. Is this correct?"

You had better have the will probated; then it will be certified to the recorder, and the auditor will transfer it.

Purchase of Farm by Two Persons

J. H. V., Indiana, asks: "A. and B. purchased a farm, made a cash payment, and gave notes and a mortgage for back payments. A. died. Who should pay the deferred payments, as they had a joint deed? Can A.'s mother, brothers and sisters inherit his real estate, A. being an unmarried man?"

Of course, the entire farm is liable for the mortgage. It would be advisable for B. to bring a suit in partition, and have the farm sold and the proceeds divided. One half will go to the mother, and the other one half to his brothers and sisters. They and B. might get together and adjust the matter.

Warranty by Auctioneer or Owner

H. W. H., Ohio, inquires: "If a man buys a horse at a public sale for fifty or one hundred and fifty dollars, as the case may be, and the horse is not as represented by the owner, is the man who bought the horse compelled to take it? Suppose the auctioneer guarantees the horse to be sound and all right without the consent of the owner, and the horse is not as guaranteed?"

No, you would not be compelled to take the horse in either case. The bidder at a sale has the right to rely upon the representations of the auctioneer.

Divorce in Texas

E. M., Ohio, inquires: "A., a minor, married B. in Ohio. A. decided on a separation, to take place immediately, and a few months later A. went to Texas. Could he obtain a divorce under the laws of Texas if B. did not appear? He is not of lawful age, and has been a resident of Texas for seven months."

A six months' residence is all that is required in Texas, and he might possibly get a divorce. However, you should be notified of the proceedings. You had better make inquiry of the clerk of the court of the county in which he resides in Texas. inclosing stamp.

Sale of Mortgaged Premises

J. C. W., New York, writes: "A. mortgaged some land to B. twenty years ago in Massachusetts. A. paid interest on the mortgage for six or eight years, and since that time he has paid nothing. B. died ten years ago. A. left no heirs. Since that time no demands have been made on A. for interest or principal. A. paid taxes on the land all the time. Could B. make over that mortgage to another person before he died? Could A. or his heirs sell the land without the mortgage being discharged?"

I think the note and mortgage will be outlawed in twenty years from the time that it was given. If not so barred, interest and principal can be collected. The mortgage could have been transferred by B. before he died. A. could sell the farm, but it would be subject to the mortgage unless it was discharged. The statute of limitations might run only from the time the last payment was made on the note.

Killing Trespassing Dogs

T. I. F., Maryland, says: "I own a farm in Montgomery County, Maryland, and am anxious to raise sheep, but this section is so infested with worthless dogs I am afraid to try it. I would like to know if I advertise in the county papers, and also by signs posted on the farm, warning against the trespassing of dogs, and they continue to overrun me, as they do now, can I kill them, and would I be liable to pay for them under these conditions? My place seems to be infested with them, being near a village. I have seen as many as half a dozen crossing the fields at a time."

I do not know the legal status of a dog in your state, if I may so use the term. At common law a dog was not property, but now it is generally held otherwise, and I presume, strictly speaking, you would have no right to kill a trespassing dog unless you caught him worrying your sheep. But I would kill every one that I found trespassing on my farm if I so desired, unless the dog was accompanied by his owner, and run the risk of being made liable, especially if the notices were put up as you indicate. In fact, it is about the only remedy that you have, as half the owners of the dogs are execution-proof, and nothing can be recovered from them if you are injured by their dogs.

Marriage License

M. J. S., Ohio, asks: "If in applying for a marriage license the groom would give the bride's name as 'Lizzie' in place of 'Elizabeth,' would that be a legal marriage, or at his death could she hold her interest in his property?"

The marriage would be legal.

Willing Property to Daughter so as to Prevent Husband's Dower

G. E. W., Ohio, inquires: "A. has a daughter, B., who has an undeserving husband. Will it be legal if A. wills property to B., specifying that B.'s husband is to have no dower right in the property and that B. can do absolutely as she chooses with it?"

Yes, such a will could be made. Consult a competent lawyer, and have him draft the will. A. should not attempt to draft the will herself.

Dower Rights

A. D. D., Michigan, says: "If a man marries a woman in Michigan having property, does that give him a legal right to a share in her property? What share does she have in his property?"

In a question like the above the querist should state whether it is real or personal property, as there is quite a difference as to how the different kinds of property are given to the wife or husband. In real estate she would have dower—that is, a life estate in one third.

Rights of Child by Former Marriage

J. M., Indiana, asks: "A woman owned city property, which she traded for cattle. The cattle are now kept on the husband's place. Should his death occur before hers, could his heirs claim any of these cattle or their value? He has one child by a former wife. One of the cattle is registered in his name."

If the wife can prove that she paid for the cattle, and never made a gift of them to her husband, even if registered in his name they would remain hers. The child would have no interest in them even if the husband should die.

Inheritance

E. E., Kansas, asks: "Can a man deed his property directly to his wife? If so, and the wife dies, leaving children, and the man marries again and has children by the second marriage, can the second family hold any of the property if the man should die?"

At common law the husband could not deed directly to his wife, but now in some of the states (Ohio, and I think in Kansas) a deed can be made direct. On the death of the first wife one half would have gone to her husband and the other one half to her children. On the death of the husband his second wife would get one half of the property, and the remainder would be equally divided between all his children, those of the first wife sharing equally with those of the second wife.

Inheritance

C. L. B., New York, writes: "Mrs. H., a widow with some property and no children, marries B., a widower, who had a house and lot with a mortgage on it and has children by his former wife. After marrying B., Mrs. H. let him have money to use in his business. She took a mortgage on the house, and paid up the first mortgage, taking a note against her husband for one hundred dollars and a mortgage on the house for the balance. If she survives the husband, what share of his property will she have, and can she collect the mortgage and note, both of which are due? His property is mostly real estate. If both have the same bank-book, and money in the bank in both their names payable to either, can she hold the money after his death, or would half of it go to his children although the money was all hers when put in the bank?"

The wife could collect whatever the mortgage and note showed to be due her, and then she would come in under the law for her share of the balance. As to the money in bank, it is not so clear. If it was put there in both their names she could hold but half, and if the bank was instructed to pay it all to her it would probably do so. She would have a life estate in one third of his real estate. The mortgage is good for fifteen years at least.

Marriage Under Impression that Former Marriage Was Illegal

H. K. inquires: "F. married G. about eight years ago, and they had one child. F. lived with G. only a few days. The child died. F. left, and nothing has been heard from him. G. does not know whether he is living or dead. F. told G. before he left that he had a wife and two children living, and for that reason he could not live with G. He did not say where they were. F. told G. to get married again if she wanted to, as he had no claim on her whatever. G. has no witnesses that F. told her that he had been married before. No one has heard from him in seven years. G. married H. without getting a divorce or knowing anything about her first marriage. What is the law in New York State? What would be the punishment if G. could not prove what F. said? Could G. get a divorce now, and how would she proceed? Could she get one by going to another state? Please tell me the first step and surest way. F. did nothing for G.'s support."

I would advise G. to get a divorce now. I do not think that G. will need to go to another state. Consult a local attorney. Persons who are once married should never marry again without either having the courts declare the first marriage null and void or getting a divorce.

Bothered by Gipsies

W. H., New York, asks: "Is there any way I can keep gipsies off my place?"

I cannot say what the law is in New York on the matter. In Ohio they can be made to move on. I have no doubt but that the law of your state will protect you. Consult your prosecuting attorney.

Queries Unanswered

The query of E. M., Lisbon, is not answered because it is not plainly written; that of F. S., Waupaca, Wis., because a full statement is not made, and that of L. D. B., Langley, Wash., because I think something has been omitted. If these parties will send queries again—plainly written and full statements—they will receive attention.

Pet Squirrels—Line Fence

M. E. R., Ohio, asks: "Is it against the law in Ohio to catch and sell fox-squirrels for pets?——My neighbor owns a woods which is not pastured and which adjoins my farm. Can I compel him to build half the line fence? If so, how?"

It would not be unlawful to have pet squirrels, but it might be to sell them.——You can compel him by having the township trustees act in the matter.

Inheritance

C. A. D., Indiana, inquires: "If a widower and a widow marry, both having children, and the wife dies, what share of the property accumulated between them would her child get?"

As I have said herein before, it is somewhat difficult for an outsider to Indiana laws to give constructions to their statutes of descent. I doubt very much if the widow's child would get much of the property accumulated between them unless it stood in the wife's name.

Wife Liable for Goods Purchased

A. L. inquires: "My husband is dead. He did not leave me any property at his death, but I have a farm of my own. Before his death he had an account at the store, and I got goods for my own personal use and for us to live on. Can they collect from me?"

Yes, I think you are responsible, especially if the storepeople charged it against you on their books.

Widow's Rights

M. J. S., Ohio, asks: "A. marries B., a widower having three children living and two dead by his first wife, his first and second wives being sisters. B. and his second wife have five children. In case of B.'s death, he having considerable property, what would the widow be entitled to under the laws of Ohio, and would the children of both wives get equal shares, there being no will?"

The children would share equally. The widow would have a life estate in one third of the real estate, and one third of the personal property absolutely.

Payment of Taxes

J. P. says: "My husband's father died, leaving a piece of property in Massachusetts. My husband is dead, and my husband's brother A. got the deeds. There is another brother and my two children and a grandchild. A. has not had it divided or done anything with it, nor has he paid the taxes. The town took gravel from the place for taxes for two years, but the last two years they have not. How long will the town let the taxes run before they can sell it, or how can I make A. settle the estate so I can pay the taxes on my children's share? Can any of the other parties pay the taxes before the estate is settled?"

Your question is not very clear. Of course, the other brothers could pay the taxes. What you should do is consult a local attorney, and have him bring a suit in partition and have the property divided. If that cannot be done, have it sold and the proceeds divided. Inquire at the county treasurer's office about taxes.

Small Stockholders in a Corporation

W. P. S., Illinois, writes: "A. bought shares of stock in a corporation incorporated under the laws of South Dakota and owning a mine in northern Michigan. He paid cash for stock, but it now appears that since the mine is a sure thing the large stockholders are trying to beat the small shareholders out of their just proportion of the profits, and to do so are intending to form a new company by a majority vote and for the purpose of developing the property to a greater extent. Can they do this? Is there any way in which the small fish may secure their just dues, or will the by-laws of the company enable the large stockholders to do as they please?"

Minnows in a stream have not much chance of life if the stream is full of bass. The legislatures of the various states have tried to pass laws to protect the small stockholders, but with indifferent success. Unless you can stand in with the majority you are in constant danger of being wiped out. There are so many ways in which this can be done by a designing majority that there is only one thing for the small stockholder to do, and that is to get in with the majority. If he can't do this he had better sell out. Usually the small stockholder has not enough involved to justify him to employ legal counsel and fight the large holders. On the subject of investing in a small way in stocks I would say, "Don't."

Earth not a Mineral

M. L. H., Pennsylvania, writes: "If A. leases his farm to B. for oil, gas and minerals, can A. manufacture brick or tile from the earth of his farm? Is earth a mineral?"

Earth is not a mineral in the general acceptation of the word. I should think that B. would have no right to use the clay for brick or tile under his lease.

School-Law

G. R., Ohio, asks: "I live in a country school-district, but as close to the city schools as to the country schools. I own and pay taxes on two lots within the city school-district. Can I send my children to the city school without paying tuition?"

No, you could not send them to the city school without paying tuition. You can have deducted, however, the amount you pay in taxes on city property.

Renter's Rights

E. G. F., Illinois, asks: "Last March I rented a farm for a year by verbal contract, and last fall sowed new meadow. In February the owner sold the farm, and notified me to leave. He did not settle with me for the meadow. Am I entitled to the meadow, or can I collect damages, and from which party?"

Under your statement I do not think you can recover anything. You should have had some arrangement with your landlord before this meadow was sown.

Recovery—Suggestion to Querists

M. A. C., Iowa. I doubt if your father can recover pay, yet it is a proper matter for him to bring to the attention of the township trustees and the road-overseer.

Querists must not expect an answer before from four to six weeks from the time queries are sent in. More have been received now than could be answered in that time, but we hope to be able to answer them soon in the future. If you are in a hurry for your answer, and it is important, you had better send a letter direct to me, inclosing one dollar.

Inheritance

H., New Brunswick, writes: "My son took some money when he left home. He settled in Swansea, Mass. He died recently, leaving a wife, but no children. If he did not deed nor will his property, who is his heir? Would the next of kin in New Brunswick, Canada, inherit it the same as if living in the states?"

The property would descend according to the place where it is located, and I presume if he had any it was in Massachusetts. In that state, if the property does not exceed five thousand dollars, and there are no children, it goes to the wife.

Fence-Law

A. C. B., Illinois, writes: "A. and B. own a quarter-section of land, A. owning the east one half and B. the west one half. A. built the line fence between the north forty acres, and B. built the fence between the south forty acres. A. afterward bought B.'s south forty acres. What claim would A. have to the fence between the forty acres bought of B. and the forty acres still owned by B., the fence in question having been built by B. when he owned the eighty acres?"

As I understand the query, A. already owns the north eighty rods of the fence, as he built it; then if he buys the south forty acres be would also get B.'s fence thereon. Unless B. made some reservation of his fence, he may be compelled to rebuild the one half of the north eighty rods now forming the entire line. But I presume these parties will need a readjustment of their line fence fair to both.

Renter's Rights

E. C. J., Ohio, says: "I rented a one-hundred-acre farm in April, 1904, on shares without any writing, and was told that I could stay as long as I wanted to in case the owner did not sell the farm. He also stated that I could stay ten years if I wanted to and he did not sell. I have one witness to that. On the first of December he told me I could stay another year on the same terms, and I have my wife as witness to that. In January he sold the place verbally, and notified me to vacate by the first of April. Before the papers were made out the purchaser backed out, and of course I expected to stay. Now he has rented to another party for cash rent. Can I hold possession? I was also promised that the barn would be vacant when I moved on. He sold some forty tons of hay to another party, who had it baled and did not remove it. In July he hauled some ten or twelve tons, and the rest is still in the barn. My hired man and I worked about two days hauling it to get the barn floor vacant so we could use the hay-fork when we should have been working hay. The purchaser of the hay promised me several times he would get it out of my way. Having cut some bay, I was forced to pitch it off by hand, thereby taking more time than by the fork, and I could not get it all in. About three tons rotted in the field, and nearly my whole bay crop got overripe. I was also forced to leave my straw and corn-stalks outside, and also some new machinery for a while, which got rusted. Can I collect damages, and what would be the best way to proceed?"

I am sorry that it has not been possible to answer the above query earlier, but it is answered in its turn. It rather seems to me that the renter could have stayed under his contract another year. I would not consider it a sale when the purchaser backed out. Of course, I do not know whether it will pay you to pursue the landlord for your loss in moving hay. If it was a part of the contract that the barn should be made vacant, then the landlord was bound to make it as he agreed, and whatever damages you have suffered by reason of his failure to comply with his contract, that sum you can receive from him. Of course, before you bring suit you will be compelled to consult a local attorney, to whom you can give all the facts, and his advice may be better than mine.

A Page of Pokes

By GEO. F. BURBA

THE most glorious gift of God to man is rain. Not when it has been raining along every day or two—when it has become a nuisance, as it were; not in the spring or fall, when it just puckers up and rains naturally; but in the summer, after it has not rained for days and days, then is when the rain seems a gift—a blessing such as the manna that fell from heaven must have seemed to the patriarchs of old.

Take the earth when it needs water—how it cries for rain! Parched and hot and burning in the sun, the clay opens its mouth, the sand raises its million glassy eyes, the muck crumbles out of sheer exhaustion, the rocks seem to stick further out of the ground as they cry for moisture, and the pebbles along the brook that has run dry curl up as if to escape the sun.

The growing things—the grass and weeds and corn—squirm in agony for the want of water. The dust settles in their throats, and their voices become hoarse and rasping. Their leaves rattle in the parching wind. Shriveled vegetation is a sickening sight. In every thirsty stalk there seems a curse. In the dead and dying leaves seems written the history of the plagues visited upon the Pharaohs of old. Plants that were made to bend snap off when they are thirsty. Blades that should be cool and swarthy and friendly become hot and brittle and unkind. There is no love, no life in any growing thing. God seems to have made the world and gone away and forgotten it. Death, desolation, anguish is written everywhere.

And behold the farmer as he scans the sky, offering up his prayer for rain. That streak of yellow in the west—does that mean rain? Did not such a streak appear last year just before the heavens were opened? Or that peculiar tint around the moon, or the moaning of the doves, or the swish of the wind as it hurries over the field to meet its amorous kind coming up from the Southland, or the direction that the swallows fly—is there not in some of them the sign of rain?

Aye, here it is—the rain. Cloud after cloud sailed by and tarried not. The signs failed for a time, and hope was dying. Already thoughts were turning to other climes. If the old place could be sold for a price, would it not be better to go where the rains fail not? Always there is in the mind some other place where things are different—things must be better somewhere else. But just before hope dies there comes a cloud swinging lower than its fellows. The sky takes on a different hue, the singing things cheer up, the creeping things seek shelter, the growing things straighten up as if to meet the rain. Man smiles as the raindrops fall, the earth closes up the great gaping wounds made by the heat, the brooks bubble and boil, and every living thing sings a happy hallelujah as the drops beat time in the symphony of love.

◈

Half a lie is not better than no lie at all.

◈

No person slanders you when he tells the truth about you.

◈

You can please a woman by telling her how smart her boy is. You can please a man by telling him how smart he is.

◈

Every man ought to be married so that be will have somebody to blame for his shortcomings if for no other reason.

◈

A lot of people, when they have failed at everything else, still believe they can invent something that will make them rich.

◈

Every female child that is born should have two names—one to be used until about the time she graduates, and the other to be used after she has settled down to the business of being a woman. Just think of a grandmother being named "Gladys!"

◈

FELLOW who invented the saying to the effect that "to-morrow never comes" had probably just bought something on credit. Half the people who buy things on credit expect to-morrow never to get here, wherein they are mistaken.

This custom of buying things on credit is one of the curses of the land. For every man credit has helped it has sent a hundred to the poorhouse. For every family that is doing well because it was permitted to go in debt there are dozens of families that are on the ragged edge of starvation just because they could get credit. Credit is all right when it is all right, but it will make a fellow's pillow hotter than a flat-iron that has been on the stove all day when it is not all right, as generally happens.

The less sense a fellow has, the easier it is to sell him things on credit. Take a little knot-headed youngster who gets struck on a girl, and you could sell him snow-shoes in August if you would trust him. He is the one who thinks to-morrow will never come. It is to-day with him all the time, or worse still, last night. Being in love hasn't hurt him any—that doesn't hurt anybody—but it tends to make him bubble up in the pot of humanity where he can be seen a little plainer.

That's the kind of a fellow the credit man "lays" for. All during the spring and early summer he has been working pretty well, this knotty-headed one. He has put in a crop which looks fairly well, and nothing but a cyclone can now keep it from shucking out abundantly. Then along comes the credit man, and he calls the fellow's attention to a red-wheeled buggy or something else which he will sell him on credit. He can pay for it when he sells the crop. The better the crop prospect, the more credit men there seem to be. And the little fellow, thinking that it will be a long time until the crop is gathered, buys the buggy. Then to-morrow comes, the interest is paid, the note is renewed and hung up over him, his crop is gone, the girl marries somebody else, and he says, with great gusto, "Why, to-morrow never comes."

◈

A hungry man is not particular about the seasoning.

◈

A fellow's feeling just about right when he don't want anything at all.

◈

Just heard of a man who has no enemies. Says he hasn't a friend on earth, either.

◈

Ever think about what the world would look like if it were not for wall-paper?

◈

A man that's got a bad heart don't need medicine—he needs religion or a good beating.

◈

Never could understand why people pay more attention to fitting up the parlor than the kitchen.

◈

You can tell by the speed at which some men work whether they are employed by the day or the piece.

◈

The man who is not willing to take his chances will never take much of anything else in the world.

◈

It's a mighty poor business that can't be figured out how it will make everybody connected with it rich.

◈

There is so little difference between laughing and crying that a mother sometimes has to run around the corner of the house to see what is the matter with the children.

◈

You cannot tell by the results how hard a man has worked. Some people work twice as hard to accomplish a certain thing as is necessary for others to work, but both are entitled to the same credit.

◈

THE human stomach must be the greatest piece of machinery ever invented. It will stand more abuse than a corn-shredder, take care of foods that will rust a tin can, hold drinks that will eat their way through a pine board, handle stuff that a dog won't stop to taste, and look out for whatever is poured into it day or night. A cider-mill would refuse to grind if it was not treated any better than a fellow's stomach, and a tombstone would shale off the lettering if it had poured over it the liquids the average man pours down his throat.

People talk about stomach trouble. There isn't any stomach trouble. The trouble is with the fellow who owns the stomach, not with the stomach itself. Given half a chance, a two-quart stomach will outlast a ten-gallon lard-can or a patent-leather saddle. That the old thing gets clogged up occasionally or eventually wears out is no wonder when it is considered how it is abused.

But when a fellow's stomach does get tired it's about the tiredest thing there is. You can spur it up for a time with stimulants, or whip it into doing about half a day's work, or coax it to trot a little by giving it a long rest, but when it finally balks it lies down in the shafts and breaks them off. Then is when a man begins to know that he has mistreated it; that is when he finds out that he has imposed upon it and loaded it up with a burden a yoke of oxen ought not to be expected to pull. He takes his spite out on the family, sulks around and makes everybody unhappy, talks about Nature having it in for him, spends money for patent medicines that were made for him to spend money for, and the rest of his life takes care of his stomach as it should have been taken care of from the beginning.

EVER think about what this world would be if people were honest—everybody? If there were no thieves and liars and slanderers and mischief-makers in general; if there were no use for locks and bars and places to hide things? Ever stop to think that about half the labor of the world would become rest, and half the misery would be blotted out, and half the pain and anguish and tears and advice would be saved—ever think about it?

Mothers would sleep better of nights. They would have no fears for their boys and girls. Fathers would smile where they now look serious. Sons and daughters would not have to answer for gray hairs they now cause, and life altogether would be different—if only people were honest.

And the strange part about it is, people would prefer to be honest—everybody would. It is just as easy to put the big apples at the bottom of the barrel. A lie is a heap more trouble to tell than the truth—it takes more effort, more thought to fix up one that will pass muster. A lot of good paper is wasted in making out notes to show how much people owe other people, and upon every piece of paper so wasted a love-letter might be written—if people were honest.

Seems like the old world got started off wrong someway. Things got out of joint right in the beginning, and she's been wabbling a little ever since. She's been jacked up occasionally, and the wheels taken off and the axles greased, but she still pulls hard—doesn't run like she ought to. Everybody knows the trouble, everybody knows what would send her along spinning, everybody wants her to spin, and still people will not be honest.

There are not many dishonest people, but there are plenty, and they keep everybody else guessing. One bad egg is louder than a case full of new-laid ones. Pull up one jimson-weed, and you cannot get the odor off your hands by handling a tubful of roses. Let some boy get the best of you in a trade at school, and all through life you are looking out for somebody to cheat you. Catch one young man making love to a girl the next night after he has told you that you were the only girl on earth, and twenty years afterward you search your husband's pockets for notes from another woman. You learned early in the game that people were not honest, and it may have stood you well in hand—some of you.

It wouldn't do, however, for the world to get honest in a day. People wouldn't know what to do with the things that would be returned to them. Everybody would have so much money they would go to summer resorts, and there wouldn't be anybody left at home to take care of things. That's the reason it seems so hard to bring about reforms, maybe—the Great Reformer knows that a lot of things would spoil if they were given to their owners all at once. Maybe that is it, but it is only a guess.

The time is coming when everybody will be honest—you can bet on that, only you will not be here to collect your bet when the time comes. The old world is getting better every year—a little at a time, but better. It is not going to be so many hundreds of years until a fellow will not even have to tell his wife where he is going—she will know when he starts away from home that he is going to church.

◈

A man can be so well satisfied with himself that nobody else is.

◈

It's better to force a laugh at a fellow's story than to make an enemy.

◈

Nothing is so unpopular with some people as another man's popularity.

◈

A baby may be the most helpless animal there is, but it can drive an able-bodied man to drink quicker than a drove of wolves.

◈

A self-conceited man can never understand how the world got along before he was born, nor how it is to get along after he leaves it.

◈

You can generally tell by how well acquainted a woman says she is with somebody else how that somebody else stands in the community.

◈

Isn't it refreshing to meet a man who says, "I do not know anything about the latest gossip, because I do not care anything about it and have not listened to it?"

◈

As Henry always said: "In every litter of pigs there is one that does most of the squealing."

Around the Fireside

The Battle of the Sea of Japan

THE "Naval Battle of the Sea of Japan," as it has been officially named by the victor, Admiral Togo, takes place in history as one of the most decisive naval engagements of all time. It was fought on May 27th and 28th along the coasts of the Orkino and Oreleung islands. The Russian fleet as a fighting force was annihilated, its commander-in-chief, Admiral Rojestvensky, was captured, upward of twenty ships were sunk or captured, eight or ten thousand officers and men were killed, wounded or captured, while the Japanese losses consisted of only three torpedo-boats and about six hundred officers and men killed or disabled.

At sunset on May 27th Admiral Togo attacked the Russian squadron, the battleships firing at long range, while the swift little torpedo-boats were sent in close and with awful effect. The fighting this night was near Okinoshima. Four ships were sunk, and great damage was inflicted upon many others. The whole squadron was thrown into great confusion by the daring and successful torpedo-boat attacks and the marvelous gunnery of the battleships. The following day, Sunday, the attack was renewed with increased vigor near Liancourt Rocks. It was a running fight in rough seas, in which the Japanese marksmanship was deadly accurate. Admiral Rojestvensky's flagship, the "Souvaroff," was disabled, and the Admiral, in a wounded condition, transferred his flag to the destroyer "Biedovy," aboard which he was captured late in the afternoon.

It was in 1805 that Napoleon and Nelson divided the honors of war at Austerlitz and Trafalgar, and now, just a century later, Japan has surpassed those achievements at Mukden and in the Corea Strait. The world was taken by surprise when the news was sent out that Rojestvensky was daring the passage of the Corea Strait. He was expected to make for the open sea, and not try to force a channel that formed, as it were, the very jaws of the Japanese shark. Rojestvensky did just what Togo hoped for in daring the passage of the strait. Togo had been lying in wait at Mesampo, on the coast of Corea, instead of among the Pescadores, near Formosa, as the world and the Russians generally believed. When the Japanese scouts brought Togo the news that Rojestvensky had entered the strait in two lines—the battleships to starboard and the cruisers to port—he went forth to give battle, and the world has the result.

The fleet under command of Admiral Rojestvensky, known as the Russian Second Pacific Squadron, left the Baltic in October last on its journey to the Far East. The fleet divided after leaving the Strait of Gibraltar, one division proceeding under command of Rojestvensky by way of the Cape of Good Hope, the other, under Admiral Voelkersham, following the Suez Canal route, Rojestvensky taking with him the majority of the battleships and Voelkersham most of the cruisers. Rojestvensky reached Madagascar on January 1st, where the two fleets joined. The Russians left Madagascar in March, arriving in the China Sea early in April. Meanwhile another fleet, comprising one battleship, one armored cruiser and three coast-defense ships, had sailed from the Baltic under command of Admiral Niebogatoff. Until they were sighted by Togo's scouts on May 27th it was not known what route the Russians would follow to reach Vladivostok.

Admiral Togo, who won the victory, and who has directed the operations of the Japanese naval forces since the beginning of the war, was born in 1857. He was one of the first Japanese to be sent abroad for study, having been a pupil at the British Naval College at Greenwich for three years. On his return to Japan he entered the imperial navy. In 1893, as captain of the "Naniwa," he was sent to the Sandwich Islands to protect the interests of the Japanese residents there. He won the first naval victory of the war with China in 1894, sinking the Chinese transport "Kowshing." He commanded the "Naniwa" throughout the war, taking part in the final battle of Wei-hai-wei. Within the following ten years of peace he became a vice-admiral, and at the outbreak of the war with Russia was given command of the Japanese fleet.

VLADIVOSTOK

The objective point of Rojestvensky's ill-fated squadron, and Russia's solitary fit harbor in the Far East. Owing to the encroachment of Oyama's triumphant army and an expected naval attack, all non-combatants were, just previous to the opening of peace negotiations, warned to depart.

Fastest Trains in the World

From Chicago to New York City in eighteen hours is the schedule time of the new and special trains now operated between these two cities. The records made by these trains have eclipsed all previous records for long-distance traveling. It has been demonstrated, too, that the distance can be covered in even less than the schedule time of eighteen hours. The eighteen-hour-schedule was discontinued, and the former twenty-hour run reëstablished, immediately after the wreck of the Twentieth Century Limited at Mentor, Ohio, when the train dashed through an open switch while running at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour, killing nineteen persons and injuring twelve. After an investigation of the cause of the wreck, however, the railway officials being convinced that the speed of the train was not responsible, the eighteen-hour schedule was again restored.

Trouble in Missouri

There promises to be some trouble for the women-folks in Missouri, growing out of the Walmsly-fish and game law that went into effect on June 16th last. By the law's provisions women are permitted to decorate their hats with birds of only a few species. Only the feathers of domestic birds such as chickens and ducks may be used, while the wild birds allowed milliners are confined to English sparrows, hawks, horned owls and crows. Fines of twenty-five dollars and upward will be imposed.

Maximo Gomez, Patriot, Dead

Maximo Gomez, the Cuban patriot, whose death occurred recently, was a truly great character. His life's story reads like so much fiction. Gomez lived to see his cherished hopes for his country realized, and he died universally esteemed by the Cuban republic.

Gomez first fought in the Spanish army, and opposed his own people in Santo Domingo when they struggled for freedom. His eyes were finally opened to the cruelties practised by the Spanish military despots, and he joined the revolutionists. He invaded Cuba in a revolt against Spain forty years ago, and when defeated he retired to his Santo Domingo estate. Thirty years later another opportunity came, and Gomez by his guerrilla tactics harassed the Spaniards for years, when the United States intervened, and new world-history was made.

At the close of the war Gomez found himself at the head of a straggling army, which not only demanded credit for the successful outcome of the war, but also a large mercenary reward. When Gomez decided to accept about one twentieth of what the Cuban patriots demanded he was promptly deposed by the assembly, but was soon reinstated by his generals.

Clark's Money Defeats Graft

Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, is building a five-million-dollar palace in New York City, and to escape the extortion of contractors he has bought a bronze-foundry, a granite-quarry, a stone-finishing plant, a marble-factory, a woodworking-factory and a decorative-plaster plant to supply materials for it. There are a great many people in this country who have much the same idea as the Montana senator along this line, but there they stop—with the idea. Mr. Clark happens to have the other essential—the "wherewith." Some New York contractors are now wondering what the Senator is going to do with his numerous industries after the completion of his palace. They are fearful lest he loan them to his friends who contemplate building. There will be no graft in connection with the construction of the Clark palace; the Senator's great wealth has defeated all possibility.

Making Rain

Los Angeles merchants paid Charles Hatfield, the "rain-maker," one thousand dollars for fulfilling his promise to produce eighteen inches of rain for southern California in a given time. The fall of rain in Los Angeles during the season ending May 1st was 18.96 inches, which far exceeded the fall of last season, and is above the normal annual precipitation for that section. Hatfield established his "rain-making" plant at Altadena, in the foothills of the mountains, some twenty miles from Los Angeles, on December 15th, and the amount of rainfall from that date in the immediate locality of his place was 26.49 inches. Hatfield's method is a generation of gas and its discharge into the atmosphere from a chimney, which has the result, he claims, of attracting forces of Nature which compel moisture to form and be precipitated in the form of rain.

Japan to be Fourth Naval Power

If the announced plan of the Mikado kingdom is carried out to repair and raise the available captured and sunken ships of the Russians, and demand the formal turning over of certain warships interned in neutral ports, Japan will rank fourth among the naval powers of the world. Navy officials at Washington have given close study to this subject, and some declare that at least in numbers Japan would be more formidable than even the navy of Germany. Only Great Britain, France and the United States could present a better showing on paper.

Tunneling into Canada

In the fall of this year the building of the great tunnel under the Detroit River, connecting Canada and the United States, will be commenced and the work pushed with much vigor. The project, which has been taken hold of by a new company, will cost, when completed, upward of eight million dollars.

A Gentleman Burglar

From London comes the story of a gentleman burglar, Hirst by name, who was a world-beater for audaciousness and cunning. The fellow, who has been sentenced to a long term of penal servitude for his acts, for many years had masked successfully a career of what is known as "fashionable burglary" under the profession of "private detective." He was well known in London society, was always smartly dressed, good looking and of superior education and intelligence. His duplicity was wonderful, and his successfully operated schemes read like so much fiction. Often he was called in to investigate burglaries that he had committed himself. In court it developed that the gentleman burglar had a sweetheart who was exceedingly fond of him, and he accompanied her to many parties. On one occasion his sweetheart's sister was sitting next to him. He made an excuse, left the table, and hurrying from the house, plundered her residence. Then returning to the party, he sat by her side again, with her jewelry in his pockets.

In broad daylight on another occasion he entered a house while the lady was out for a walk. While he was there the lady's father-in-law called. Hirst answered the door-bell, and coolly stated that the lady was out for a walk. The father-in-law left, and upon meeting the lady shortly afterward, asked as to the identity of the man she had left in the house. The lady of course hurried to her home, but when she got there Hirst was gone.

When Were You Born?

Everybody, by long odds, doesn't believe that a person's character is determined by the month in which they were born; nevertheless the following schedule may be interesting: January—Will be a prudent housewife, good-natured, but inclined to melancholy. February—Humane and affectionate as wife and tender as mother. March—A chatterbox, fickle, stormy and given to quarrels. April—Pretty, dainty, inconsistent, and not given to study. May—Handsome in person and contented and happy in spirit. June—Gay, impetuous, and will marry early. July—Fair to look upon, but sulky in temper and jealous. August—Amiable, practical, and will marry rich. September—Discreet, affable and generally beloved. October—Pretty, coquettish, and oftentimes unhappy without cause. November—Liberal, kind, amiable, and thoughtful for others. December—Well proportioned, gay, fond of novelty and inclined to be extravagant.

Educating Farmers' Daughters

The daughters of American farmers would hardly have use for the educational system in vogue in many parts of Germany. They have traveling schools that go from village to village to give girls over sixteen years of age practical lessons in housekeeping, cooking, the selection of food, care of poultry and cattle, the cultivation of vegetables, and butter-making and cheese-making. The results have been so satisfactory that it is now proposed to add instruction in nursing, cooking for the sick, mending and sewing. The teachers, who are graduates of the schools of housework, and have passed government examinations, carry with them an outfit of a cooking-stove and the various utensils for cooking and ironing. The classes are held in the school-houses, the term lasts six weeks, and the cost of tuition is put so low as practically to exclude no one.

The Future Mikado

One of the most interesting small boys in the world is Prince Micchi, grandson of the Japanese Mikado, and the next Emperor of Japan. He is in his fifth year. Both his father and the Mikado had their heads shaved daily by their nurses, but the heir-presumptive has the distinction of being the first baby of the royal house of Jimm Tenno who has been allowed to grow his hair like an English baby.

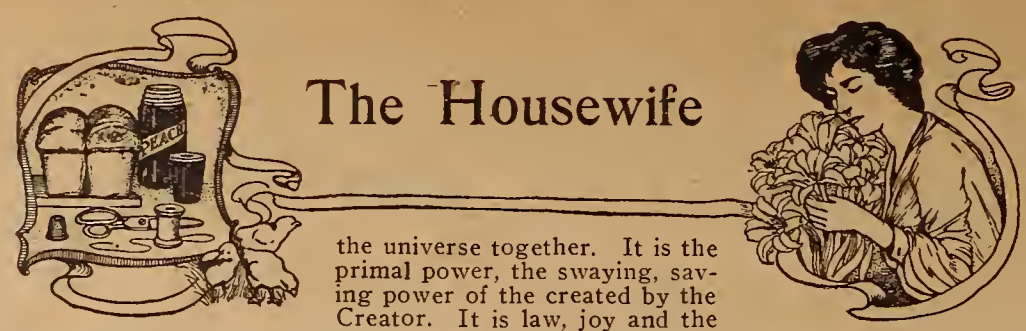
Soon after the Prince's birth measures were taken to eliminate the "almond eye" of his race. A painless little surgical operation was performed. The wound healed in less than a week, and the effect now is that Prince Micchi does not look his Oriental birth. The Prince rides a Shetland pony, and it is interesting to note that his toys are miniature battleships.

New York to Paris by Rail

The world may expect almost anything in an engineering way, if we are to judge by the past recent accomplishments of this department of science. The latest announced intention of the world's great engineers is to tunnel under Behring Strait. The total length of the proposed tunnel is to be thirty-eight miles. The plans are in the hands of M. Loicq de Lobel, of Paris, who has been in this country, where he has interested and secured the legally attested signatures of more than thirty well-known American capitalists. French and Russian capitalists are also supporting the project. The enterprise will probably be capitalized at three hundred million dollars. Its completion will mean a possible journey from New York to Paris by railroad.

Where Paul Jones' Body Will Repose

It is the intention of the navy department that the remains of John Paul Jones be finally deposited beneath the great memorial chapel at Annapolis, Md., one of the most beautiful, elaborate and historically interesting of the government buildings. The chapel will serve as a splendid monument to the memory of this great naval character of early American history.



The Man a Woman Likes Best

In the March 1st issue of Farm and Fireside was published, from the pen of an old contributor, Mrs. Nellie Hawks, a treatment of the subject, "The Woman a Man Likes Best." The same author now takes up the theme of "The Man a Woman Likes Best," as follows:

Just as men best like the woman that is wholesomely and truly a womanly woman, so does a woman ask and expect in like measure a manly man. Not only in her eyes must he be all this, but also must her heart and soul be satisfied concerning his worthiness to be liked.

A true woman—a woman of good judgment and discrimination—requires much of the man she would honor with her friendship or her love. It is but right that she should, and for his own sake as well as hers. He must be a man that all women instinctively feel a trust in; a man that is a master of men, a friend to men, and master of himself. And he must bear with him an influence that will sway the weak and wicked from the down path to the higher planes of earth existence and soul possibility. She looks askance at the man that is detested or quite universally disliked and unpopular with his own sex.

The life of a purely normal woman is not complete in happiness without the friendship of good men and the love of some one man who to her seems ideal and pretty nearly approaching the standard of uprightness, morality and agreeableness that she has set for him. She requires of him, also, that he be truthful and reliable. A woman can forgive many things better than deception. She wants him to be frank, fearless, strong in his convictions and outspoken in his views. And yet he must be so tactful, kind and considerate in speech as never to hurt or offend. This is true tact. All should possess it. If not natural, then it should be acquired.

A woman's sensitive nature demands courtesy, kindness, strength and right strategy on the part of her men acquaintances if she is to be won to favor them. A true woman is daintily sensitive to matters of cleanliness, and he who pleases her must take much pride in personal appearance, bearing about him the sure signs of both bodily and mind purity or cleanliness. Her demands are not for extravagances, but simply for neatness and immaculateness. And those things need never be expensive.

A woman dislikes in all men, but especially in men she cares for, habits that deal with tobaccos, liquors and all true vices. To the extent that he is slave to such habits, to that same extent does his presence become objectionable to her.

A woman likes a man to be dignified, but not cold and forbidding in his dignity. He must consider her rights with his own, and acknowledge her an equal, else fail to win her trust and admiration. An occasional woman admits to liking best the man that is masterful with her. She admits to an individual weakness when she does it. The thoroughly well-balanced woman—the woman of true intelligence—resents it. It is a card she will not allow him to play in any game in which she takes a hand. She wants him to be firm, but always in a way that is kind—forceful but gentle, frank but considerate, strong and yet yielding. In short, for friend, lover or husband she wants a man who is to be trusted, relied upon, looked up to and worthy the pride she feels in him.

A woman likes a man who loves children—babies, little folk and young people; a man who loves home, and all that goes into the building of a home that will be beautiful without and within, beautiful in home love and sentiment as well as outward adornment. Such are the things of true adornment, soul wealth and heart happiness. She loves the man who loves all animals; who sees so much in them to inspire him to better thoughts and living every day; a man who will defend the helpless things and put forth his voice and hand to protect them—to plead for and demand justice for them, every one. She knows that in the hands of a man whose heart is thus endowed her trust, her honor, her life, her reputation and her happiness are fully assured.

She wants to know that a man is capable of taking care of her when she is his wife. She is best pleased with him when he shows an aptitude for strict business, and when he is thorough and honest in all his dealings—when he is a man worthy of honorable mention all the days of his life. She wants him to confide in her, making her in truth, as well as sentiment, his real partner. She will share with him in all his ambitions if he will trust her, and in his achievements she will glory as no one else on earth ever will. And then she wants him to be brave and true enough to acknowledge her as his inspiration, the source of his successes.

This man that a woman likes best, and ends by loving, is not a man of small talk, nor a man that talks much—the sort of man that tells all he knows and keeps none of the secrets intrusted to him. She wants him to be a man who has something to say, and says it when he does talk. He must be a man of ideas, originality, a deep thinker and an insatiable reader of good literature. She expects from him the ability to handle the king's English at least moderately well. His education may not have been of the Yale or Harvard order, but he must be a man of observation, a man who is conservative, liberal, wary in forming judgments and in judging—one who has learned to judge not, to condemn not; one who knows the law that reacts and sends back to him that which he sends out, whether it be thoughts and words that are good or bad.

The strongest, the most self-reliant woman in the world is, too, what has been termed a little weak when it comes to her love and to the love-demands upon the man she cares for. But love is not weakness! It is strength and force and power. It is the lever that moves the world and keeps the atoms of the universe together. It is the primal power, the swaying, saving power of the created by the Creator. It is law, joy and the depths of divinity. It is ALL, it is God, hence it is good. Nor can else than eventual good come out of it all. Shall we ever dare, then, to call a woman's love the weakness in her character? It is her greatest strength. Rather than accuse her, it would be better to acknowledge her in possession of the greatest attribute for purity and goodness that was ever handed down to humanity from the source of all good, all love.

Then, when a woman looks to a man not only for love, but the manifestations of love, let him not be so weak and self-deceived as to believe it unmanly or unnecessary to make known in the countless little ways so dear to a woman's heart the affection he at one time in his life made oath to. It is such a love that a woman requires to the end of her days, if in return men, women and the world are to receive from her the best her nature contains.

And a woman loves to be shown the little courtesies and attentions in public. It is not enough that a man speaks his love occasionally at home. Proud of the man she loves, she wants his smiles, his consideration, wherever she appears with him—just those little things that tell of his sweet proprietorship in her heart. Call her sentimental if you will, but it is just such sentimentality that smooths into brave endurance the hard and rough places in life. When men, married men in particular, have grown to be a greater race of sentimentalists, the world will have grown a thousandfold nearer heaven, or the state of perpetual and perfect harmony.

The manly man makes love to no woman but the woman he truly loves and toward whom he bears the best of intentions. He is the good friend, the trusted friend, to other women. But if true to himself—and the really manly man always is—he is likewise true to every principle in which either man or woman is involved, and he is never guilty of causing heartaches. He is generous to a fault, too, in matters of finance, never niggardly and mean, neither a dissipater of financial means. In short, it requires so much to be a thoroughly manly man that the remainder of requirements must be left a matter of speculation individually. NELLIE HAWKS.

Photo by Will G. Helwig.
REPAIRS WHILE YOU WAIT

The Peach and the Grape

No other kind of fruit has a stronger hold on the American heart and palate than the peach, for

"It melts in your mouth on the eve of September,—
It comes to your hand with the blush of the bride;
Its taste is a nectar you always remember,
No matter what fortunes of evil betide."

We want peaches to eat the whole year round, for they are very wholesome, and no fruit lends itself to the "putting up" process better than it. For canning use only the most perfect fruit, and it should not be overripe. About one pound of sugar to one quart of water will make enough syrup for four pounds of peaches. Always allow several whole peaches for each can, since the kernels will add greatly to the flavor of the fruit. Have the syrup boiling-hot, then put in the peaches, let boil up, then draw the kettle to the back of the stove, and let stew until tender, but not until they break into pieces. Arrange carefully in glass jars, being sure the jars are sweet and clean, then pour in the syrup until the jars are overflowing; wipe the mouth of the jar around with a clean cloth, then screw on the lids until air-tight.

There are a number of excellent ways of making peach butter. One of these ways is to bake the peaches in the oven, using about three fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit and no water. If a clear, light-colored butter is desired, it should be made in small quantities at a time in a porcelain-lined kettle. A great many prefer that stirred off in large quantities, saying it has a better flavor. In making large quantities of butter, the peaches should be first boiled to a mush on the range or stove, using as little water as possible, then put in the large kettle, and stirred off. Put in a few seeds, as they will help to keep the butter from burning, and will also add to the flavor. The best-tasting butter I ever made was when I used part boiled-down sweet cider in place of all sugar, and I added one gallon of boiled pears to the peaches, giving the butter an excellent flavor. One of my friends adds a little vinegar, and thinks it improves the butter.

In making peach preserves, use about the same amount of fruit as sugar; if the preserves are to be sealed up, less can be used. Add a little water to the sugar, and boil up into a syrup, then drop in quartered peaches, and boil gently until the fruit is tender; then remove, and place in glasses or jars. Peach jam or marmalade can be made in the same manner, only the fruit should be boiled to a pulp before putting into the syrup.

Peach jelly is excellent, but to get it to jell—aye, there's the rub. To remedy this difficulty I add rhubarb, Siberian crab or grape juice to the peach-juice with fine results, for the combination not only makes a fine-flavored jelly, but a nice-looking one as well.

It is always well to can up some peach syrup, since it is delicious for sherbets, pudding-sauces and peach ice. This can be made out of the peelings left from the peaches used in the butter or jam. In this case the peaches should be washed before peeling. Crack some of the peach-seeds, and put the kernels with the skins, boiling until soft, then strain through a bag as for jelly. Add to every pint of the juice three fourths of a pound of sugar. Boil up into a syrup, bottle, and cork tightly.

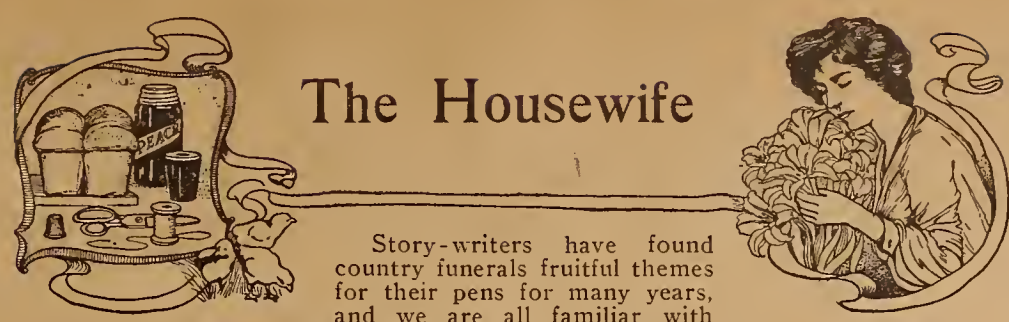
There is nothing more delicious than peach pickles if made properly. I have made mine by the following rule for the last few years, and prefer it to any other:

Peel good freestone peaches and leave whole, and place in stone jars. Prepare for them a syrup in the proportion of three pounds of sugar to one quart of good cider-vinegar. Boil this up, removing the scum, and pour boiling-hot over the fruit. Let this sit over night, then pour the syrup off the peaches, reheat to the boiling-point, and pour over the fruit again; do this for several days. After the third or fourth day remove all the peaches from the jar, and drain, then arrange in layers with spices, using four tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and two tablespoonfuls of white cloves to one gallon of fruit. Reheat the syrup several times after the spices have been put in, or until the peaches are cooked to the center. If they are to be sealed in glass jars they should be put in a kettle on the stove, brought to the boiling-point, then filled into the jars, but they will keep nicely unsealed if covered with the syrup.

Grapes are not so popular for "putting up" as peaches, but since they are so healthful, and, more than any other fruit, recommended for those suffering with throat or lung troubles, it is well to learn to do them up the best way possible. Grapes canned as follows will be enjoyed by those who never eat grapes canned in the old way: Choose large, well-ripened Concord grapes. Cut from the stem with a pair of scissors. Heat the cans with hot water, then put in the grapes as closely as possible without breaking the skins. In a kettle on the stove make a syrup, using one cupful of sugar to one cupful of pure grape-juice. Pour this syrup over the grapes in the cans, then bake in the oven for two or three hours, gradually heating the oven and keeping it at a moderate heat. Use blocks of wood on which to set the cans. After the cans are removed from the oven, fill up with more syrup until overflowing, then seal. The juice of these grapes will be rich and makes a delicious drink.

For several years I have put up quite a quantity of grape-juice for communion purpose, for the sick and as a refreshing, healthful drink. If I wish a sour-tasting wine I use the grapes before they are very ripe, using about three pounds of sugar to ten pounds of fruit; but if I wish a sweet-flavored wine I wait until the grapes are frosted and very ripe. Pick the grapes from the stems, and place in a porcelain-lined kettle with just enough water to keep them from burning until the juice starts. Heat until the pulps and seeds separate, then run through a flannel cloth, but do not press. Return the juice to the kettle, and heat to the boiling-point, then add the sugar, let simmer a few minutes, put in glass jars or bottles, and seal.

Grape jelly is usually best made out of partly ripe grapes. A great many use them for this purpose when just about ready to turn. Stem, and put in a preserving-kettle, and heat slowly; when they begin to soften, mash with a spoon. Let them simmer for about half an hour, then strain through a flannel cloth, but do not press. Return the juice to the kettle. Measure as much sugar as you have grape-juice, and put in the oven. When the juice has boiled for about twenty minutes, put in the hot sugar, let boil up, and it will be ready to fill into glasses. I cover my jelly with paraffin, and am never troubled with it molding or spoiling in any way. PANSY VIOLA VINER.



The Housewife

Sour Milk in Baking

CLABBER LIGHT BREAD.—Take one crock of fresh clabber, and put it on to boil. While it is heating, sift one and one half pints of flour, and add one tablespoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of sugar. Strain the whey from the boiled clabber, and pour it (the whey) boiling-hot over the flour. Stir until perfectly smooth. Soak one small cupful of dry yeast, and when the batter is cool and the yeast dissolved add the yeast and beat well. Set it to rise in a warm place in the winter, and in a cool place in the summer. When the sponge is light, sift four quarts of flour, add one large spoonful of lard, and mix in the sponge. If more liquid is needed, use warm whey. Knead until perfectly smooth, cover closely, and set to rise in a warm place. When light, mold into loaves, let them rise again, and bake in a moderate oven.

BUTTERMILK BREAD.—Scald one quart of sifted flour with one pint of buttermilk, and thin with cold buttermilk to the consistency of cream. Add one cupful of dissolved yeast, and set to rise over night. In the morning add one tablespoonful each of salt, sugar and lard, and one fourth of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one pint of hot water and stirred into the yeast. Add just enough flour to knead well. Knead again before putting into the pans. When light, put in a slow oven to bake.

BUTTERMILK YEAST.—Make a batter of half corn-meal and half flour in one pint of fresh buttermilk, put in one tablespoonful of good yeast, then set it to rise. When light, thicken with meal, making a stiff dough, and set to rise. Work down, roll out, and cut into small cakes. Spread them out, and let dry in the shade.

BUTTERMILK BROWN BREAD.—Take equal parts of Graham flour and corn-meal and two thirds as much buttermilk as flour. To one quart of milk use two teaspoonfuls of soda and one cupful of molasses; add one teaspoonful of salt. Stir in enough of the Graham flour and meal to make a real stiff batter. Beat it for ten minutes, then pour into a well-greased pan, set in a warm place to rise for half an hour, and bake in a moderate oven.

BUTTERMILK SPICED ROLLS.—Heat one quart of buttermilk to near the boiling-point; drain off the whey, and let it cool. Thicken with flour, and one cupful of yeast and one teaspoonful of salt, and when light mix in one egg, one cupful of sugar and one half cupful of butter, and flour enough to roll nicely. Roll out half an inch thick, and spread with butter. Dust freely with cinnamon or grated nutmeg, roll up tightly, and with a sharp knife cut off in one-inch pieces. Place in a greased pan to rise, and bake slowly when light.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS.—One quart of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of lard and two cupfuls of buttermilk. Mix, then make out into biscuits. Have melted lard in the bread-pan, and as the biscuits are placed in the pan dip one side in the lard, turning the other down. Put in a hot oven, and bake a golden brown.

CLABBER RAISED BISCUITS.—Take three cupfuls of sour clabber, and thicken with flour to a stiff sponge; set in a warm place to rise over night. In the morning add to the sponge one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda, lard the size of a hen's egg, with flour enough to make a soft dough. Then take out on the bread-board and knead just enough to handle well; make out into biscuits, dip in melted lard, and place in a greased bread-pan. Set in a hot oven, and bake.

WHITE CAKE WITH SOUR MILK AND BAKING-POWDER.—One cupful of sugar, two eggs, one cupful of thick sour milk, one half cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, and one and one half cupfuls of flour sifted twice with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

DARK CAKE WITH SOUR MILK, CREAM OF TARTAR AND SODA.—One cupful each of brown sugar, molasses, melted butter and sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one teaspoonful of cloves. Beat the egg, and add the sugar, molasses and butter, after rubbing them well together; dissolve the soda in water, and pour into the milk; sift the cream of tartar, and stir the spices into two cupfuls of flour; stir the milk and flour into the mixture, adding sufficient flour to make a stiff batter. Bake slowly. MRS. W. L. TABOR.

◈

In the Dark Hours

However people may pride themselves on the fact that they are dependent upon no one outside their own families, there come times when friends are an absolute necessity. As the poet beautifully expresses it, "There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended, but has one vacant chair," and to every one in the world dark hours of sickness and disaster must surely come. In cities it is possible to live for years without knowing one's neighbors, but not in the country. To the resident of the small town or country there is something inexpressibly sad when he sees a funeral dodging the street-cars and passing trucks in cities, and the few carriages containing only the near relatives. He is thankful then that the lines have fallen to him in a place where even strangers stop their horses while the long procession of buggies passes, no matter in how much of a hurry they may be.

Story-writers have found country funerals fruitful themes for their pens for many years, and we are all familiar with their descriptions of the curious women, the long, inappropriate sermon, the rusty black dresses, and all the other things that exist principally in their fertile imaginations. As a matter of fact, it is better to have a little curiosity than to lay our friends away without kindly human sympathy and loving hands to minister to the wants of the living.

There are women in every community who are the terror of their neighbors, and there is no denying the fact. They are warm-hearted and helpful, but it is impossible for them to hold their tongues, so they are more feared than loved. Why is it that the warmest hearts and the most nimble tongues are almost always wedded so there is no possibility of divorce? I have known women who could do more work in a sick-room, and do it better than any other person in the neighborhood, but who could not refrain from telling that they never saw such a filthy house in all their lives as soon as the patient was out of danger. The poor mistress of the home, overworked and worried, dreaded to see one of these capable housekeepers approach. But what can she do? Even while she knows the invalid will have a better chance for recovery, she is nervously wondering what is the state of the kitchen cupboard, and planning to clean up a bit when she really should be resting.

Whatever may be seen in a house where sickness or death has come should be kept sacred by the workers to whom falls the task of putting the rooms in order. During the long weeks of illness it may have been impossible to clean, and no matter how dusty or dirty the rooms are, nothing should ever be said about their condition. There are women who can quietly remove curtains, take them home to launder, and have them in place fresh and spotless for a funeral, without attracting the attention of the mourners the least bit, while others must talk and plan and argue about the task until every person in the house hears that the curtains are disgracefully dirty, and must be washed before strangers can come into the house.

In striking contrast to these energetic women are the timid souls who are afraid to "take hold" for fear of offending some one. They ask innumerable questions about where things are and what is to be done before attempting the simplest task, and then go about elaborately explaining why they do this or that or the other. It is hard to go into a strange household and help, but no sensible woman will expect to do the work exactly as the mistress of the house would, or even attempt it. In matters where money is concerned it is well to ask, but in the little every-day details any woman can get along in an emergency. Many times well-meaning people have made expenses for the afflicted family that could ill be afforded after a long siege with sickness, so it is well to be careful before ordering clothes, flowers or millinery.

The ideal woman—and there are many more of this sort in the country and small cities than novelists would have us think—goes quietly into the house where sickness or death has come, and wins all hearts by her kindly ministrations, her low tones and her abundant supply of common sense. If the house is disorderly, she cleans a little here and there, folds the papers, takes care of the neglected children, cooks substantial food, washes the army of sticky dishes, and does what she can to lighten all burdens without making a display of her kindly attempts. She utterly refuses to gossip about the state of the pantry shelves, the fact that the children are reported to have gone to school with uncombed hair two days in succession, or anything else she may have noticed about her friend's home. May her shadow never grow less, and may she always be the angel of help in every community to soothe and comfort and cheer when the dark hours come. HILDA RICHMOND.

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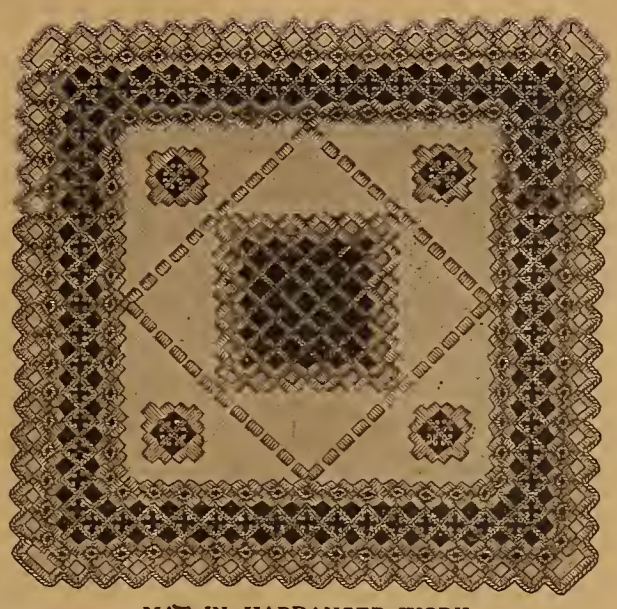
The rapid growth of FARM AND FIRESIDE is truly wonderful, and it is well deserved. Will you help to double the list by sending just one new subscription?



MAT IN HARDANGER WORK

Mat in Hardanger Work

This beautiful specimen of Norwegian handiwork, familiar to us all as Hardanger embroidery—its name being derived from the city of that name, where everybody, even the children, do it—has for the past two years been gaining in popularity, not only because of its durability, but because of the fascination of the work.

The cloth upon which the work is done is almost like fine, pliable wire netting, so beautiful of texture and accurate of weave. It is woven exactly alike both ways with such perfect regularity that the designs are formed entirely by counting the threads into patterns of different forms, just as in cross-stitch embroidery. At times threads are drawn out between the designs, and the remaining threads darned or woven plain with picots. The thread for doing the work is in four or five grades, and often combined with a twisted deep cream silk or écru luster cotton.

The illustration is a square design of lattice-work in darning or weaving stitch surrounded by a square of solid blocks; small designs in the four plain corners break the plainness of the spaces. The border consists of open-work, or lattice, the same as the center—three rows, a row of eyelets and a row of blocks, the whole finished with a buttonhole-stitch.

In beginning the work, pay strict attention to the texture of the goods according to the pattern you wish to use. Always allow ample margin around the design—several inches larger than the article you purpose making—and with a medium-sized needle and thread overcast the edge, to prevent raveling while doing the embroidery. Sharp-pointed scissors that will insure a clear cut where needed, and a dull-pointed needle—one that will not split the threads of the cloth—must be selected. To be accurate, the pattern as well as the cloth must be divided exactly in the middle. Selecting the center stitch of the design, count every hole across the design, and run a thread up the middle of the goods. Begin work from that, working to the left. Be sure of your counting and that the stitches you make cover the right number of threads of the cloth. Six stitches, each stitch in a hole, are usually used for a block.

Remember to work first and cut last where it is needed or called for, as in the lattice-work. A little mistake of an extra thread cut will spoil the whole piece. HEISTER ELLIOTT.

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Shirt-Waist Bands

One of the many attractive uses to which huckaback has been put is that of a shirt-waist suit—consisting of a plait for the front, collar-band and wristbands. Darned in dainty colors that blend well, the effect is that of Persian work, especially when worn upon a dark waist. The design should be outlined with the darkest color and filled in with light shades to have the desired effect.

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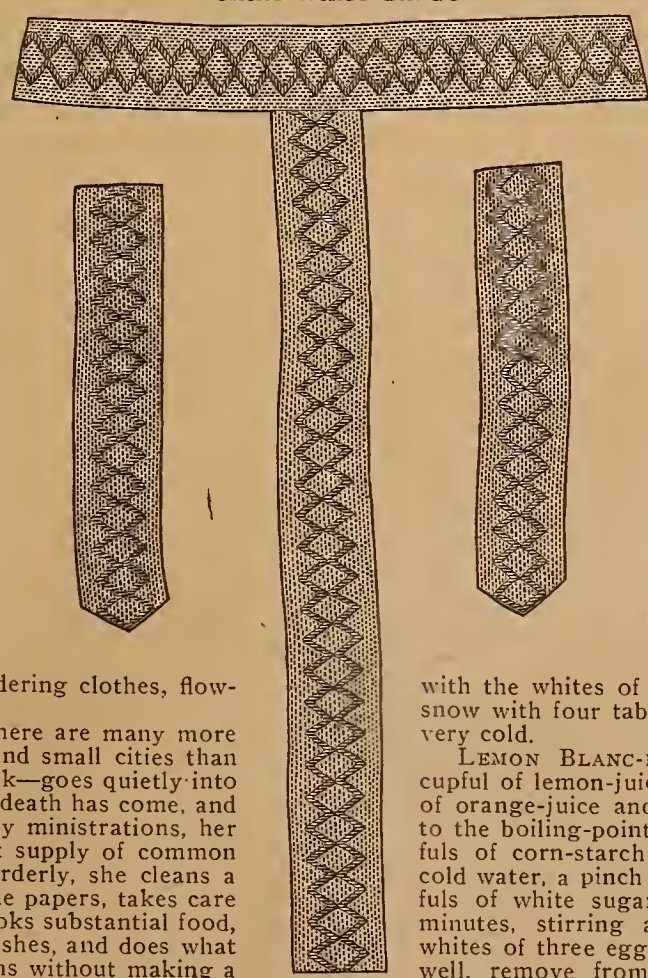
Lemon Desserts

PRIZE LEMON PIE.—Cream one half cupful of butter with one cupful of white sugar into which has been stirred one tablespoonful of flour; add slowly one cupful of hot water, stir until smooth, and cook in a double boiler for five minutes; add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and the white of one and the juice and grated yellow rind of one large lemon or two small ones; line a deep pie-tin with good paste, bake in a good oven, and fill with the partially cooled custard; make a meringue with the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread over the pie, and brown very delicately in a slow oven.

SHIRT-WAIST BANDS



LEMON MERINGUE.—Beat the yolks of six eggs until very thick, and add the juice and grated yellow rind of two large lemons and one cupful of white sugar; cook in a double boiler until it thickens, then add the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs; remove from the fire, and stir constantly until the mixture thickens; line a deep glass dish with lady's-fingers or macaroons, pour in the custard gently, and cover all with the whites of two eggs whipped to a firm snow with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Serve very cold.

LEMON BLANC-MANGE.—To one third of a cupful of lemon-juice add two thirds of a cupful of orange-juice and one cupful of water; bring to the boiling-point, then add three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch mixed smooth with a little cold water, a pinch of salt and three tablespoonfuls of white sugar; let it boil slowly for ten minutes, stirring all the time, then add the whites of three eggs beaten to a firm snow; stir well, remove from the fire, and pour into a wetted mold. Serve cold with a custard made with the yolks of the eggs, one pint of milk, two and one half tablespoonfuls of sugar and one half teaspoonful of lemon extract. MARY FOSTER SNIDER.

◈

Guava Jelly

Prepare the fruit by removing the blossom-end. Cover the fruit with water, and boil same as other fruit; strain the juice through a jelly-sack; add one half pound of granulated sugar to each pound of juice, and boil until it jells. This makes a fine jelly, in addition to being an excellent fruit for the table in its fresh state.

The Widow from Muddy Creek

By J. B.

It had all come from that repairing he was doing for old John Redburn, and his fame as a carpenter.

He was considered a first-class carpenter, and for years had built and repaired very nearly all the dwelling-houses in Brown Township; but his hobby was barn-building, and there he was in his glory. Other men aspired to great heights—to occupying the White House, to leading vast armies—but his whole soul was wrapped up in building the best barns in Brown Township. Dave might have exclaimed, "Let me build the barns of my country, and I care not who makes its laws."

He had at one time another object in life, and that was getting a wife; but he had met with so many rebuffs, and so often been trampled in the dust, so to speak, by their otherwise gentle feet, that he was beginning to lose heart, and to think his soul's idol must be a barn. And yet he could not understand why he should be left lonely through life, though he was dimly conscious there was something wrong or at fault with either society as it was constructed, or with the girls not appreciating his good looks, good clothes (made by the best tailor of Vineland), and his fine horse and buggy, his farm of two hundred acres, but most of all, his genius for barn-building.

When he thought of how some of these girls had snubbed him for some Tom, Dick or Harry he fairly ground his teeth with rage, and gave an extra-vicious blow to the nail he was driving into an unoffending board; but he was a mild little man, and his heart was not so dead within him but what it could be quickened into life at a few careless words or a smile from one of the fair sex, and his anger would vanish, and likewise his prudence, and he would rush headlong into a proposal, and be ready to bow down and worship all womankind for the sake of one pretty face.

The whole countryside knew of his many disappointments, and how in the face of defeat he still kept trying; but his fame as a barn-builder had traveled into other townships—nay, counties—and he was not surprised to be sent for one day to do some repairing on John Redburn's house, at Brown Center, in another county. He did not expect it would be a very long job, and it was scarcely worth while to take his store-clothes along; still he did not know what a day might bring forth in the way of meeting some fair one, for he had heard there were some pretty good-looking girls in Ross County.

He reached his destination in safety without meeting his fate, completed the work he was engaged on, and was preparing to start for home, when a man brought a message to him from a lady asking him to call at her home to see about building something, but the writing was so poor he could not for the life of him make out whether it was a barn or a chicken-coop.

When old man Redburn heard of it he slapped his sides, and laughed loud and long, and said, "Well, I swan! If here ain't a chance for you! She's a widow, and her barn was washed away by high water in the spring, and she wants you to build her another, as our carpenter, old Bill Ward, is laid up with the rheumatiz."

Dave ventured to ask, "Where does she live, and what is her name?"

"Mrs. Jenkins, but she always goes by the name of 'The Widow from Muddy Creek.' You see, her place is close to Muddy Creek, and the creek's always on a rampage and spoiling her place; but she has plenty of grit, and builds as fast as something is destroyed. But, between us, she'd be glad to catch another man and leave these here parts, and I'd advise you to set your cap for the widow."

And this was Dave's first introduction to the widow. He was not very much prepossessed with the idea of fording Muddy Creek, nor with his view of the widow's domain, a good-sized weather-beaten house standing on a bare, high bluff, like a lighthouse to guide the mariners who braved the dangerous waters of Muddy Creek, and he almost felt disposed to turn back; but thoughts of the widow gave him fresh courage, and for her sweet sake he went through the ordeal. The horse floundered through somehow, and scrambled up the steep bank, and as he tied the horse to the fence he thought he saw a woman putting away some wash-tubs whisk down the cellar-steps, but just then an elderly woman came around a corner of the house, and said, "Are you the carpenter from Redburn's?"

"Yes; and I have come to see about the work you wrote to me about."

"Well, you'd better talk to my niece about it, as she owns this place. Best walk right in, and I will call her. You see, we're busy to-day, and are just finishing up the wash."

In a few minutes the widow came upon the scene, fair, fat and thirty, with a hurried look about her attire, as if she'd jumped into her dress and had put a goodly dab of powder on to hide the freckles and the ravages of washing on her rather florid style of beauty. She was energetic, and had plenty to say for herself, and a smile that showed her store-teeth to advantage and made Dave's heart flutter, and he resolved to build that barn for her if he lost money by it, for he soon discovered she was keen at making a bargain.

They went out in the barn-yard to look the situation over and talk over the pros and cons and select a new site on higher ground for the barn, and after talking it over to their satisfaction—that is, to the widow's—he was engaged to build the new structure, and he commenced that very afternoon, with the aid of the hired man, to get the timber together, and the widow, looking on from some distance, sprinkling and folding up the clothes, thought, with admiration, "There's a man that don't need to be pushed. He'd be worth having;" and she resolved to reward his diligence, and at the same time further her own interests, by getting up one of her most inviting suppers, as he was to board with her until the barn was completed.

When the carpenter came in from his labors, and had washed and combed out by the pump, and sat down to the well-spread table with the widow directly opposite, he felt as if his happiness was complete, or would have been if he had been dressed in his new spring suit, starched shirt and polka-dot tie.

The aunt said, "I don't know what is needed more about this house than a man. Here are us two lone women at the mercy of every one, with no one to fetch and carry, and if I was Miranda I'd marry again. But then, she's set against it. Not but what she has plenty of chances, and from good men, at that. You know she's right good-looking, and as for working, she can't be beat."

"Oh, Aunt Jane, don't talk that way; it is so embarrassing. Besides, Mr. ——— will think you're trying to set your cap for him."

They made up a plot to break up the match by circulating a report all over the neighborhood that Miranda Jenkins' fellow had deserted a wife and five children

"I'd set my cap for him pretty quick if I was a young girl, for he is the likeliest man I've seen in many a day, and it just seems as if he had been raised on the place the way he goes about things."

In the meantime David was enjoying the fried chicken, etc. He finally inquired how long Miranda had been a widow.

"It will be two years next September, and it breaks my heart to think of poor Josiah;" and a tear glittered like a Kohinoor on her eye-lashes, and fell into the plum-sauce she was helping David to, where it lost itself among the purple sweetness; but he swallowed the widow's tear with as much indifference as Cleopatra did the pearl. It was a new dish, and he should have appreciated the poetry of the affair, etc. But how could he, when his senses were steeped in such a supper, the new barn, and last, though not least, the widow?

After supper he sat out in the moonlight on the wash-bench by the kitchen door, building castles in Spain—or rather a fine house, with the widow presiding over it—and he pictured what a paradise it would be, and from that he came back to barn-building, and he resolved that the widow's barn should be his masterpiece—a standing monument of his great genius, more to him than the great works of a Michael Angelo.

He had been invited to go out on the front porch, where Miranda and her aunt were enjoying the moonlight, Muddy Creek and the frog-concert. After a time David grew tired of enjoying the moonlight with only the cat for company, and had a longing to join the widow on the front porch, but hesitated because of his every-day attire; but he finally ventured into the front yard and onto the porch, where he was received with great delight by the widow, and in a few minutes found himself seated in the best rocking-chair, listening with rapt attention to the trials and tribulations of lone women and Aunt Jane's opinion of men in general.

For instance: "The men nowadays ain't worth their salt. They are too lazy to breathe. All they seem good for is making work for the women, or hanging around the post-office chewing tobacco. But you seem different from that sort of creature. Young man, I've taken a powerful fancy to you, and hope you don't smoke or chew."

"No, ma'am; nor drink, play cards or steal—unless sometime I might be tempted to steal some one's heart," and after such a brilliant remark he subsided into silence.

The widow finally broke the silence by saying, "You will never know what a good husband I had—never a cross word, and waited upon like a queen."

"I am very sorry for you, but I never had the pleasure of losing my partner—I mean sorrow. It is a pity such a good young man should die so young."

"Ah, yes! But he died full of honor and years, for he was eighty-nine years of age."

The neighbors could have told him how Miranda Jenkins ran after the old man for the sake of his property, and after they were married pestered the life out of him to put his few acres in her name so his children in Iowa could not claim it after his death.

Presently Aunt Jane slipped off to bed, leaving David and the widow alone. The latter started the conversation again by saying, "A night like this always makes me think of the night Josiah asked me to be his wife."

"Does it? Somehow it makes me think of the first barn I built, and how I went out after supper and looked at it."

The widow was not of a very poetical temperament, but even she wondered if all his thoughts ran to barns, and to change the subject got up and gathered a bunch of pinks from the flower-bed by the front steps, and handing him a few, told him they were her favorite flower.

"Well, I like pinks, too, for they smell so spicy, like cloves or cinnamon-drops; and I like their color—it's like the young ladies when they blush;" and then he laughed at his bright remark.

The widow said, "As you are so fond of flowers, I must show you ours. I intend getting up to-morrow at five o'clock, as I've a big ironing to do, and may take it into my head to weed the flower-beds before breakfast, and if you are around I will show you my phloxes."

The hint was not thrown away upon David, for he was up long before five o'clock, and when the widow appeared he helped her with the weeding and admired her more than ever. To be sure, he had more of a fancy for brunettes, but in a pinch could put up with the widow's rather blonde type. It was not the type, after all, but the woman, with her warm human sympathies for his loneliness. As they went in to breakfast he asked her if she would be on the front porch that evening.

Of course she would, and would be only too glad to have him come out and talk to Aunt Jane and her humble self, for he would surely die of the blues with only the cat for company. She hoped he'd make himself to home, which he

proceeded to do, and enjoyed the fine breakfast, much to Aunt Jane's delight. The hired man looked on in open-eyed wonder at the feast prepared in honor of the carpenter, and settled himself for a siege of the good things, and hoped the barn-building would last a year if this was to be a sample of the bills of fare.

The widow did not forget her promise to be on the front porch that evening, and was there waiting to welcome him arrayed in a freshly ironed summer dress, and of course did not forget to wear a bunch of his favorite flower, to show him she had not forgotten the evening previous, and they kept up quite an animated conversation to the running accompaniment of rippling Muddy Creek.

It was a very serious talk for a moonlight night, but by dint of well-directed questions she found out his religious beliefs, the size of his farm and his bank-account, the number of his flock, how many relations he had, and if he was engaged to any one else, his age, etc., until she felt satisfied to let the affair take its course. He resolved to be more cautious than he had been in the past, and did not rush headlong into an offer of marriage after a few hours' acquaintance, as this was his first experience with widows. For although he answered her frankly regarding his affairs, he did not grow in the least sentimental, which sort of surprised himself and disappointed the widow, for she had expected him to try and take her heart by storm and make at least some sort of attempt at love-making.

The next day was Sunday, and he was sorry he could not accompany her to church. But how could he, when he had left his Sunday suit at home? The widow was glad of it, as she preferred keeping her treasure hidden from the rude gaze of the congregation or the admiring glances of the young ladies. He had sent home for his best clothes and horse and buggy, and when they came he proposed taking the widow out for a drive. She was not at all slow in accepting his invitation, for she did not intend to do any shilly-shallying. She knew from past experience how fickle men were, and believed in striking while the iron was hot. The ride, of course, was very enjoyable, and as they met many of her friends on the road the news was spread about before the week was over that the new carpenter, or barn-builder, was courting the widow Jenkins.

A distant cousin was to have visited them, but as she was a young and pretty girl, the widow decided it would not be safe to have such a rival in the house, as carpenters were only mortal, like the rest of mankind, and she wrote requesting Becky to defer her visit until later in the season, as they had company in the spare room.

The barn grew into a thing of beauty, and in between-times Dave courted the widow and did other useful things about the house. On rainy evenings he made some rustic seats for the porch and under beech-trees, put up shelves innumerable, made ladders for the sweet-peas, shelled peas, carried wood and water, helped with the churning, and made himself so useful in every way that the old aunt declared he was just the man they needed, and if Miranda was fool enough to let such a chance go she'd marry him herself.

The barn was finished at last, and still he lingered to put a few shingles on the roof of the house, a picket in the front fence, a nail or two in the pigsty, until at last he could invent no more excuses for staying longer, until the widow, taking pity on him, invited him to stay and help with the haying. After that season of delight was over he sadly took his departure for home, promising the widow to come back later on for the camp-meeting.

At home a lot of barn-building awaited him, but somehow he had lost his interest in barns; but he managed to live through the rest of the summer until the time drew near for the camp-meeting to be held, then one day he drove off in all the glory of a new suit, straw hat and fine horse and buggy, and dazzled the widow with his magnificence.

She in the meantime had thrown away the last remnant of her widow's weeds, and had replenished her wardrobe, and as they drove over to the camp-meeting they were the cynosure of all eyes.

After the sermon and dinner they went for a stroll in the woods, and gathered flowers, and mint to stick in the butter to keep the flies away. After a time they sat down on an old log, and David took the widow's hand, and asked her if she could give that and her heart into his keeping—he'd be proud to have her share his house and land, and his fame as a barn-builder.

She simpered and blushed—as much as she could through her paint and powder—and said she would if Aunt Jane did not object; but David would not take "nay" for an answer, and taking a plain gold ring from his pocket, slipped it on her finger, and his arm around her waist—but I refrain from telling a curious world the rest.

When the widow drove home from camp-meeting with her prize it was arranged that they were to be married during the fall. And who can blame him if he went back to his barn-building with renewed courage? But "the course of true love never did run smooth," and poor David's little mustard-seed of a love-affair was no exception, for when the farm-hand heard of the engagement he was very angry, as he had not calculated on "that saphead of a barn-builder" marrying the widow—he had allowed to marry her and her farm himself. He told his troubles and news of the engagement to the loungers around the post-office, and they made up a plot to break up the match by circulating a report all over the neighborhood that Miranda Jenkins' fellow had deserted a wife and five children.

When it reached the widow's ears she was furious, and sat down and wrote him a letter denouncing him in strong terms. When poor David received it he was heartbroken, and thought it just what he might have expected. He never did have any luck with the girls, and now, just when he was congratulating himself on catching a widow, it was almost too hard for human nature to bear. He wrote, telling her not to believe all the lies the gossips were telling about him, that jealousy was at the bottom of it all—they were only envious of their happiness. She had best send some one to his home to investigate. His old neighbors who had known him from his childhood could tell her he was a hard-working, God-fearing man of good character. He had never been the happy possessor of a wife and five children, nor had any notion of getting married until he met her. At the same time he could have had all the company he wanted, for the girls all liked him, but until he met her he had no desire to even look at them—girls were such trifling things.

After a few more letters had passed between them, the widow was finally convinced he was telling her the truth, and all was serene and lovely on the banks of Muddy Creek.

David's impatience finally got the better of him, and he hurried off to see the widow. When he reached the banks of Muddy Creek it was impossible for either man or beast to cross it, and he stood in a drenching rain, looking with despairing eyes across its raging waters at the mansion on the bluff holding his loved one. She finally saw him, and hurried down as near as she could in safety, and shouted some words of cheer to him.

In the meantime he wrote a note, asking her to marry him as soon as he could find a minister to tie the knot—that neither cold, heat, floods nor lies could separate them; to wait for him on the bank of the creek. And tying the note and a big stone in his pocket-handkerchief, he threw it across the stream to her, where it landed at her feet.

He had considerable trouble inducing the minister to go with him, but the minister's wife and daughter scented a good-sized marriage-fee, and needing some money badly just at that time to supply some of their temporal needs in the way of a new hat or bonnet for fall, persuaded the husband and father to accompany David, and they themselves went along as witnesses. The trio arrayed themselves in waterproof and rubbers, and started for the scene of the wedding.

The minister's daughter walked with David, and as she was pretty and agreeable he was almost sorry when their destination was reached. But the widow and her aunt were waiting for them on the opposite bank, and the ceremony was gone through somehow, with bride and groom shouting their responses above the angry roar of the waters, a prayer from the minister, and the minister's wife and daughter singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and the ceremony was over.

The minister, after congratulating him, and having the cockles of his heart warmed by a crisp ten-dollar bill snugly tucked in his vest-pocket, offered to help him construct some sort of raft, and their combined efforts finally got it afloat. After the effort of his life David at last reached the opposite shore, but he was amply rewarded, for he won the widow.

The Indian Lovers' Cave

By MAE Y. MAHAFFY

Not far from the point where Rock River plunges into the open arms of the great Father of Waters a dreamy little island rests on the bosom of the smaller stream. Calmly looking down upon it from the northern shore is the Watch Tower, named for old Chief Black Hawk. From the summit of this huge bluff his far-seeing eyes once swept the prairies mile after mile for the signs which might indicate the nearness of a foe. At its base was the Sac village over which he presided, and here was born a romance, the melancholy outcome of which has so twined itself about those haunts of the red men as to at-

tract the interested attention of the many who visit the place and listen to the tale of love and tragedy.

It began in the winter of 1827. Almaquaka, a young Sioux hunter, far from his tribe and separated from his companions, found to his dismay that he was lost on the prairies of Illinois in a smothering, swirling snow-storm. He struggled on for hours in what he hoped was the direction leading to his home village, but in vain. All the old landmarks were blotted out by the furies of the King of the Northland. He could see only one wild, fluttering sheet of white, stinging and blinding him as it fell about him. He dared not stop, tired and worn as he was, else this feathery mass would quickly form his shroud. Suddenly he stumbled down a slight incline, and knew instinctively that instead of the snow-covered ground he was now on ice. The wind cut him as with many knives, but ahead the faint, barren outlines of forest-trees seemed to beckon him on. Anything was welcome after that long tramp over the deserted, windblown prairie. He struck out across the ice, and soon found himself at the end of a small island.

A lodge, dark and lonely, stood near the ice's edge, and into this he hurried for rest. He could not stay long without food or fire, but it was a relief to be out of the hurling wind and pelting snow even for a moment. His spirits rose as the rushing blood in his veins began to flow more calmly. He looked out at the entrance to the lodge, and through the flying snowflakes could see the bleak form of a bluff. Surely there must be help somewhere near. He would climb to the top of that huge crest, and from there he might be able to distinguish some signs of life before his strength utterly left him.

Across the remaining ice and up the scraggy cliffside he struggled, walking or crawling as best he could until he reached its summit. The Great Spirit be praised! There below him, huddled together as if for companionship during this mighty blizzard, were the lodges of an Indian village, pouring their warm smoke up to him through the tree-tops. He hurried toward them, shouting as he went. Out from several the old warriors and young braves darted to meet him. He was from a tribe they hated, and with which they were frequently at war, but these people of the past knew the courtesies of hospitality, and with kindest hearts received him as one of themselves. The Sac squaws and maidens prepared warm, nourishing food for him, and the men of the tribe did their best to make him feel at home among them while he tarried.

The Storm King failed to recall his forces for many days, and Almaquaka stayed on with his new acquaintances the remainder of the winter, not attempting to return to his home.

Among the maidens of the tribe was one Wonacome, the fair daughter of an old warrior. To the love-making of the young braves of her own people she had always turned away displeased. Now, however, her eyes feasted on the sturdy form and smiling features of this stranger who had come to them on the breath of the north wind. The spirit of love had entered her breast and kindled a glowing fire in her heart.

And what of Almaquaka? He knew the old warrior, her father, would sooner listen to the Great Spirit call his daughter than permit her to become the bride of one of the hated Sioux race, enemies of the Sacs for so long. Yet he loved her with all the wild strength of his young manhood, and he vowed that some day she should be his own.

Day after day they pledged their love for each other and planned for the time when he should come to carry her away to his own home, until all too soon the day of parting came. The snows were melting away, the young Sacs were preparing to start on their hunt for beavers and muskrats, and soon the rest of the villagers would be off to the sugar-camps. There was no longer an excuse for accepting their hospitality. So he left Wonacome, her eyes glistening with tears of love and hope, and made his way back to his own tribe.

How feverishly he planned and worked that all might be in readiness for his bride! How slowly the weeks dragged by! But at last his plans were carried out, and the hot, sultry days of July found him near the bluffs of Rock River once more. What a transformation since his visit there!

He cautiously makes his way through the woods to the edge of the field where the women of the village are busily at work hoeing the corn. From the thick branches of a tree he scans the faces of the workers in his search for Wonacome, and he presently discovers her hoeing silently in the midst of the field. But her mother is near her, so he must wait with what patience he may. The heat of the day is intense, and the air is slowly becoming more and more heavy and sickening. A storm must be brooding in the sky above. One by one the women finish their rows and go back to the village, glad to escape the searching rays of the sun. At last his chance has come. Only Wonacome is near that end of the field. Even her mother has gone back to the lodge.

A low, thrilling whistle reaches the ears of Wonacome. She raises her head to listen. Again she hears it—that signal. Ah! surely it must be her lover. She hastens her work, gradually going nearer and nearer the edge of the forest. But Almaquaka can wait no longer. With a bound he reaches her side, pouring out his joy and love in glowing words, sweet indeed to the heart of the girl who looks up at him so trustingly. Their meeting must be short or she may be missed, so promising to return to him as quickly as possible, she hastens back to the village.

Hurriedly rolling up her blanket, she watches for an opportunity to slip away to her lover, but always there seems some one near. Overhead dark, menacing clouds are gathering. The thunder god has loosed his minions, and the arms of the lightning flash furiously. At last through the storm she darts out toward the spot where her lover awaits her, but the prying eyes of a brother have seen her slipping away, and summoning another brother, the two follow stealthily at a distance behind the fleeing girl. They witness the rapturous greeting which Almaquaka gives her, and the full import of this meeting dawns upon them. Rushing back to their lodge, they seize their weapons, and are soon on the trail of the unsuspecting lovers. The barrels of their guns shine out cruel and sickening in the lightning's flashes. Their cunning faces are distorted with hate for this son of the Sioux, and vows of terrible vengeance escape their lips.

The rain now mingles with the thunder's roar and lightning's flash, and Wonacome leads her lover to a cave in the bluff's side for shelter. Turning to gaze with admiring eyes upon the weird beauties of the storm, Wonacome and Almaquaka are startled to see her brothers coming rapidly toward them, satisfaction at the quick ending of their hunt showing in every move.

But hark! What is that crashing, quivering, breaking sound, the terrific noise of which reaches to the lodges beyond?

Too late are the would-be vengeance-wreakers. The unused guns fall from their trembling hands. Into his own all-powerful arms the Great Spirit has clasped the lovers. No one shall separate them now. In death, at least, they are united. The lightning's arrow has done its work well. The rocks and trees about the mouth of the one-time cave are crushed and battered and broken, a huddled mass of ruin. The spirits of the lovers have gone together to a happy hunting-ground where foes are unknown, their bodies entombed in a sepulcher of God's own making.

Cookin' Things

When my mother's cookin' things
  You bet I never wait
To put away my ball er gun—
I drop 'em where they are, an' run,
  For fear I'll be too late.
The most excitin' kind o' game,
  Er toy, er story-book,
I let 'em go, an' never mind,
The very minute that I find
  My mother's goin' to cook.

When my mother's cookin' things—
  P'r'aps it's pies to bake,
Er doughnuts bobbin' up an' down
In boilin' grease till they are brown,
  Er p'r'aps it's johnny-cake—
Whatever kind o' thing it is,
  I always like to hook
The biggest piece o' dough I can,
An' bake it in a patty-pan,
  When me an' mother cook.
—Burges Johnson, in Harper's.

Historical Sketches

MOLLY PITCHER

During the memorable Battle of Monmouth—one long to be remembered in Revolutionary annals—a gunner named Pitcher was killed. At the time he fell, his wife, who had followed him to camp, and thence to the field of conflict, was bringing water to her husband from a spring. A call for some one to take the place of the fallen gunner was made. Instantly dropping the pail, the wife, Mary Pitcher, a "red-haired, freckle-faced Irish woman," who was already distinguished for having fired the last gun at Fort Clinton, unhesitatingly stepped forward and volunteered her services. She hastened to the cannon, seized the rammer, and with great skill and courage performed her husband's duty. The soldiers gave her the nickname of "Captain Molly." On the day after the battle she was presented to General Washington, whose attention had been drawn to her act. He expressed his admiration of her bearing and her fidelity to her country by conferring on her a sergeant's commission with half pay through life. Her bravery made her a great favorite among the French officers, and she would sometimes pass along the lines holding out her cocked hat, which they would nearly fill with crown pieces. Artemisia was scarcely more serviceable to Xerxes in the Battle of Salamis than Captain Molly to Washington in the Battle of Monmouth. One served in a great Grecian expedition to gratify her spirit, vigor of mind and love of glory; the other fought, partly, it may be, to revenge the death of her husband, and more, doubtless, for the love she bore for an injured country, "bleeding at every vein." One was rewarded by a complete suit of Grecian armor, the other with a sergeant's commission, and both for their bravery. If the Queen of Caria is deserving of praise for her martial valor, the name of the heroic wife of the gunner should be woven with hers in a fadeless wreath of song.

THOMAS MACDONOUGH

The bravery of the man whose name heads this sketch was born of true courage, not of mere intrepidity, and he never quailed in the face of most imminent danger. He was one of the daring men selected by Decatur to assist him in burning the frigate "Philadelphia," and he partook of the honors of that brilliant exploit. At the battle of Lake Champlain, on the eleventh of September, 1814, Macdonough played a very important part with his little squadron of four ships and ten galleys. Macdonough, by superior nautical skill and dexterity in the management of guns, soon caused the British flag to fall, when Provost, in dismay, hastily retreated, leaving victory with the Americans on both land and water. When the British squadron appeared off Cumberland Head, Macdonough knelt on the deck of the "Saratoga" (his flagship) in the midst of his men, and prayed to the God of Battles for aid. A curious incident occurred during the engagement that soon followed. A British ball demolished a hen-coop on board the "Saratoga." A cock, released from his prison, flew into the rigging and crowed lustily, at the same time flapping his wings with triumphant vehemence. The seamen regarded the event as a good omen, and they fought like tigers, while the cock cheered them on with his crowings, until the British flag was struck and firing ceased. Macdonough's brilliant services and deeds were rewarded by Congress and by the legislatures of several states. His fame was heralded far and wide. At about the close of the war Commodore Macdonough's health gave way, yet he lived for more than ten years with consumption undermining his health. He was exemplary in every relation of life, and had but few of the common faults of humanity.

A Story of the Wren

Johnny and Jenny Wren are pert and pleasant neighbors. They have been well named the "house-wren," for they are sociable little fellows, and love to live in neighborly peace with mankind. They never get beyond the kindergarten in nest-building, and so need a little help in their family affairs. If you will only provide the house, Mrs. Wren will provide the furnishings at no cost to you, and more charming and better rent-paying tenants you will find it hard to secure. Johnny is a famous singer. Loud, clear, round and not unmusical are his notes, and he is never niggardly with his music, for he is always happy, and song comes from a heart full of the milk of human kindness. Be sure, then, to put up a house for the wrens. It may be an old tomato-can nailed to a board and placed in a tree or against the sheltered side of some building, out of the reach of cats. Let me tell you a secret: Birds don't like cats, and prefer building near the homes where the cat is not too much in evidence. A thieving, bloodthirsty cat is the bane of many a bird family. But if you have no place wherein Jenny can place her nest, and she likes your surroundings and your looks, she may decide to put up with such accommodations as she can find, and right queer ones they are sometimes. Last summer I saw Jenny come out of the hole in the lid of a fish-basket that hung on the porch wall near the kitchen door. I was told that the wrens

The Young People

had been using the basket as a nest for several years. Jenny had perfect confidence in the family, and went in and out of her nest without any evidence of fear, and Johnny sang loudly as he flitted about the yard. A few years since I saw a wren's nest in a beer-sign that was nailed to one of the porch-posts only a few feet from the door of a hotel. The tin part of the sign had become loosened from the frame at one corner, and here Jenny built her nest of sticks, weeds and coarse hay and reared her young. She liked the place so well that she returned to it for several years. Johnny seemed equally at home, and would perch for a moment on the railing of the porch and sing his very loudest as he flitted back and forth to see how Mistress Jenny fared; for your Johnny Wren is a family man, and helps with the brooding and the feeding of the family of ten. Mrs. Wren is not a new woman, and still has old-fashioned ideas as to children. A friend told me of a wren that attempted to build her nest in the stock of his pump. Day after day he would find a great mass of wren nesting-materials thrust into the top of the pump-stock. The fact that he each time threw them out seemingly made no impression on the mind of Mrs. Jenny, who was determined to use that particular place. As a last resort my informant had to cover over the pump to keep the persistent little thing from accomplishing her object.

School-Boys and Soldiers

The strong school-boy friendship which began at West Point between Grant and Longstreet lasted throughout their lives. Grant was of the class after Longstreet, but somehow their silent, serious natures were in spontaneous accord, and, says Helen D. Longstreet, in "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide," they became fast friends from their first meeting. That one was from the West and one from the South made no difference, just as later it made no difference in their feeling of personal affection that one led the army of the Union and the other was a Confederate general.

General Longstreet often spoke of the details of the capitulation at Appomattox. He said that when he went into the conference-room in the McLean residence as one of the Confederate commissioners he was compelled to pass through the room occupied by General Grant as his headquarters.

He felt curious to know how General Grant would receive him. He had loved Grant as one of his closest boyhood friends, but times were much changed. Grant was victor, he was vanquished. He was therefore prepared to observe the rigid demeanor of those between whom ceremony only forces recognition. But as soon as he entered the room Grant rose, approached him with a greater show of demonstration than ever in the older days, slapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, Old Pete, can't we get back to the good old days by playing a game of brag?"

At West Point the nickname among the boys for General Longstreet was "Old Pete."

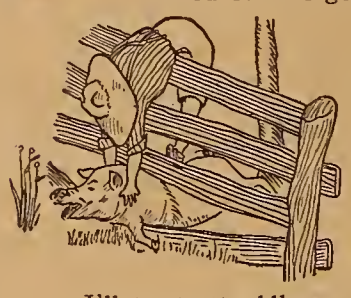
The important part of that meeting, the splendid bearing of the conquered Confederates, the modest demeanor of the Union victors, and above all, the noble generosity of Grant in refusing to accept the sword of Lee and in giving the fairest terms possible under the existing circumstances, these are known to all who have read United States history.—Youth's Companion.

Vacation-Time

BY FRANKIE C. WILSON

I am going to my grandma's,
  Where my mama used to be
Long before my papa knew
    her,
  Brought her home to him
    and me.

I think a lot of my grandma,
  And she thinks a lot of me;
And of course I like my grandpa,
  'Cause he's good as he can be.

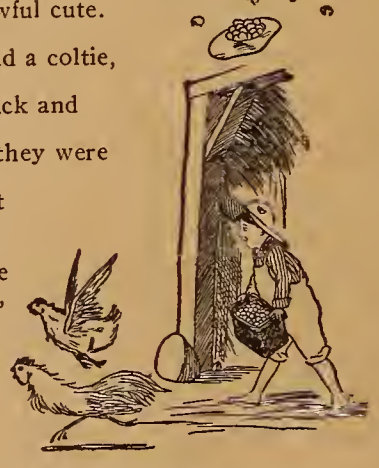


My mama says that I
    must mind,
  'Cause now I'm growing
    big—
That I must let the fruit
    alone,
  And I'm not to chase the
    pig.

I'll try to straddle every fence,
  Yes, and climb up every tree.
My, a dandy time we will have—
  Just grandma, grandpa and me.

My grandpa had a
    little calf,
  It was a little
    beaut;
It wasn't large as
    half the cow,
  And it was just
    awful cute.

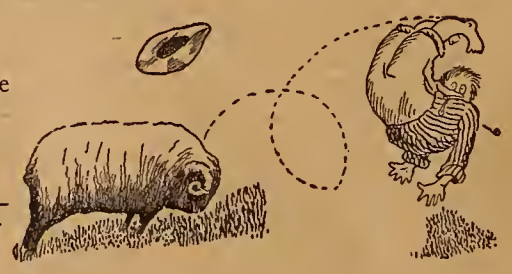
Yes, grandma had a coltie,
    too,
  It was both black and
    white,
But oh, its legs they were
    so long
  It was a perfect
    fright.



I'm going to chase
    the chickens,
And hunt the eggs each
    day;
For way, way up in the hay-
    loft
Is where they used to
    lay.

They've got a great big lovely dog,
  And they've named that doggy "Rover;"
I ain't the leastest bit afraid
  When he follows me all over.

I ain't going to touch that sheep
  That wears those horns all curled;
For once I did, and still I feel
  Just how I whirled and whirled.



I'm awful glad it's time
    to go,
  But I hate to leave
    my ma;
But now we've got it
    all planned out—
  She is going to stay
    with pa.

Some One is Watching You

Boys, did any of you ever apply for a place anywhere and have the man to whom you applied say something like this: "We have a number of boys who have asked for the situation, but have not yet decided which we will take. Come back in a few days and we will let you know." Did you ever stop to think what those few days were for, and did you go back to find the place taken? If you have not, your experience has been the exceptional one unless you were very well known to the employer and he decided at once.

Perhaps you have never paid much attention when the minister has called attention to the fact that men and women are living epistles known and read of all men in his sermon some Sunday morning, and that there is any connection between the text and the fact that you are politely told when you go back at the end of the few days that another boy has been chosen. Whether you believe it or not, the man you hoped to work for has been industriously looking you up to see what sort of a person you are, and it may be he has found something you would not care to have him read. There is no more certain fact than the plain statement of the Bible: "Be sure your sins will find you out." They may not be very large sins, but the merchant is looking for a boy with a clean life, every page of which is open for inspection.—American Boy.

Pass Two Selected Cards Through a Plate

Take any pack of cards and allow them to be freely shuffled; the cards are then placed upon a table in two heaps. The spectator will then look at the top card of each heap. Meanwhile the performer brings in two small dinner-plates, which he shows freely on both sides. A tiny piece of wax the size of a pin-head is stuck on the outside bottom of each plate. The performer places the two plates together in the regular way, and carelessly places the plates upon the first heap. The card of the second heap the performer shows once more, again placing it back on its heap. The two plates are now raised off from the first heap, and the top card of that heap will stick to the bottom of the lower plate. The upper plate is now placed below the lower one. This change with the plates brings the card which sticks to the bottom of the plate in the center between both plates. The plates are again placed upon the same heap, and the performer commands the card to pass between the two plates. Separate them, and the top selected card is found between the plates. While the plates are separated, place the top plate upon the second heap, and thus get the card to stick to the bottom. Then place the second plate under the first one, which again brings the top card between the plates as commanded. Separate the plates, and the card is found there.—Fred J. Leters, in the Sphinx.

The Game of "Birds"

Have you ever played "bird-selling?" It forms a very entertaining pastime for young folks.

The children stand in a row, leaving two outside. These two represent the bird-dealers. Each child represents a bird, one being a crow, another a crane, another a canary, and so on. One bird-dealer says to the other, "I wish to buy a bird."

"What kind of a bird?" asks the second dealer.

"A bird that can fly fast," says the first dealer.

"Very well," answers the other dealer, "take what you wish."

"Then," says the first dealer, "I will take a robin."

As soon as the word is out of his mouth the "robin" must leap from the row and run around to escape. If the dealer catches the bird, he puts it into a cage, where it must stay until all the other birds are caught.

What Others Think of You

The young people who say they do not care what others think of them are very likely to take pride in their independence, but theirs is a mistaken satisfaction. Next to a good conscience comes the good opinion of others. Reputation is capital. There is only one price too high to pay for being well thought of, and that is the sacrifice of principle.—Young People's Weekly.

Well-Merited Popularity

The fact that FARM AND FIRESIDE has made a most remarkable gain in the number of subscriptions received during the past few months is ample proof of its great and well-deserved popularity. The number of subscriptions can be doubled if every subscriber will send just one new subscription. Will you please do this much for FARM AND FIRESIDE? It is such a small matter to you, and such a great one to FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Sunday Reading

If Mother Could Have Some

LUXURY makes people selfish, and so does utter misery or desperate danger. Both conditions of life are apt to harden the heart and blind the eyes to the wants and woes of others. There are shining exceptions, of course, but it is between the two extremes that we find the loveliest exhibitions of thoughtfulness for others, and usually much nearer the second extreme than the first.

One of the most beautiful charities of London is the Children's Penny Dinner Association. This had its rise in a winter of great severity and in an experience which taught that hundreds of little ones die simply from impaired vitality. Underfed, they are unable to bear up against the privations of the winter, and the churchyards are crowded in the dreary winter months with childish bodies which under happier circumstances would have blossomed into maturity.

The idea was conceived that even one nourishing dinner a week might stay the terrible death-record, and it has been shown that even that scanty allowance of solid, well-cooked food is prolific in good results. Such touching instances, too, occur of self-forgetfulness and self-denial on the part of the children. One terribly bleak day last winter a little half-frozen child presented her ticket, value two cents, which made her the owner of a seat at the dinner-table. The little one looked famished, weird—worn out, one would have said, with starvation; but the plate of appetizing roast mutton remained untouched before her. Observing this, a lady went up to her, and asked, in tones of kindly accent, if she could not eat a little.

"You look so hungry, dear," she said. "Don't you like roast mutton?"

The little one raised a pair of blue eyes to her face, and said, "Oh, yes, ma'am, but—"

"Well, dear, what?"

"But please, ma'am, the new baby's come, and mother's so dreadful weak, and I—" The child hesitated; then, gathering confidence from the kindly smile that met her glance, added, "I thought it would do her good."

◈

Impression

A lady called at the house of a neighbor on an errand, but as the family were away she asked the hired man to tell his employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and not thinking but that the man knew who she was, she did not leave her name. The lady of the house returned before the rest of the family, and the man told her that a lady had been there who said she would call again.

"Who was she?" inquired Mrs. H.

"I don't know her name," replied the man.

"But you should have asked her," said Mrs. H., "so we could know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which I can know who came? Where does she live?"

"I don't know," said the man, "but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks."—Leaves of Light.

Courage

What we want is courage. The greater part of the courage needed in the world to-day is not of the military kind, but the courage to be honest, the courage to resist temptation, the courage to speak the truth. The patriot who fights an always losing battle for the right, the man who though in the minority always stands for the right, the martyr who goes to his death amidst the triumphant shouts of his enemies, the discoverer, like Columbus, whose heart remains undaunted through the bitter years of his wandering woe, are examples of courage and heroism sublime, and these excite a profounder interest in the hearts of men than the most complete and conspicuous success.—President Roosevelt.

◈

Miranda

"Miranda's visits always sort of make me think of a mosquito's," said Aunt Hannah, thoughtfully, when the guest of the day had departed. "She always buzzes in on you, just as cheerful and social like, takes her bite of whatever you have to offer, and goes singing on her way as if she had done her duty; but you find you have a dozen stinging, burning, uncomfortable spots left as a reward for your hospitality. Your receipt for pickles isn't noways equal to Mrs. Smith's, you've been cheated in your new parlor carpet, your fall hat isn't very becoming, after all, and hardly any of your friends are as good as you've always thought them. There's a drop of poison most everywhere she happened to light—nothing but little bites, but they burn and sting, and upset all your comfort. It does seem as if mosquitoes ought to have a monopoly of that kind of business, without human beings taking it up."—Forward.

◈

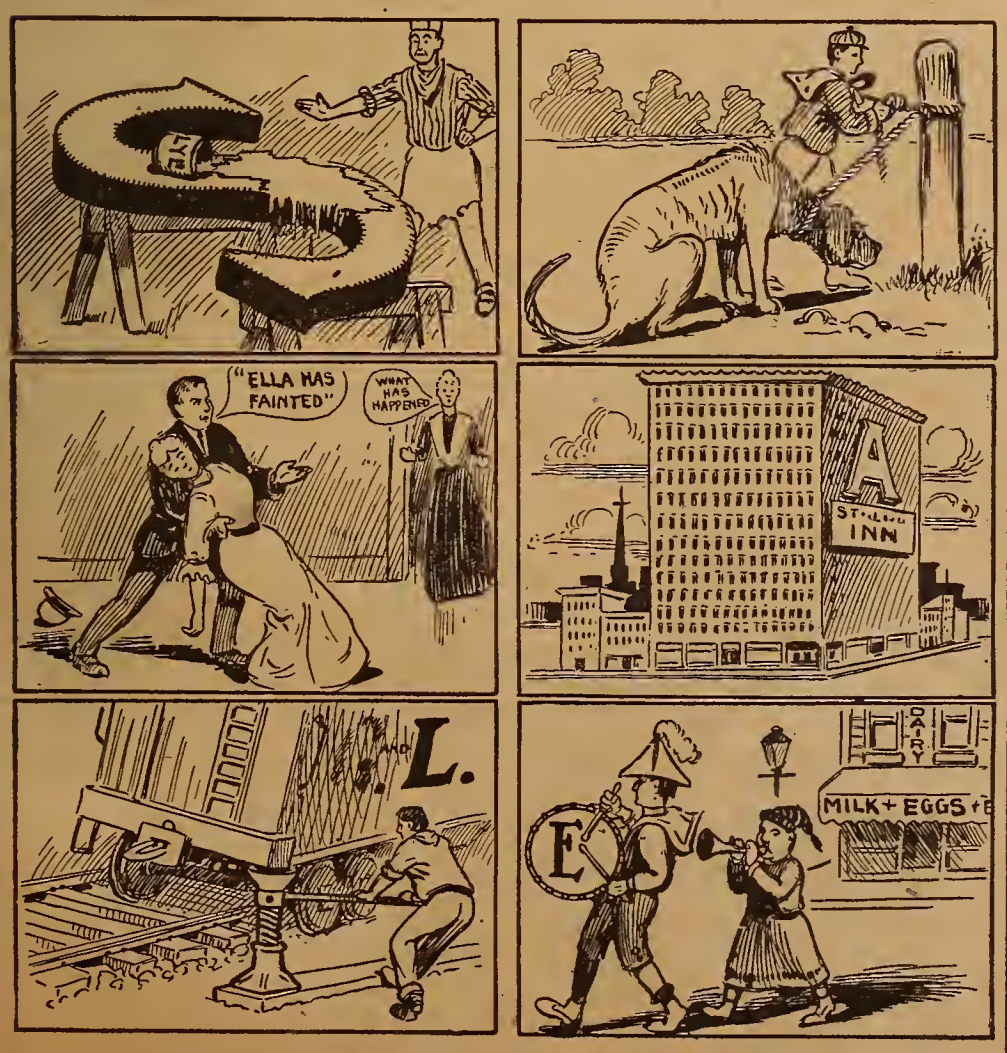
"There is Another Life"

The "Baptist Messenger" thus recalls the closing hours of Professor Paulus, who was an eminent man in his day. He did not, however, accept evangelical Christianity, nor did he believe in a future state. On his death-bed he called about him a group of friends, that they might see how an atheist and philosopher could die. "You will take notes," he said, "as I dictate my symptoms. To a philosopher the last moments of life are of great significance, and may be of scientific value."

He dictated a few of his symptoms with a clear mind and voice, and as he grew weaker, said faintly, "Now I will describe the process of dissolution. This is the end of what is called the soul." His friends waited for the revelation of what might be deemed interesting proof of their teacher's dreary creed. He believed in matter, but disbelieved in spirit. After a few more words the professor fell back upon his bed, and closed his eyes. For a while he lay motionless. Suddenly starting up, his eyes brilliant with an expression of extreme wonder and surprise, he called out in a loud voice, "There is another life! There is another life!" and passed into unconsciousness.

Animal Puzzle

Each of the Six Pictures Below Represents an Animal Whose Habitat is not the United States



Answer to Rebus in the July 1st Issue—"The great day for American boys and girls is Independence Day. It is the one day of the year when they can make all the noise they want from morning till night. The boy who escapes accident is lucky."

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No. 565.—SIDE-PLAITED SKIRT. 11 cents. Sizes, 10, 12 and 14 years.
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No. 567.—NINE-GORED SKIRT. 11 cents. Sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years.
No. 554.—BOX-PLAITED DRESS. 10 cents. Sizes, 4, 6 and 8 years.
No. 416.—MOTHER HUBBARD DRESS. 10c. Sizes, 1, 2 and 4 years.
No. 543.—SHIRT-WAIST WITH DROP YOKE. 10 cts. Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.
No. 544.—CIRCULAR SKIRT WITH FLOUNCE. 11 cents. Sizes, 22, 24, 26 and 28 inches waist.

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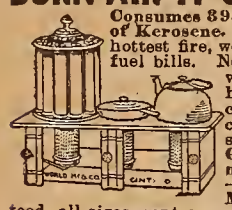

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$8.00 Medical Batteries,	3.95
Telegraph Outfits, $1.75 to	2.50
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How to Dress

RUFFLED SURPLICE WAIST

New Blouses

THE separate blouse continues to be not only the mode, but more the mode than ever. The lingerie blouse has no rival. Its sheer daintiness appeals to every woman. It is a task to launder, with its fine tucks, lace insertions and hand-work, but that must be put up with for Fashion's sake.

BLOUSE WITH ADJUSTABLE CHEMISETTE

Here is a page of original blouses, each one lending itself to a variety of fabrics and a variety of trimmings. These blouses will be the most fashionable in white, with just a touch of color introduced in the trimming, if one prefers a color note. Not only for lingerie blouses for midsummer wear are these designs attractive, but they will be found equally good style in the fall, made up in flowered net, silk-embroidered voile or chiffon-finish silks.

A new separate blouse is most convenient in giving a fresh look to a skirt-and-coat costume. Many times when it joins its freshness to a not-altogether-new skirt it forms a costume quite fit to creditably appear at the theater or a restaurant dinner.

◈

Ruffled Surplice Waist

This model is a pretty variation of the surplice waist, and is very becoming to the woman with a slender figure. It is a full waist made with a tucked V back and front, the tucking outlined with bands of lace trimmed with ruffles, which cross in front in surplice style. The pattern for the Ruffled Surplice Waist, No. 569, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures.

Blouse with Adjustable Chemisette

The pattern for the Blouse with Adjustable Chemisette, No. 572, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.

◈

Tucked Blouse with Yoke

Hand-embroidery adds much to the charm of this model, which is made of white handkerchief-linen. The blouse has a round yoke back and front outlined with a vine of silk-embroidered shaded yellow roses. A single rose with a spray of leaves decorates the deep cuff. Tucks simulate a box-plait in front. The pattern for the Tucked Blouse with Yoke, No. 568, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.

◈

Blouse Buttoned in the Back

This lingerie blouse should be made of a very sheer linen, batiste or China silk. The material is laid in fine tucks back and front, and the blouse is trimmed attractively with lace and fancy stitching. The model has a shallow round yoke, deepening into a deep tab in front. This blouse would be the most attractive in all white, though any pale tint could be used, if preferred. The pattern for the Blouse Buttoned in the Back, No. 571, is cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.

◈

Waist with Plastron Plait

Though this shirt-waist is one of the plainer designs, yet it is sure to be liked for its originality and smart style. The model buttons in the back, and is plaited in the front to form a plastron. It is finished with a deep, shaped-to-the-figure girdle made of the same material as the waist. The sleeve is most unusual, cut in narrow sections, with, of course, the greater width above the elbow. The center section and the shoulder portion are cut in one, thus omitting the shoulder seam. This waist would look well in Rajah silk. The pattern for the Waist with Plastron Plait, No. 570, is cut for 34, 36 and 38 bust measures.

◈

Fads and Frills

The summer girl this year will introduce a new frill every time you see her. As for her fads, they promise to be as varied as her moods. It is in the good old summertime that Fashion allows her to wear more or less simple frocks—frocks that need a new frill to give them a distinctive look. It is in these little frills that the summer girl will prove her own cleverness. And the same may be said of her fads, for many of these she thinks out herself.

TUCKED BLOUSE WITH YOKE

BLOUSE BUTTONED IN THE BACK

This is very cleverly illustrated in the chatelaine fad, which will be so noticeable this summer. Chatelaines, of course, are far from new, but heretofore they have always been worn dangling from the belt, and invariably made of gold, silver or gun-metal. This summer a new chatelaine has been introduced. Each convenient little trinket is made of leather, with mountings of gold, enamel or silver. And instead of being worn hooked to the belt, the summer girl will carry it in her hand. Sometimes the ring to which the chains are attached is small enough to be slipped on the finger, but generally it is too large for that, and is merely held in

WAIST WITH PLASTRON PLAIT

the hand. In green morocco leather these chatelaines are very attractive, and they are also made in deep purple leather, brown and bright red. Among the dangles is a case for a vanity mirror, a memorandum-book and pencil, a small leather ball for holding a powder-puff, a little case for invisible hair-pins, a coin-purse, a tiny comb and a court-plaster case.

Bangles will me much worn through the summer. They look well with the elbow-sleeved frocks, and when the long sleeve is used, the bangle is worn over the cuff, instead of under it.

◈

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

Our new summer catalogue of fashionable patterns is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon request.

Wit and Humor Old and New

Contributions to this page are invited. Funny things that you know or have heard of, whether in verse, prose or short story, will be gladly received. When the jokes are not original, the author's name should be given

A Father's Advice to His Son

Don't marry a girl with dark blue eyes,
Whose love the bards say never dies;
Their minds are narrow, their hearts are small,
Their natures composed of unlimited gall.

Beware of the girl with eyes of gray,
For when you're wed she'll want full sway
Of your business affairs, and will also use
Your hat, necktie, and perhaps your shoes.

Avoid the girl with the soft, brown eye;
They're all coquettes of the deepest dye.
So watch yourself when one you meet,
For as downright flirts they can't be beat.

All black-eyed girls be sure to shun;
They cause most evil nowdays, son.
In fact, if this life you would enjoy,
Stay single as long as you can, my boy.
—Wallace D. Coburn, in "Rhymes from a Round-up Camp."

Back to the Youthful Days

The New York "Tribune" tells one on a fellow it calls Travers, who had been absent from his club for two days. When he finally appeared one evening, his face all ablaze with pleasantry, his associates wanted to know where he had been.

"I have been humiliated—deeply, painfully humiliated," he said.

"Let's hear about it," came in quick chorus.

"Well, the other afternoon I was walking up King Street, when I found a group of boys spinning tops on the sidewalk, or rather trying to spin tops. They were very small boys.

"'Say, mister,' said one of them to me, 'can you spin a top?'

"'Indeed I can,' I said.

"'Show us how!' they all demanded.

"I used to be a first-class top-spinner twenty years ago, so I pulled off my gloves, and took the top and string. Then my troubles began. First I could not wind the thing—the string kept slipping down. Then when I did get it wound I couldn't remember which finger should hold the end of the cord. I put the button between the second and third fingers, and threw. The top bounded into a mud-puddle in the middle of the road. The boys said nothing.

"I tried again with the button between the first and second fingers, but still the top would not spin. I tried the first combination again, with the same result.

"'Ho!' said one boy. 'Mike can do better'n you, an' he ain't only six.'

"I put on my gloves, and came hastily away, but," and Travers fumbled in his pocket, and produced a top and string, "I have been practising for two days in a secluded corner of the park, and next week I'm going back to King Street and show those youngsters a thing or two."

Rehabilitation of Johnson Sides

"The Sunset Magazine" tells of the rehabilitation of the character of Johnson Sides, a noted Indian temperance orator of bygone days. One day he was caught in the act of drinking a glass of whisky, and was fined. Neither Indians nor whites would listen then to his temperance speeches. Poor Johnson was in despair. One day, however, he had an inspiration. He asked Senator Doolin, of the Nevada legislature, to absolve his sin by act of legislature. Senator Doolin was agreeable, and introduced and carried through "Senate Joint Concurrent Resolution No. 11," which is as follows: "Resolved, by the Senate, the people of the State of Nevada concurring, that the drink of whisky taken by Johnson Sides on the seventeenth day of September, in the city of Virginia, County of Story, be and is hereby declared null and void." Thus was Johnson Sides made a good man again. He became at once a power among his own people, resumed his advocacy of the cause of water and was listened to with great respect.

A Toast to the Auto

In Evanston the other evening the parents of a bright little girl had some of their friends in to dinner, and a number of toasts were given. After the older ones had finished, the young lady stood up, held her glass of water high—water is always used for toasting purposes in Evanston—and said, "Here's to the auto. May we hear its toot in time to scoot."

Settled Beforehand

If there was anything the late Senator Hoar disliked more than he did another it was profanity. The story is told how much shocked the venerable senator would be by the inflammatory interjections of a certain politician with whom he frequently was compelled to confer. But on all such occasions he would refrain from censuring the culprit except in the mildest manner. One day when the politician came to the senator's committee-room on a subject of considerable importance, Mr. Hoar indicated a seat to him, and remarked, "Now, Mr. Blank, before we enter upon a discussion of this question we shall assume that everybody and everything is damned. Then we can talk it over amicably."

Judge (impatiently interrupting a lawyer's carefully selected citations)—"Can't you take for granted that I understand an ordinary point of law?"

Lawyer (coolly)—"Your honor, that's the mistake I made in the lower court, where I lost my case."

The Yank Ahead Again

A Yankee "given somewhat to blowing" was traveling in England. They constantly called his attention to this and to that machine, and always asked, "Have you anything like it in America?" and he invariably replied, "Oh, it's old, in America."

Finally, in despair, they made up a yarn. They told of a sausage-machine. "You drive a live hog in at one end, and it comes out a cooked sausage at the other. Have you anything like that in America?"

"Oh, yes; it's old, and they have improved it," was the reply.

It was so very complete they did not think it possible to improve it, and asked the Yank what the improvement was.

"Well," says he, "first you drive the hog in at one end, and it comes out a baked sausage at the other. Then they improved it so if you do not like the sausage you simply reverse the machine, and out comes the hog again."

Accounts Became Tangled

Smith was good at figures, and always kept a strict account of all his dealings, but one day he got completely tangled. He had just sold a lady an article for sixty-five cents, and she handed him a bright new silver dollar. He put the dollar in his mouth, and tied up the article. Just then a friend gave him a slap on the back and complimented him on his expertness in doing up bundles. Alas! the slap startled Smith, and he swallowed the dollar. It was not a pleasing situation for Smith, but he seemed to ponder most on how to fix up his accounts. He could not well credit merchandise sixty-five cents, because he did not have the sixty-five cents. If he debited cash he would be short in his count. If he credited cash the thirty-five cents paid out he did not see clearly the corresponding debit. He could not exactly figure up a dollar out because he was positive the dollar was in. Figure as he would, he could not get the matter clear; the more he puzzled, the worse he got tangled. Had he been clerk instead of proprietor the situation would have been easy, as it would have been necessary only to "cough up" the dollar.

Wanted It Fresh

Joaquin Miller, the poet, is fond of children. In Los Angeles one day Mr. Miller said to the little girl on his knee, "I suppose you say your prayers regularly?"

"Yes," said the little girl. "I say them every night and every morning." Then she wrinkled her brow in thought, and there was silence for a moment. Finally she said, "Why wouldn't it do to pray for our bread once a week, or once a month, or even once a year? Why is it that we must ask every day for our daily bread?"

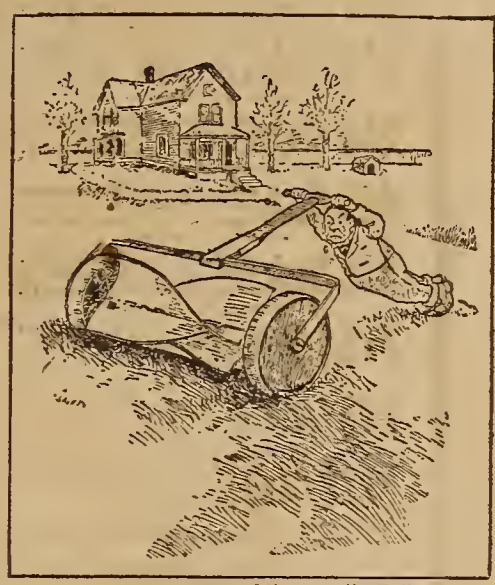
"In order to have it fresh, you little goose," replied the poet.

The Tipper Tipped

A shrewd old continental guide, who, in conducting a lady around a grand old cathedral, had been assiduous in his courtesy and fascinating in his descriptive details anent the historic pile, observed with pain that the visitor was evidently about to take her departure without bestowing the customary dole.

To prevent this the wily old guide said, "Pardon me, madam, but if, on her return to her hotel, madam should find that she has lost her purse, will madam kindly remember that it was not in this place that she took it out?"

This neat reminder immediately produced the desired effect, and the tip was forthcoming.



—Minneapolis Tribune.

FUNNY HOW BIG YOUR LAWN AND MOWER LOOK

Danger

A farmer who was much troubled by trespassers during the nutting-season consulted with a botanical friend, says the "Youth's Companion." The botanist furnished him with the technical name of the hazel, and the farmer placed the following notice at conspicuous points about his premises:

"Trespassers take warning! All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk, for although common snakes are not often found, the 'Corylus Avellana' abounds everywhere about here, and never gives warning of its presence."

The place was unmolested that year, and the farmer gathered his crop in peace.

—Chicago Daily News.

WHEN TOGO'S REAL TROUBLES WILL COME—IF JAPAN HAS ATTAINED THE POSITION OF A TRULY CIVILIZED NATION.

Essay on Twins

Johnny was asked to write a short essay on some interesting experience of his. "Success" tells what he wrote:

"Twins is a baby, only it's double. It usually arrives about 4:37 in the morning, when a fellow is getting in his best licks sleepin. Twins is accompanied by excitement and a doctor. When twins do ennything wrong their mother can't tell which one to lick, so she gives it to both of em so as to make sure. We've got twins to our house, and I'd swap em enny day for a billy-goat or mose ennything."

All One-Sided

They had hunted all day, and shot a turkey and a buzzard. Said the white man to the Indian, "I'll take the turkey and give you the buzzard, or you can take the buzzard and give me the turkey."

"Humph!" said the Indian. "White man all the time gets the turkey."

Hardness of heart is a dreadful quality, but it is doubtful whether in the long run it works more damage than softness of head.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Repentance

BY J. RITCHIE SCHULTZ

Went out walkin' tother day,
Lookin' 'round the farm,
Seein' 'bout the corn an' hay—
If drought was doin' harm.

Ground was gittin' awful dry,
Rain was needed bad;
Seemed the crops was goin' ter die
If no rain we had.

I went home an' told my wife,
Growled an' fussed all day;
Said I ain't seen, all my life,
Things in such a way.

An' that night it rained. My! my!
How that rain did pour!
Ain't I 'shamed I fussed? But I
Bet I won't no more.

Lacked Experience

Comfortably seated in his office, with a cigar in his mouth and heels higher than his head, a young lawyer just beginning to practise swelled himself up, and asked his father, a venerable ex-judge, how long he had been fighting the Jones case.

"Nigh on to thirty years," was the well-satisfied reply.

"Well," said the son, "I made a complete settlement of the whole thing this morning."

The judge looked in utter astonishment, and the son spoke on, saying, "Yes, sir, I did. I told them I was tired of this dilly-dally way, and demanded a settlement at once. I set my foot down, and they settled."

"My gracious," broke in the judge, "you don't mean it. Merciful heavens! What will we do now? That case has been our only support all these years. Oh, my, my, oh! It's too bad, too bad!"

Voice from the Dead

The Kansas City "Journal" tells the story of a baggageman on the Hannibal division of the Burlington who had his hair standing on end. He was hauling a corpse in his car, and imagine his feelings when he heard a strange, unnatural voice coming from the oblong box, saying, "Let me out of here." When he recovered from his first fright he ran for his conductor, who arrived just in time to hear the uncanny sound. The whole train-crew was called, and a brave engineer investigated. Sitting near the coffin was a small square box. Listening, the engineer heard a scratching, and again the voice, "Let me out of here." The smaller box was opened, and a little green parrot popped out.

One on the Bishop

The following story is told of Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire, while he was in Boston attending the Episcopal convention:

The bishop, who is a very tall, heavy man, was seated on one of the low settees in the public garden, and when he started to get up found that he had great difficulty in regaining his feet. While in the midst of his struggles a wee tot of a little girl came along and offered her assistance. The bishop ceased trying to rise, and after surveying the little girl critically, replied that she was too small to help. The little girl persisted that she could help, but the bishop was just as sure that she could not.

"Well," said the little girl, finally, "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he was lots drunker than you are."

Properly Secretive

The story is told of a prominent but insincere church-member who was always proclaiming the meekness of his service.

"Brothers," said he, "my aim in life is to live up to all scriptural teachings. I strive to live right and to be charitable, but I never let my right hand know what my left hand is doing."

"You'd better not," promptly said the doubtful member, "or it might get a divorce."

A Difference

A well-known Episcopal bishop of high-church tendencies was giving a dinner to a number of his clergy not long ago. In arranging for it with his English butler he was surprised to have the man ask, "Is they 'igh or low church, sir?"

"Why, what possible difference does that make?" the bishop inquired.

"A great deal of difference, sir," the man replied. "The low church they eats the most, an' the 'igh church they drinks the most, sir!"

Home, Sweet Home

Judge—"With what instrument or article did your wife inflict these wounds on your face and head?"

Micky—"Wid a motty, yer honor."

Judge—"A what?"

Micky—"A motty—wan av thim framcs wid 'God bliss our home' in it."—Judge.

The authorities in a town in New York State offered to give a thief his freedom if he would run fifty yards in six seconds and pay the costs in his case. The fellow ran the distance in the stipulated time, but attained such momentum that he did not stop to pay the costs.

Farm Selections

Expecting Too Much

WHAT has been published about inoculating the soil for leguminous crops seems to have been received with particular relish by careless, easy-going people. "Aha!" cried they; "this is the very thing we've been looking for. Just dose the seed—and the germs do all the rest. Splendid idea!"

But alas! the germs refuse to do it "all." Some people are beginning to find out that a colony of germs is all right for its own peculiar work, but that it mustn't be expected to also do the work of tile-drains, proper tillage, good seed, mineral fertilizers, elbow-grease and brains.—Farm Journal.

To Poison Gophers

The quickest way to kill gophers is by poisoning. Professor Ladd, of the North Dakota Experiment Station, recommends the preparation of poison as follows:

"Bring a quart of vinegar to the boil, add an ounce of strychnine, stir with a stick until thoroughly dissolved, then add six quarts of hot water. Pour this on twenty quarts of wheat or corn, and allow it to stand for about eighteen hours, or until the solution is entirely absorbed, stirring the mass vigorously so as to secure saturation with the poison. Then spread it out to dry where it cannot be reached by animals or children. Next dissolve six pounds of sugar in six quarts of water and boil down to a syrup of one gallon. Then cool, add a teaspoonful of anise-oil, which can be had at any drug-store, and pour this syrup over the newly dried poisoned grain, stirring it so as to cover each grain with a layer of syrup. Allow the grain to dry thoroughly, stirring so as to prevent sticking in a mass. Each kernel of grain will then contain enough poison to destroy one gopher, and can be used at any time, but care should be taken to prevent any poisoning of birds or animals."

How We Use Dynamite

I can testify to the efficiency of dynamite in ridding land of rocks, as I have used it for that purpose to some extent, and have been in a position to watch its effect in the hands of others, and thought a description of the methods used in this section might be useful. With us, instead of drilling a hole in the stone, we take a bar and punch a hole under the stone, or as nearly so as possible, and then fixing a charge, we place it in the hole, shoving it in with a stick as far as it will go, then tamp with mud or soft earth as snug as possible, light the fuse, and then run (being careful not to omit the running part). In fixing the charge, instead of removing the paper and putting in the dynamite loose, we open one end of the cartridge, and with a sharp-pointed stick make a small hole in the end of the stick of dynamite. Then, after adjusting the cap on the end of the fuse, slip the cap into the hole in the end of the dynamite, press the paper wrapper around the fuse, and tie with a string. This method has been found to work very satisfactorily around here, and saves the labor of drilling the rock. Sometimes it will throw the rock out of the ground without breaking it, in which case lay a charge on top of the rock, cover with a few shovelfuls of soft mud, lay on top as large a stone as one can lift, light the fuse, and skip. For a small stone or a flat rock a part of a stick or charge will sometimes do the work, in which case we cut the cartridge in pieces with a knife, while on larger stones a heavier charge is necessary, although I have never used more than half a pound for a blast. Here we use seventy-five per cent dynamite for rocks and sixty per cent for stumps, as we find that gives the best results.—H. H. T., in Rural New-Yorker.

Catalogues Received

C. M. Winslow, Secretary, Brandon, Vt. The Ayrshire Year Book. Free on application.

Appleton Manufacturing Company, Batavia, Ill. Illustrated pamphlet, "About Goodhue Windmills."

The De Laval Separator Company, New York City. New catalogue of the De Laval cream-separators—farm and dairy sizes.

J. S. McGinnis, Richwood, Ohio. Journal of proceedings of the sixth annual meeting of the Ohio State Protective Association.

A. H. Foster, Allegan, Mich. Maplewood stock farm catalogue of Shropshire sheep, Shorthorn cattle, Poland China hogs, and choice seed-wheat, etc.

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$50 Cash For any man or woman reporting the largest amount of milk from 5 cows, for any 60 days.

$50 Cash For any man, woman or boy raising largest number of pigs from 5 sows to 4 months of age.

$25 Cash For any man, woman or boy raising largest number of pigs from 1 sow to 2 months of age.

$25 Cash For anyone reporting largest number of pigs farrowed by one sow; dead and alive counted.

$125 Cash For anyone showing largest gain for one car load of steers for any 90 days.

$25 Cash For anyone showing largest gain for two steers for any 90 days.

$125 Cash For anyone showing largest gain for one car load of hogs for any 90 days.

$25 Cash For anyone showing largest gain for 10 hogs for any 90 days.

$25 Cash For anyone raising the largest hog to six months of age.

$25 Cash For anyone showing the greatest gain for one hog for any 90 days.

$25 Cash For anyone reporting the largest gain for one mule in any 60 days.

$25 Cash For anyone reporting the largest gain for a horse or mare in any 60 days.

$25 Cash For anyone reporting smallest amount grain used for team working every day any 60 days.

$50 Cash For anyone reporting the largest gain for 25 sheep for any 90 days.

$25 Cash For anyone reporting the largest wool clip from 5 sheep.

$25 Cash For anyone reporting largest gain in 10 sheep any 90 days.

$25 Cash For anyone reporting the largest gain for five goats for any 90 days.

$25 Cash For anyone reporting largest wool clip from five goats.

$25 Cash For anyone reporting the largest number of first prizes won at fairs in 1905 for one ram.

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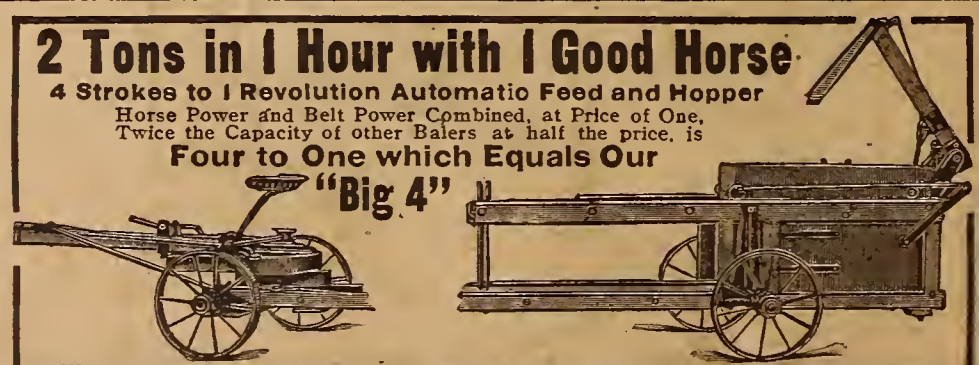

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Farming Below Sea Level

By EDMUND G. KINYON

UNTIL recently the belief prevailed throughout the West that any tract of country the altitude of which was not considerably above the sea level was an abandoned and worthless tract, incapable of sustaining anything of life and unfit for human occupancy. The varied and widespread efforts for desert reclamation have demonstrated and proved the remarkable fact that such waste places are, in truth, of vast value, capable of the highest development and of supporting large populations.

These low-lying tracts are not uncommon in the wide Colorado River Valley, both in the United States and in Mexico. They consist of vast areas of "made," or delta, land, which in its natural state is absolutely devoid of a thing of life. The altitude is from fifty to several hundred feet below sea level, and the summer temperature often reaches one hundred and twenty-five degrees above zero. The average rainfall is a scant three inches.

To the reader unacquainted with Southwest desert conditions this will not appeal as being an especially attractive place of residence. In truth, these low-lying desert sections, unreclaimed, are extremely disagreeable, and at times even dangerous, to human beings, and for centuries have been avoided as pestilential spots. But when, through great labor and expense, water has been brought thereon and applied, what a transformation! The sandy, ashy soil, that seemed not to possess an atom of fertility, and that never had produced a green thing, develops surprising productive resources.

A temperature that is above one hundred is extremely warm weather, and in a rain country would be intolerable. On the desert, where the atmosphere is devoid of moisture, it is less oppressive, and there the labor of the fields is performed with as little discomfort, perhaps, as in the lower Mississippi Valley states. The autumn and winter seasons in those low altitudes are delightful—warm, with constant sunshine and an invigorating atmosphere.

SHOWING THE BED OF AN ANCIENT LAKE AND WHAT IT PRODUCES

These low-lying tracts are nothing more nor less than dried-up lakes. They usually have no natural drainage outlet whatever. Deposits of sediment brought down from the mountains have built up the river bed to a plane higher than the country adjacent. At times the river overflows its natural embankments, and the refilling of the old-time lakes is again imminent. The areas are so large, however, that not sufficient water has flowed in during recent years to cover more than a small portion of the surface, and it is supposed that climatic and geographical changes have permanently obliterated the once extensive lakes.

The most notable instance of reclaiming those low desert tracts is in what is known as the Imperial Country of southern California, and northern Lower California in Old Mexico. In places the altitude of this section is four hundred feet below sea level. It is described in maps as the Great Desert of the Colorado.

The irrigation system which supplies this tract with water is the largest in the United States. If it reaches its full development it will serve half a million acres, nearly all of which was government land three years ago and yet remains undeeded. The water is taken from the Colorado River through an immense canal built by a large corporation, and is distributed to the different sections by a system of smaller canals owned by subordinate companies in which the individual farmers are stockholders. The land is secured from the government, under the desert-land law, at a cost of one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. Water stock must be purchased from the companies at about twenty-five dollars a share, one share an acre being necessary. In addition, there is a yearly tax of some three or four dollars an acre.

The first cost of establishing a farm in an irrigation country is necessarily large, no matter how cheap the land. The construction of the innumerable canals and laterals and the forming and maintaining of companies for that purpose aggregates considerable.

The fertility of this Colorado delta country is marvelous, and if any additional fertilizing material was needed it is contained in every drop of the irrigation water which goes upon the land, it being rich in sediment from the vast mountain country above. The soil seems to have stored up the productive capacity of the centuries while it lay dormant and dead with perennial thirst. Water is the magic key which unlocks the storehouse of wealth and renders it available to humanity.

The principal crops grown in this low country are alfalfa, wheat and barley. Each of these do well, especially alfalfa, which grows nearly all the year round and yields enormous crops, from six to eight cuttings of from one to two tons each being obtained annually. Sugar beets will be a profitable crop as soon as factories are erected to manufacture the product, and all of the vegetables grow with amazing profligacy. As an illustration, it may be noted that the common watermelon is very likely to become an actual menace. Spreading from the cultivated fields, the plant deteriorates into a wild, worthless vine, which grows with all the persistence and abandon of ordinary weeds.

Five years ago this country was not considered fit for human occupancy; now five thousand people live there in ordinary comfort. The locomotive goes shrieking across those once abandoned sinkholes, and towns flourish where the tops of the tallest buildings lack many feet of coming to the level of the sea.

CLUSTER OF ALFALFA GROWN BELOW SEA LEVEL

FARM AND FIRESIDE

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A Rich Harvest

From all over the United States comes the word that the crops are exceptionally good, as a general rule. There is no one industry in this country that wields a greater influence for prosperity than farming. If the crops are good, times are good, as a rule, and money is plentiful and the farmer prospers. No individual deserves greater prosperity than the farmer, and we wish him an abundance of it.

FARM AND FIRESIDE is taken and read in hundreds of thousands of farm homes, from Maine to California, and from Canada to the Gulf. It is the greatest twice-a-month farm and family journal in the world. If it was not a good journal it could never have attained this signal distinction.

Because FARM AND FIRESIDE is good, and has won the honor of being the greatest journal of its class in the world, it deserves a place in every farm home in America. There are good neighbors of yours, dear reader, who perhaps do not take FARM AND FIRESIDE because the opportunity has never been given them to subscribe. If we lived near them, like you do, we would get them ourselves; but we do not, and we earnestly desire them to become acquainted with FARM AND FIRESIDE. Now, won't you be so good as to introduce us? It is a little kindness that will long be remembered. Simply take your copy of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and show it to a few of your neighbors, and surely they will be glad to subscribe for such an excellent paper at this very low price, twenty-five cents a year for twenty-four numbers! If every reader will do this, FARM AND FIRESIDE will soon be in every farm home in America.

We inclose a subscription blank for this purpose with this issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE. Will you, dear reader, send it in with a "brand-new" subscriber's name on it? Be sure to put your name on the bottom of the blank, as we want to know who it was that sent the new subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Thousands of readers have already sent in new subscriptions, for which we extend our most grateful thanks. Please let us hear from you soon, and be sure to sign your name when you send in the new subscription. THE EDITOR.

About Rural Affairs

BY T. GREINER

FARMER AND CITY MAN.—Some wise Solomon says that "many a failed lawyer, merchant, banker, clergyman or physician might have succeeded as a farmer." Good sense and business tact are absolutely indispensable for success in farming. Sometimes one can be moderately successful as a physician or lawyer without these requisites, but the man who fails in any line of business for lack of sense and tact will most likely fail also as farmer. For really "no fool can succeed as a farmer" these days.

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THE APPLE OUTLOOK.—Reports from Europe show that the apple crop in England, France, Germany, Holland, etc., will be quite short—in fact, only a fraction of an average crop. This would give to our American apple producers a fine chance to work off some of their surplus. Unfortunately, however, it now looks as if there will not be any surplus, and we will be lucky if we have enough to supply the legitimate home demand. In this vicinity some of the apple orchards were well set with fruit, and we congratulated ourselves on the prospects of a crop but little short of last year's large production. Since then there has not only been an unusually large drop, but the trees are struck with leaf blight to such an extent as to make it reasonably certain that there will be but little really first-class fruit gathered in our apple orchards. As we have been overstocked with apples, however, for some years, it may be a good thing for us to have for once a season of shortage. Early apples here are almost a complete failure.

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CATTLE FLY TRAP.—Two years ago the patentee of a device to relieve cattle of flies and catch the flies graciously sent me an individual farm right for using his contrivance. I feel that I really ought to have tested it at once. It consists of a passageway formed by two board partitions covered tightly with boards overhead, and high enough to allow an animal to pass through easily, with room to spare. A glass trap on top, in about the center, admits some light, and acts as a cage for the flies. Curtains that are slit from top to bottom in the center are hung across the passageway, and exclude the light from the entrance and exit. When brought from pasture the cattle are led through this passageway, the curtains at the entrance parting to let them through, and at the same time brushing the flies off the animal's flanks, neck and head. The flies, finding themselves in the dark, naturally seek the light overhead, and readily enter the trap, where they are held until some one comes to kill them in the most convenient manner. This device, however, I believe is an old one, and can be used by any one without having to pay for the privilege. It is a good one, too, and any one who has ordinary mechanical skill can easily put it up.

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CATTLE AND FLIES.—The practice of spraying cattle for flies, if regularly continued from year to year, seems to result in a gradual reduction of the fly pest. My cattle in pasture are not tormented this year half as much, even on days when not sprayed, as they were five years ago. I spray them daily with a mixture of oil of tar, kerosene and crude carbolic acid. In spraying I try to hit most or all of the flies that have alighted on the bodies of the cattle, and I believe those that are hit with the spray quickly die. It means less breeding of flies. This remedy, however, must be applied frequently—in fact, daily—to be effective. Undoubtedly we have other spray liquids that have a more lasting effect, with possibly some drawbacks. Professor Day, of the experiment farm at Guelph, after having tested a good many things, stated that he now uses nothing but fish oil with a little crude carbolic acid, as it has a much better lasting effect than most other remedies that have been recommended. The cows are sprayed about three times in two weeks, which seems to answer the purpose. Fish oil is very cheap if it can be secured. I tried to get it in some of the wholesale houses in Buffalo, but was told that they do not keep it. It can be had in New York City, and probably other coast cities, by the barrel at about twenty-five to thirty cents a gallon, but when we want only a few gallons it may be hard to get. That is the reason why I do not use it. In its place I have sometimes used crude petroleum with good effect. Some kerosene and a little each of oil of tar and crude carbolic acid are mixed in, and the whole makes a good spray for repelling flies. It must be used at least once a day.

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DANGEROUS ERRORS.—The use of poisonous or corrosive substances is always attended with some risk. It is only by the exercise of the utmost care and constant watchfulness that the farmer who handles and keeps on his place such things as Paris green, arsenic, arsenate of lead, hellebore, and other things of a more or less poisonous nature, can be sure of avoiding regrettable accidents. Sometimes I am puzzled myself what to do with a small lot of ready-mixed poison that has been left over from a spray application, and for which I have no immediate use. I always try to mix just what I want at a time, and then use it all up, even if I have to apply some where it may not yet be strictly necessary so as to get rid of the whole lot. At any rate, I do not like the idea of having it stand around where it might be a source of mistakes and accidents. In some cases I have dug a hole in the ground and emptied some remnant of poisonous liquid into it, filling the hole up again with earth. Such things as arsenic and hellebore, if in cans or paper bags, should always be plainly labeled. A brother of mine once mixed a lot of hellebore into the feed intended for his magnificent flock of hens and capons, thinking it was ginger, and he had a hard time of it trying to save his fowls, in which task he finally succeeded. Even the preparation and compounding of spray mixtures is not free from risks unless it is done in the proper manner. With many of our spray materials—even Bordeaux mixture, not to speak of petroleum, kerosene, etc.—it is quite possible to do as much harm as good. One of my friends made a Bordeaux mixture from copper sulphate and lime, thinking the proportions were just right and according to directions, and yet he badly scorched his tomato, pepper and egg plants and other things which he had sprayed with the mixture. He had either used too small a proportion of lime or lime of poor quality, and the free acid in the copper sulphate was allowed to do its destructive work. An attorney of my acquaintance in a near city made a mixture from copper sulphate and soda, using four pounds of each, and badly scorched the potato vines to which it was applied. We must be sure of what we are doing. If we do not use enough alkali (lime or soda) to neutralize the free acid in the sulphate we run the risk of injuring our plants. With lime, make the regular ferrocyanide test; when using soda, have five pounds of it to four pounds of copper sulphate. Errors are often costly; don't make them.

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

CORN STOVER.—A farmer in Indiana says he is short of timothy hay this year, his meadow being about run out, and asks if I think it will be best to buy some now, or to feed straw and cornstalks with a little more grain through the winter. I would not worry about a little timothy hay if I had good straw and a field of corn. Just as soon as the corn in the field is fairly hard—not dry, but hard—I would cut enough to supply roughage for all my stock from the time it is cut until the horses begin work next spring and the cows go to pasture. If the fodder is well shocked, then the corn husked out as soon as it is dry enough, and the fodder stored away in the barn or a dry shed, it will make just as good feed (roughage) as the best timothy hay to be had. In husking one can leave all the nubbins in the fodder, and the stock will take care of them. I have had fodder that was kept in a dry shed to look as green and fresh in March as a week after it was cut, and horses ate it as eagerly as well-cured clover. I have found that corn fodder is a great deal like clover. If cut and stored without being rained on it remains a nice bright green, but a single wetting will discolor it and give it an old appearance. But very little grain is needed by horses that are well supplied with well-cured corn fodder. About nine out of ten farmers feed too much grain in winter, anyway. Horses that are idle or used merely for light driving need very little grain if they have plenty of good roughage. Ten ears of corn a day is an abundance, while some will winter well on half that. One can tell by the appearance of the animal whether he is feeding right.

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RURAL-TELEPHONE SCHEME.—According to a leading writer in one of the great literary magazines, several prominent political sharps are working on a scheme to have the farmer more closely connected with the business world by means of the telephone. This writer says the farmer is too far away from business centers for his own good; that rural free delivery has been of great benefit to the "isolated ruralist," but it is too slow to give him the greatest benefits of quick touch with the markets. The scheme is to have the government erect telephone lines to "certain centers in the rural districts," which will be put in possession of all the latest ups and downs of the stock and grain markets, and to which any farmer can apply at any time of the day or night for any information he may desire along those lines. This will be good news to the "isolated ruralist" who is dealing in "puts and calls" on 'change. He can run a line to one of these certain centers, put in a ticker, and deal in futures as fast and furiously and as disastrously as any of the plungers in Chicago. But the main object of the political fossils who have conjured up this scheme is to work the government for another appropriation, and ring themselves into the dispensation thereof. There are already thousands of telephones in rural homes, and thousands more are being put in every week, and the "isolated ruralist" is now, or soon will be, in constant touch with the latest markets for all of his produce. Millions of dollars' worth of farm produce is now sold by telephone every month, and in a few years millions more will be.

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PARCELS POST.—The "isolated ruralist" is not asking for free phones, pneumatic tubes nor hourly delivery of mail, but he is asking for what every other civilized country on the globe is now enjoying—a reasonable, sensible parcels post, by which he can have packages of goods carried through the mails at a fair rate. This he would now have but for the political fossils and chiefs of the express trust who now hold seats in the United States Senate. I am safe in saying that there will be no parcels-post legislation get through the senate as it is now constituted. If any of the younger and more modern members of that body should so far defy the express companies' lobbyists as to offer any measure tending in that direction, Senator Platt, the president of one of the express companies, is there to squelch him with "a point of order." The only means by which such legislation can be had is by the forcible retiring of all the old fossils and barnacles who are there to prevent action along that line.

It is plain that it is not a very difficult matter for farmers to obtain legislation in their favor, provided it does not interfere with the operations of great trusts or monopolies. If the legislation asked for touches their field of operations they will use every known and unknown means to prevent it, and they generally succeed. It would be useless to ask for a modification of the present tariff in any direction. Touch it in any place, and a monopoly or trust is up in arms. One of the most forcible arguments against it is that the revenues of the government are now short of its expenditures, and it would be suicidal to cut the revenues. But I notice that this fact does not deter politicians from asking that we grant great subsidies to the shipping interests for the alleged purpose of increasing our merchant marine. But that is another matter. Modification of the tariff in the interest of agriculture, or the establishment of a parcels post for the benefit of seven tenths of the plain people, would touch the profits of established monopolies, while the granting of large subsidies to the shipping interests opens up magnificent opportunities for more grafting, like that we have had in the public-land departments. Farmers must make themselves felt in these matters.

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A "Brand-New" One

Be kind enough to send FARM AND FIRESIDE just one new subscription on the blank inclosed with this number. If every one will do this, FARM AND FIRESIDE will have more subscribers than any other journal in the world. It is a very small favor, is it not?

Our Farm

Inoculation of Soil with Nitrogen-Fixing Bacteria

WHEN SHOULD THE FARMER RESORT TO ARTIFICIAL INOCULATION?

THE question naturally occurs to the farmer who reads of the wonderful work done by bacterial cultures, "How can I benefit by this discovery?" To begin with, it should be clearly understood that the nodule bacteria are useful only with the plants which Nature has adapted to produce root nodules when these bacteria are present. These plants are practically all included in the leguminous, or "pulse," family, and the common forms sown are the clovers, peas, beans and vetches. Some experiments have been made by workers in this country to infect the roots of corn, wheat, etc., with nitrogen-fixing bacteria, but the results were negative in every case.

Assuming that the farmer has decided to sow some legume—alfalfa, for instance—the first question is, "Does my land need this treatment?" The answer depends on several conditions.

WHEN INOCULATION IS NECESSARY

(A) Inoculation is absolutely necessary when—
(1) The land is at all poor or "thin" and has borne no legumes previously.
(2) When the land has borne legumes whose roots were devoid of nodules. Even in soils rated as "standard," and capable of producing excellent crops of grain, etc., legumes lacking nodules frequently make a very poor showing.

WHEN INOCULATION IS DESIRABLE

(B) Inoculation is highly desirable when—
(1) The legumes previously grown on the land belong to another group of these plants. For instance, Bokhara or sweet clover (Melilotus) and bur clover are the only common legumes which give evidence of having nodule bacteria capable of infecting alfalfa. Infection of soy beans grown in the United States was first secured only after using soil imported from Japan.
(2) The soil produces a sickly growth of legumes even though their roots bear nodules. This applies whether the leguminous crop to be sown is the same as the preceding one or not. The introduction of the more active organisms furnished by pure cultures may solve the difficulty.

WHEN INOCULATION IS WORTHY OF TRIAL

(C) Inoculation is worth a trial when—
(1) The crop already sown has made a stand, but gives evidence of failing from lack of the nodule-forming bacteria.
(2) A field which has previously grown a good leguminous crop begins to give even a slight indication that, all other conditions being the same, it is not producing the highest yield. This situation is the hardest to detect, because it depends upon a gradual loss of virulence of the bacteria already in the soil, and the only way of being certain of this condition is to try inoculation and note results.

WHEN INOCULATION IS UNNECESSARY

Inoculation is unnecessary—
(1) In soils where the leguminous crops usually grown are producing up to the average and the roots show nodules in normal numbers. In such cases inoculation will give no material increase in yield, nor will the soil receive additional enrichment thereby. This may be accepted as a general rule, although cases have been reported showing increases beyond what could be reasonably expected, due, in all probability, to the greater activity of the bacteria grown in pure cultures. Whether the increase under such circumstances would be sufficient to make inoculation worth while would depend upon the degree of deterioration that had been reached by the organisms that were already in the soil.
(2) In soils rich in nitrogen. Where plants can secure combined nitrogen in the soil they will draw from this direct source even though they are provided with root nodules. Mention has already been made of the effect of rich soil upon the ability of the bacteria to form nodules. Growing legumes upon such soils where nodules are not readily formed is not advisable, as it is manifestly poor economy. With the aid of the nodule bacteria, legumes can be made to produce quite as well upon much poorer soils. Ground containing a high percentage of available nitrogen would thus be released for the growing of grass, grain, or truck crops which do not possess facilities for utilizing atmospheric nitrogen. Of course, the use of rich soil would be justified if the legume crop should happen to be the most profitable in the region, or if the land should be of uniform fertility.

WHEN TO EXPECT FAILURE WITH INOCULATION

Failure with inoculation may be expected—
(1) When the directions for preparing the liquid culture are not carefully followed. In one instance two dry cultures derived from the same "stock culture" and used by the same experimenter produced widely different results in adjoining fields. The first, prepared without proper reference to temperature and manner of application, resulted in the loss of the seed sown (alfalfa), no nodules being formed. In the second experiment, with more care taken, nodules were produced in abundance, and the stand was a perfect success. The culture does not itself contain the nitrogen, but simply the organisms which potentially have the power of fixing nitrogen, and which if properly handled will increase in such numbers as to be of material benefit to the plants with which they become associated.
(2) When the ground is already thoroughly inoculated.
(3) When the soil is so rich in nitrogen as to prevent the growth of nodule-forming bacteria.
(4) When the soil is too acid or too alkaline to permit the development of either plants or bacteria.
(5) When the soil is deficient in necessary plant foods, such as potash and phosphoric acid, as well as in nitrogen.

It should also be borne in mind that inoculation will not overcome poor results due to bad seed, improper preparation and cultivation of the land and decidedly adverse climatic conditions.

Before attempting to secure the benefits of inoculation the farmer should first thoroughly inform himself upon the general culture of the crop to be sown. Neglect to do this simply invites failure. Sowing alfalfa on hastily prepared land, on land foul with weeds, etc., has been responsible for several hundred failures among our own experimenters, and through the country at large the percentage is certainly fully as great. The readiness with which free publications covering the essential points in the culture of all common legumes may be obtained from the state experiment stations and from the United States Department of Agriculture renders it inexcusable to fail through ignorance.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 214, by George T. Moore and T. R. Robinson.

REMOVING OLD PEACH TREES

This method was used by a western New York farmer for removing old peach trees that were past their usefulness. A twelve-horse-power traction engine with the help of three men removed thirty trees an hour.

A CAUTION

In the use of cultures for inoculating soil the farmer should be guided, as in all other matters pertaining to soil treatment, by his own peculiar needs, and should not give too great weight to the experiences of others whose soil conditions may differ widely. It would be unwise to invest largely in any new method for increasing plant growth, whether bacterial or of any other nature, without previously experimenting in a small way.

DANGER OF INOCULATION BY SOIL TRANSFER

Satisfactory inoculations have been obtained by transferring soil from old fields on which the legume has been grown, but experience has shown that there are dangers incident to such methods of soil transfer which it is wise to avoid.

The source of supply of such soil should be very definitely known, and in no case should soil be used from fields which have previously borne any crops affected with a fungous disease, a bacterial disease, or with nematoids. Where a rotation of crops is practiced it is often difficult to make sure of this factor, so that under average circumstances the method of soil transfer is open to suspicion, if not to positive objection. Numerous animal and plant parasites live in the soil for years, and are already established in so many localities that it is manifestly unwise to ship soil indiscriminately from one portion of the country to another.

The bacterial diseases of the tomato, potato and eggplant, and the club root, brown rot and wilt disease of the cabbage, all more or less widely distributed, are readily transmitted in the soil, while in the South and West there are the wilt diseases of cotton, melons, sweet potatoes, cowpeas and flax, and various nematoid and root-rot diseases which might easily become a serious menace over areas much larger than they now occupy if deliberately spread by the careless use of soil for inoculation purposes. There are several insect and fungous diseases of clover to be avoided, and various diseases of beans and peas. There is also a disease of alfalfa—the "leaf spot"—which is causing damage in some regions. These are only a few of many diseases liable to be transmitted in soils. The farmer should therefore be on his guard. The danger from such sources is by no means imaginary. The Department of Agriculture has had specific cases of such accidental distribution reported, and if the business of selling soil for inoculation is made to flourish by farmers purchasing without question "alfalfa soil," "cowpea soil," etc., there is every reason to believe that experience will demonstrate the folly of such haphazard methods.

Of scarcely less importance is the danger of disseminating noxious weeds and insect pests through this plan of inoculation by means of soils. Even though weeds may not have been serious in the first field, the great numbers of dormant seeds requiring but a slight change in surroundings to produce germination are always a menace. The enormous damage to crops caused by introduced insects and weeds should convey a warning and lead to caution. It is not the part of good judgment to view the risk as a slight one justified by the end in view.—Bureau of Plant Industry, Bulletin No. 72, Part IV., by A. F. Woods.

BACTERIA ON ALFALFA

It is well known that alfalfa, in common with other legumes, has upon its roots nodules, or tubercles, produced by certain bacteria, with the aid of which the plants are enabled to obtain a supply of atmospheric nitrogen. By the decay of these nodules the soil becomes richer in nitrogen. Though alfalfa can grow without the presence of these bacteria, especially if the soil is rich and there is an abundant supply of nitrogen, yet under normal field conditions the growth is much more vigorous when these organisms are present, as indicated by the nodules upon the roots. The seedling plants are infected, or inoculated, from the soil if the organisms are present. Where these are not already present it is necessary to inoculate the plants artificially in order to produce the best results. This can be done by scattering upon the field soil from an infected field, or by placing the bacteria directly upon the seed before sowing. The latter procedure has been rendered practicable by the use of pure cultures, a method perfected in the laboratory of plant physiology of the bureau of plant industry of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Throughout the region west of the Mississippi River and a considerable portion of the Eastern states this organism seems to be already widely spread in the soil. At the Illinois Experiment Station it has been shown that the organism upon the roots of the sweet or Bokhara clover ("Melilotus alba") produces the same effect upon alfalfa as the alfalfa organism itself. Since this plant is widely introduced as a weed in most of the region east of the Rocky Mountains, the chances are good for natural inoculation in many cases. Experiments at the North Carolina Experiment Station seem to show that the same organisms occur upon the roots of bur clover. Nevertheless, the natural inoculation upon the first crop may not be sufficient for its needs. This appears to be shown by the fact that better results are likely to follow successive sowings upon the same land. But in any case it must be borne in mind that artificial inoculation of the seed will supply only one of the necessary conditions, and will not prevent failure from other causes.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 215, by A. S. Hitchcock.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 214, "Beneficial Bacteria for Leguminous Crops," and Farmers' Bulletin No. 215, "Alfalfa Growing," can be obtained without cost upon application to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Food Stuffs Will Be Needed at Home

It is becoming apparent that we are approaching the period when we shall need all we can produce to feed the people who are engaged in our varied industries. Our exports of manufactured products will surely increase to such an extent that it will matter little when we cease to export products that should be converted into more valuable forms here. *

A BLUE pencil mark opposite this paragraph means that

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We are pleased to accommodate our friends by waiting a reasonable time for their remittances, but we regret there is a limit beyond which this favor cannot be extended, and unless your renewal is promptly sent we must discontinue sending FARM AND FIRESIDE to you.

Gardening

By T. GREINER

Asparagus Rust has never yet given any trouble on my grounds. If I anticipated any danger from that source I would plant Palmetto and no other, as it is reported more nearly exempt from the attacks of this disease than any other variety.

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May King, catalogued for the first time in 1905 by some of our seedsmen, seems to be a really good solid-heading and long-standing lettuce, and in this season of frequent rains deliciously tender. I have made another sowing of it for late use, trying it against the very best of our older sorts.

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Literature on Cucumbers.—A reader asks what books or bulletins I can recommend on the subject of cucumber growing. I know of no book or special treatise on cucumbers. All the modern books on general gardening, however, give more or less detailed information on cucumber culture, and I believe the Cornell University Experiment Station, at Ithaca, N. Y., some years ago issued a bulletin treating on the forcing of melons and cucumbers under glass. There may also have been issued a bulletin on the pickle industry in this state ten or more years ago by the state station at Geneva.

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Canning Fruits Raw.—A lady reader asks about canning strawberries raw. I have to record one success and one failure. The strawberries were simply washed, then mixed with sugar, pound for pound, mashed, and put in cans, and the latter sealed air-tight. Currants were treated in a similar way. The first year we tried this the strawberries and currants were simply delicious when the cans were opened in winter. We had some strawberry shortcake in every way as good as that made with fresh berries. When we tried this method of canning again on a larger scale, however, we did not have the same luck. The sugared berries and currants had begun to ferment, and while not spoiled for use, were only passable. We will try this plan once more with currants this year. Gooseberries and rhubarb, on the other hand, put in cans with cold water only, and sealed air-tight, kept in good condition until used in winter or early spring.

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Hairy Vetch (winter vetch) as an orchard cover crop on my place is simply great, immense, wonderful! I have hardly adjectives strong enough to describe its magnificent growth. The spears of rye with which it was planted held it up, with tips six to seven feet above the ground, until the weight of the mass of verdure bent the already filled heads of rye under and out of sight, leaving a perfect sea of violet-blue bloom, the whole combination being strong enough to hold an ordinary scythe (with snath) three feet or more high above the ground. No vetch had ever been grown on that particular spot that I know of, nor within a hundred rods of it, neither has the soil been inoculated with the specific vetch bacteria, yet the roots are a perfect mass of nodules, and I must conclude that in this particular case artificial inoculation would have no more visible results than the emptying of a bucket of water into Lake Erie.

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Manure for Eggplant.—A Florida reader says he has a lot of muck composted with stable manure, and wants to know what to put with it to make a good fertilizer for eggplants. With plenty of stable manure I usually feel pretty sure of a big crop of eggplants, which can stand quite heavy applications and thrive on them. A compost of muck and stable manure is also most excellent, and we can get along very well without other additions if we have plenty of the compost. If, however, the proportion of muck is very large, as this contains little or no mineral plant food it might be well to mix some wood ashes, or in their place some potash in the muriate or sulphate form, and some superphosphate (dissolved phosphate rock) with it. It is usually claimed that wood ashes should not be mixed with stable manure, as having a tendency to liberate and drive off the ammonia, but the muck in the combination will fix the ammonia and prevent the loss. Wood ashes can even be mixed with hen manure without loss of ammonia if the mixture is applied to the soil and worked well into it soon after being mixed.

◈

Sowing Prizetaker Onions.—S. H., a reader in Falconer, N. Y., asks me whether he could sow Prizetaker onion seed in August, store the plants in a cellar that does not freeze, and reset them in spring, or whether if left out in the ground during winter they would live to make onions that year. In this matter we are still standing before unsolved problems. I did sow some Prizetaker seed last year along in August, and every plant stood the winter all right, and gave me some good green, or bunch, onions in May of this year. If left after proper thinning some of these plants would probably have made fairly good bulbs, while another portion, I imagine, would have gone to seed. A similar lot sown the year before, however, had mostly winter killed, and the remnant made bulbs of moderate size or produced seed. I believe that we shall find a way to grow the plants in the fall, and either leave them in the ground over winter or keep them for spring planting in a cellar or cold storage. My friends can help me settle some of these points by experiments of their own. We all can tell more about it after trying. Some plants of the White Portugal onion from seed sown September 15th of last year came safely through the winter in open ground, were transplanted this spring, and are now beginning to make good bulbs. But the Prizetaker is not quite so hardy as the Portugal, and the result of an experiment I am now making with it is considerably in doubt. I am just preparing a spot of well-protected ground in the same fashion as Southern tobacco growers prepare their plant beds—namely, by selecting some new, or virgin, soil, piling on it a lot of brush and rubbish, and burning it over, then plowing it, applying some old compost or yard scrapings freely, replowing and fitting it up until a perfect seed bed is formed—and in this I propose to sow Prizetaker seed thickly in narrow rows, using perhaps five pounds of seed on as many square rods of ground. If the plants live through the winter I shall have a nice lot of plants for setting out in early spring, part of them to make fall bulbs, and another portion, which are to be set very thickly in regular rows (the plants perhaps less than an inch apart), to be used for green, or bunch, onions when the White Portugal onions from seed sown in August are gone. We have much to gain and but little to lose by trying this plan. It will work all right in some seasons, at least.

◈

Troubles of Small Seedlings.—A reader says his celery plants all died down while very small. He sowed the seed in a box outdoors, covered the box over with glass during the night, and left the glass on them also during cold days. They came up all right, but broke over at the surface of the soil when making the fourth leaf. This is a very common trouble of seedlings, and is liable to happen to all such seedlings, especially those of cabbage and similar plants, also tomatoes started under glass that have to endure many and sudden changes of temperature or are standing in soil that is kept continually wet and in high heat. I have less trouble from that source in soils of only moderate richness, and especially of a sandy character, if kept in a more nearly uniform temperature and moderately dry. Celery plants, however, can naturally stand quite free applications of water. In sowing the seed I usually cover them with clear river sand, or a mixture of this with finely sifted coal ashes and fine dry muck or leaf mold if I have it. Bedding my onion seed (when sown under glass) in clear, sharp river sand usually keeps the seedlings free from this damping-off disease. A sprinkling of flowers of sulphur mixed in with the sand, or hot sand that has been mixed with a little sulphur, sifted over the surface of the ground when the seedlings have come up will also serve to prevent loss by this disease.

◈

The Disinfection of Vegetable Seeds.—Some years ago I began to suggest the advisability of washing some of our vegetable seeds, especially celery, cabbage, etc., with a disinfecting liquid, such as a weak solution of copper sulphate, in order to kill the spores of any germ disease with which they might possibly be infected. This may have been thought of very little practical account, and I do not think that as a practice it has spread much or become general. In a study of the black rot of cabbage carried on by the botanical department of the New York State Experiment Station, at Geneva, for some years black rot was found in the seed-bearing plants, and the germ causing the disease was found present on the seed from such plants. The disease germs are considered to remain alive on the seed at least eleven months. When we plant cabbage seed, therefore, we must always reckon with the possibility that the seed may carry these germs, and we must be prepared in that case to see an outbreak of black rot among the plants grown from that seed. Washing the seed thoroughly before planting with a weak solution of copper sulphate would probably free it from all infection. The New York station, however, recommends the soaking of the seed for fifteen minutes in a one-to-one-thousand corrosive-sublimate solution or in a four-tenths-per-cent formalin solution just before planting as a cheap and effective method of destroying germs upon the seed. And while we are about it we might as well give to celery and onion seeds the same treatment, if only "on general principles." I am doing that now usually with my seed potatoes, as a special treatment for scab infection.

◈

Onions from Sets.—I do not think very highly of the method of using sets to grow early bunch onions. I have already told the readers of Farm and Fireside that I usually grow good green onions in a much simpler way, and get them in the market much earlier in spring, by sowing seed of hardy sorts in the fall before (or in the spring or summer before, according to what kind of onions I use). Yet there may be some need of sets in order to give us good green onions just between those that I grow from seed sown in the fall and seed sown in the spring. For myself I shall try to get around the necessity of using the expensive set method altogether, and rely only on seedlings. But if I were to plant sets, I would surely sow the sets in light furrows, such as can be made with a hand machine (the same as I use for marking most of my rows for setting onion plants), rather than pick up each little set with the fingers to insert it in the row. A reader asks me whether the onions are not liable to grow crooked if thus sown miscellaneously into a deeper furrow. I have never noticed any such tendency generally. Sometimes a few plants will grow crooked if they happen to fall top end downward in the furrow. But sowing them saves so much time and labor that we can well risk the loss (if such it should prove to be) of a small percentage of the sets by the plants growing crooked. Another Ohio reader asks how many sets it would take to plant an acre. That depends altogether on the size of the sets, also on the way the sets are planted. Some sets are very small, not much bigger than wrinkled peas. These are considered the best. They may not make large green onions quite so quickly as larger sets, but they go much further in planting, and are not so liable to run to seed as the larger sets. Many gardeners place the sets singly a few inches apart in the rows. In that case a bushel may go four or five times as far in planting as sets that are just sowed in furrows, perhaps one set to the inch of row, or even closer. Such planting will require quite a number of bushels even when sets are small. It is an expensive method of growing green onions, the best you can say of it. This spring a neighbor bought a number of bushels of Ebenezer sets of small marble size, paying seven dollars a bushel.

Fruit Growing

By S. B. GREEN

Rabbit Paint.—E. L., Illinois, says that if capsicum is added to rabbit paint it will greatly improve its effectiveness in preventing the gnawing of young trees. Capsicum is commonly known as red pepper.

◈

Fire Blight.—M. L. P., Macomb, Ill. The best treatment for fire blight of the apple or pear is to cut off and burn the injured portions as soon as possible. This disease is caused by a vegetable parasite, and is liable to spread. Some varieties are much less injured by it than others.

◈

Animal Injuring Trees.—W. K. L., Yorkville, Cal. I do not know what animal it can be that has taken the bark off of your fruit trees. The work would seem to me more like that of a goat were it not for the fact that you are positive that it is caused by some small rodent. I would suggest that you correspond with the California Experiment Station, at Berkeley, Cal., addressing Prof. E. J. Wickson, who is in charge of the horticultural work there.

◈

Lice on Currants.—A. K., Kenosha, Wis. The green lice on the currant are difficult to destroy, as they form quite a blister, or gall, on the leaves, which protects them from any insecticide that may be applied. If, however, the foliage is sprayed early in the spring, as soon as the leaves appear, with strong tobacco water, it will generally kill the young lice as soon as they are hatched. By this treatment they are out of the way before they are protected by the galls. It will, however, require some little confidence and forethought in order to do this, as the work must be undertaken before any injury appears.

◈

Killing Ants.—E. C. C., Elgin, Oreg. If you can find the ant-hills, the ants are quite easily destroyed by the use of carbon bisulphide. This material is much like gasoline in its general physical qualities, and must be handled with some regard to its explosiveness. In using it, saturate a piece of cotton batting about the size of an egg, and lay it on top of the hill. Cover it with several thicknesses of newspaper, holding it in place with a little soil so as to prevent any excess of air, and this will kill all the ants in the hill. I am inclined to think that your strawberries are injured by blight, and that the injury you lay to the ants is not entirely theirs.

◈

Cottony Maple Scale.—A. E. S., Luverne, Minn. The insect causing the injury to your soft maple is known as the "cottony maple scale," and is very troublesome in some sections. The best remedy is to apply what is known as the lime-sulphur-and-salt wash during the winter or early spring, before the leaves open. This is a very satisfactory remedy. Kerosene or crude petroleum used on bright days in the latter part of the winter is also a satisfactory remedy. It should not, however, be used in cloudy weather, since it then stays a long time on the plant, and sometimes kills the bark. If you have only one or two small trees that are injured I would suggest that you go over them and take off the scales, or else touch the scales with a small brush dipped in kerosene. A very small amount will be sufficient to moisten them, and will kill all the eggs, which are found in large numbers in the masses of cottony material. I would like to know if there is very much injury from this disease in your section.

◈

Oyster Shell Bark Louse.—L. E., Nappanee, Ind. The pieces of apple limb which you sent on are infested with what is known as the oyster shell bark louse. This is occasionally very troublesome on apple and pear trees, and the best treatment in a small way is to thoroughly whitewash the limbs of the trees in winter, and when the whitewash peels off the scales will come with it. Crude petroleum may also be used to advantage for this purpose, and the lime-sulphur-and-salt wash is a very common remedy for this and other scales in large orchards. This scale spreads when the eggs (which are now under the scales) hatch out and the young commence to crawl on the twigs. The young can move about for only a few days, and then become fixed in place, and form the scale to which you refer. The eggs will hatch out during June, and if you watch the trees you will notice them. If the trees are sprayed at this time with kerosene emulsion the young scales will be destroyed.

◈

Fruit Dropping—Rose Slug.—D. W. W., Elwood, Ind. The Duchess apple tree seldom drops its fruit without good cause. It is one of the most reliable varieties we have. It is common, however, for this and other varieties of apples to drop about two thirds of the fruit that will appear to have set immediately after the fall of the flowers. In the crabs we find that every flower makes fruit, but as the size of the fruit increases the number of fruit in the clusters decreases. I am inclined to think that your apples are injured by the codling moth or other insect, and thus made to drop. If you have specimens of the fallen fruit, and will forward them to me, I shall be glad to look further into this matter.——The rose leaves which you sent on are injured by what is known as the "rose slug," which is a greenish worm that lives on the under side of the leaves, and will not be seen unless looked for carefully. It eats the tissues, leaving only the veins and skin. If, however, the foliage is sprayed with Paris green and water, at the rate of one teaspoonful of Paris green to a pail of water, the insect will be destroyed. It may also be destroyed by white hellebore, at the rate of one ounce to one gallon of water. In spraying, be sure to put it on the under side of the leaves.

Poultry Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Compact Chickens

MANY chicks hatched late in the season will appear more compact in body than will some of those that are hatched early. The first broods seem to grow tall, making height, settling down on their legs as the fall of the year passes into winter, while the chicks hatched as late as the middle of June make more growth of body for the time allowed than the earlier ones. This habit of the late chicks has induced some persons to retain the apparently compact late-hatched pullets, with the view of securing the foundation for a compact breed, but the long-legged chick and short-legged one have the same parents. It is usually the case that the largest and most perfectly formed birds are those hatched early, and they grow more rapidly because of more favorable conditions. The comparison of early and late chicks may not always show the results mentioned, as there are exceptions to all rules, but in the selection of pullets for next year the suggestions given should not be overlooked.

◈

Turkeys in Confinement

It has been claimed that the turkey cannot be kept in confinement, but something depends upon methods. An operator who made the experiment bought his turkey eggs from a breeder, hatched them in an incubator, kept them in a brooder, and did not lose a chick. He put a few newly hatched chickens with the young turkeys, and fed the brood carefully. They were given a wire-covered yard about five feet wide and twelve feet long, and they had a small house after leaving the brooder. There were eight young turkeys, which grew rapidly, not one dying. When one year old the best gobbler weighed twenty-four pounds. They were taught by the young chickens to stay with the other fowls, and they showed not the slightest inclination to stray away. Being well fed at the barnyard, and having a small lawn and apple orchard in which to seek insects and green food, they were contented. These young turkeys were kept in their little yard until they were three months old, and they were then allowed outside. At first they would go only a short distance away, returning to their yard at night. Not one of them became sick or droopy. The success was due to "balanced foods," dry and clean quarters, and the care exercised in keeping down lice.

◈

Securing Good Layers

While every farmer should resort to the pure breeds for the best results, there are some matters pertaining to the management of poultry which the farmer or poultryman must personally attend to, as he cannot delegate the duties to others. To have a flock of good layers next year each of the pullets should be carefully observed, as it is only by daily observation of the members of the flock that a selection of the best can be made. The desired results are not always accomplished in one year. To bring a flock up to a high degree of efficiency depends largely upon the management, yet one must breed for something better every year. The best pullets should be the foundation, and with careful selection every year there will be progress and improvement. It is a problem to pick out the most suitable breed, as climate, markets and other conditions are factors; but each farmer can take the best of his pullets every year, as well as retain any meritorious hens that have given satisfactory results. There is no known breed that satisfies all farmers. Poultrymen and farmers have their preferences, experience teaching each that the best breed is the one adapted to his farm. When introducing new blood, aim to procure stock from yards that contain hardy fowls, and do not fail to cull and dispose of all unpromising stock.

◈

Color of the Shell

FARM AND FIRESIDE has been requested to state which breed lays eggs having dark shells. In reply it may be safely claimed that all the nonsitting breeds lay eggs having white shells, these breeds comprising the Minorcas, Leghorns, Hamburgs, Polish, Houdans, Red Caps, Black Spanish, etc., while the breeds which are claimed to lay eggs with dark shells are the Cochins, Langshans, Brahmas, Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, and others that are classed as sitters. The fact is, should the experiment be made, it will be found that individuals differ in that respect. A flock of Cochins may consist of birds that lay dark-shell eggs, yet the color of the eggs will not be uniform. Various attempts have been made to introduce strains or families of selected breeds that were expected to produce uniformly dark-shell eggs, and one breeder worked at the problem for fifteen years, only to find that even a flock of full sisters could not be depended upon to insure uniformity of color. In all flocks the eggs vary to a certain extent, though with birds laying eggs with white shells uniformity may sometimes be secured. So far as the quality of the egg is concerned, it has been discovered that the color of the shell is in no manner an indication of the quality of the contents.

◈

Forcing Hens to Lay

Those who attempt to force hens to lay by feeding them as much food as the birds will eat nearly always fail in their object. Nature controls the habits and characteristics of all creatures. Time is required for growth and maturity, and natural processes cannot be hastened. At this season of the year any attempts to force the hens to lay by increasing the grain ration will cause the birds to fatten and cease egg production. The best method by which hens can be assisted to lay is to give them the opportunity to forage, withholding all grain, and feeding foods rich in protein. In winter the warmth of the body must be maintained, and forcing hens may then be better and more easily accomplished; but forcing usually does harm to a flock, as it leads to injudicious feeding. In summer it is sometimes an advantage to give no food at all if the hens can forage.

◈

Cholera Indications

Readers frequently request remedies for cholera in fowls, some of them stating that it has existed in their flocks for several weeks. It is doubtful if there are a dozen flocks afflicted with cholera in the entire country in a year, as it is an exceedingly rare disease at the present day. It is indigestion, resulting usually from overfeeding, that is supposed to be cholera. Cholera does not long remain in a flock. It destroys its victims in a day or two, allowing but little time for the use of a remedy. A teaspoonful of Douglass mixture in every quart of drinking water is as efficacious as any other remedy. It is prepared by dissolving a pound of copperas in a gallon of boiling water, adding an ounce (gill) of sulphuric acid. For indigestion, simply withhold all food for thirty-six hours, and then allow only one meal a day for a few days. The Douglass mixture is also an excellent disinfectant, being considered one of the best remedies for roup. Fowls afflicted with cholera will not eat, but have intense thirst, the drinking water being the best medium through which to administer medicine.

Hens or Pullets

There is a difference of opinion among breeders, farmers and others on the subject of substituting pullets for hens—whether it is cheaper to keep a hen two or three years, or remove her to fill her place with a pullet. Of course, the laying qualities of the hen should be considered, as it is never advisable to get rid of a good layer, no matter how old she may be. But the claim is made that the hen loses about three months in molting, her quota of eggs is reduced the second year, and that she fattens more readily than the pullet, as well as being more disposed to become broody. There may be some who prefer hens to become broody, which is consequently not a fault, and that the hen reduces her number of eggs according to her age is not the general habit. There is one point regarding the pullet which must not be overlooked, and that is the fact that she must be allowed nearly a year for growth, and may not lay an egg until fully matured. Comparing the services of a pullet about one year old with a hen two years old, keeping each a year longer, the hen should produce more eggs than the pullet during the two years, because she has a year longer in which to perform her work. From the time she is hatched until she is three years old, all conditions being equal, a hen should lay twice as many eggs as will have been laid by a hen that is two years old at that time, simply for the reason that the two-year-old hen must lose the first year. It is true that even the three-year-old hen has passed through the growing age during her lifetime, but she is already on hand, and the question to consider is whether it is more profitable to keep the hens for next year or use pullets. The older the hen, provided she is a prolific one, the lower the first cost of procuring her. If she is three years old she produces eggs twenty-four months out of thirty-six, or two thirds of the time, while the two-year-old hen produced eggs only twelve months in twenty-four, allowing, as an example, that each begins to lay when one year old, though some pullets start much earlier than this.

◈

Inquiries Answered

LEGHORN PULLETS.—M. S. S., Adrian, Mich., asks "if Leghorn pullets hatched in July will lay by December." They sometimes begin to lay when but five months old, and those hatched in July may begin in December if the winter does not set in too severely.

MILLET SEED.—J. L. B., Hancock, Md., requests information in regard to the "feeding of millet seed to poultry; whether it can take the place of grain, or must be fed in small quantities." Millet seed is usually given in small quantities, in order to induce hens and chicks to stratch, the seeds being very small. As much as half a pint to a dozen fowls may be allowed if fed as part of the ration.

◈

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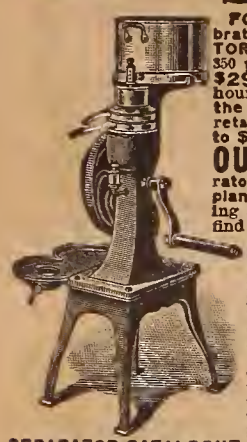

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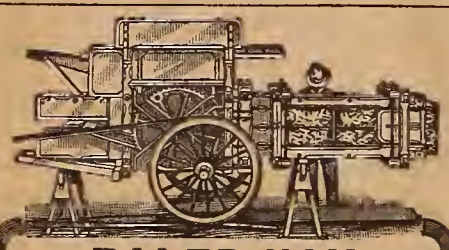

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Live Stock and Dairy

Cost of Raising Pigs

It is so common for farmers and stock raisers to jump at a conclusion or to follow the same line they have always followed, and estimate the cost without any very accurate foundation on which to base conclusions, that I decided last spring to carefully weigh the feed used for two Chester White sows with nine pigs each. There was only two days difference in the ages of the two litters. The sows were allowed free range in the daytime, and no account was kept of slops from the table and a small amount of milk fed them, but the milk would not average half a gallon to the day. Feed was very high, and cost one dollar and fifty cents a hundred pounds at retail.

They were fed corn, oats, wheat bran and buckwheat, all ground together, in varying proportions. In six weeks the two sows and eighteen pigs were fed five hundred and forty-five pounds of this feed, costing eight dollars and eighteen cents. At this age the pigs would have averaged about eighteen pounds each, and they sold readily at two dollars and fifty cents each. Counting the cost of keeping the sows four months and the cost of feeding as worth practically ten dollars, the pigs cost one dollar each, and all of them together weighed about three hundred and twenty-five pounds. The pigs were worth forty-five dollars, leaving a clear profit of twenty-seven dollars on two brood sows in six months, as the sows were bred for fall litters.

A. J. Legg.

Feeding the Farm Work Horse

The term "feeding," correctly interpreted, means supplying the work horse with that amount and quality of food which will maintain its body in perfect order for labor. Fed thus, the horse should not become fat, should not lose or increase materially in weight, should have life, snap, vigor and stamina, a healthy appearing coat, and muscles well developed and free from surplus adipose tissue. These ends cannot be attained by simply stuffing the horse upon good food of various kinds. It is as easy to overfeed as to underfeed, and either extreme is equally detrimental.

In the average case the farm horse is overfed, hence lessened in value for labor and maintained at unnecessary expense. This is surely the case when his manger is kept stuffed with hay from one end of the year to the other on the "self-feeder" principle. The hay-stuffed manger means a hay-stuffed horse, and in that condition he is unfit to do a maximum amount of work easily and without appreciable loss of strength and vitality. So, too, the corn-stuffed horse is well fed, but rendered partially unfit for his best effort in work harness. Yet hay and corn, being the most plentiful foods upon the average farm, are as a rule too liberally supplied by the farmer who wishes to treat his horses kindly and liberally. He has got into the habit of allowing hay "ad libitum," and three times a day throws more ear corn into the manger than the horse has time or inclination to eat. This plan of feeding is wasteful, expensive, and injurious rather than beneficial to the horse. Hay or other roughage is necessary for every horse, is digested principally in the small intestines, does not remain in the small stomach—which holds but three and one half gallons when full—goes to the large intestines, and is there carried throughout the working day.

Hay fed liberally to a hard-worked horse becomes a positive burden during working hours. It cannot be properly digested, and is simply lugged about as an extra load, causing discomfort and yielding no benefit. Farm work horses should therefore be fed just that amount of hay which they will clean up readily. It should be fed early in the morning, after watering and before feeding grain. At noon in hot weather, when there is much work to be done, it should be withheld, or but a pound or so allowed after a sip of water and while the horse is cooling off before getting his noon feed of grain. At night it should be liberally fed after the grain ration has been masticated. The hay should be of good quality, and should be wetted if dusty. The amount fed should be increased when work decreases. Where in summer ten or twelve pounds a day will be enough, the winter amount may be doubled as the grain ration is decreased. During the hard-work season it is not the amount of food eaten, but the amount digested and assimilated, that counts.

Much time is lost by the work horse in stripping grain from ear corn. Feed it to him shelled, or better still, crack it or grind grain and cob together. Corn is a magnificent food at all times, but not always the most suitable. For work horses it fails to supply vigor, vim, stamina and muscularity in a perfect manner. It is a fat and heat former, and helps wonderfully to maintain weight even during the work season; but fed on it alone as a grain ration the horse lacks spirit, sweats easily and tires soon. Thus fed he will last fewer years than the work horse fed a better balanced ration.

To offset these ill effects of corn, and to insure vigor and stamina, food richer in protein should be added to the corn. Some of the corn may still be fed, but a part of it should be replaced by oats, which are rich not only in necessary protein, but in a principle which imparts vigor, sprightliness and staying powers. Bran may also be fed with advantage. It renders the food mass light and porous, so that it is better acted upon by the digestive fluids in the stomach and intestines. It goes to form muscle, repair wastes of tissue and regulate the bowels. Corn, oats and bran may be fed at the same cost as an all-corn ration. Reduce the corn two thirds, and make up the balance with oats and bran according to the market value of these feeds, and the farm horse will work better, last longer, remain healthier and be far kindlier and sprightlier to work than when stuffed on corn and hay. It is unnecessary to feed him flaxseed meal with this ration. The bran is somewhat opening in effect, but to cool the system and stimulate the excretory organs feed a warm bran mash Saturday night and cut the grain ration in half on Sunday, besides allowing some outdoor exercise. If the latter points in management are followed there will be little danger of azoturia or lymphangeitis, those two scourges of the well-fed, suddenly rested work horse.

Make it a practice to always water horses before feeding. Allow a sip or two coming in from work and a sip or two on going to the field if the horse desires to drink, and then endeavor to provide small quantities of pure water at frequent intervals while the horse is at work. Lastly, bear in mind that annoyances of all kinds interfere with digestion, hence the work horse should be protected against flies, should have a clean, well-ventilated stable, daily grooming and clean, comfortable harness.

M. Stenson.

Call for National Reciprocity Conference

The establishment of fairer trade relations with foreign nations is a matter that affects directly the prosperity of every farmer, stock grower and exporter in the United States. One by one the European governments are tightening the coils intended to strangle the American export trade in agricultural products and manufactured goods. We are to-day face to face with a new and prohibitive German tariff designed to keep out every pound of American bread stuffs and provisions. Retaliation has been tried, at enormous cost to our producers and manufacturers, and has failed.

Standing on the broad platform enunciated by President McKinley in his last speech at Buffalo, the undersigned representative organizations hereby call for a general conference upon this subject to be held at Chicago, Ill., August 15th and 16th, 1905, to urge the wisdom of substituting in our foreign relations the principle of reciprocity for that of exclusion and retaliation. We care not whether the future of our foreign trade be safeguarded by means of direct reciprocity treaties or under the provisions of a fairly drawn maximum and minimum tariff law under the terms of which the government could directly negotiate advantageous international agreements; but the situation demands the establishment at once in some form of the underlying principle of conceding something to such nations as will concede valuable trading rights to ourselves.

You are therefore cordially invited to send such number of delegates to said conference as you deem necessary in order to properly present your views upon this great commercial problem, possibly the most important single issue before the American people at the present time. The time has come when the matter of obtaining broader markets for the surplus products of our farms and factories and of guaranteeing the markets that we now enjoy must be seriously considered.

Kindly advise Alvin H. Sanders, chairman of the committee on arrangements, ninth floor Great Northern Building, Chicago, at your earliest possible convenience as to the names of your delegates, so that the roll may be made up at the earliest convenient date and a hall commensurate with the probable size of the meeting engaged. The time is short, hence prompt action is urged.

It is expected that the railways will grant reduced rates, which will be duly advertised.

Respectfully submitted,

National Live Stock Association,
American Stock Growers' Association,
The Corn Belt Meat Producers' Association,
National Live Stock Exchange,
American Shorthorn Breeders' Association,
The Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas,
American Aberdeen-Angus Breeders' Association,
American Galloway Breeders' Association,
American Hereford Breeders' Association,
Millers' National Federation,
Board of Trade of the City of Chicago,
Chicago Commercial Association,
Illinois Manufacturers' Association,
National Association of Agricultural Implement and Vehicle Manufacturers.

The Cow's Ration

Whether the dairy be of but one cow or of fifty cows, the question of proper feeding reduces itself to the simple matter of understanding the characteristics and capabilities of the individual. The one-cow dairy is one individuality, the ten-cow dairy is the one multiplied by ten, and the feeder who would feed the ten as successfully as he might feed the one must remember that he is not feeding a herd, but is feeding ten cows.

While our most scientific feeders thus pay very careful attention to the peculiarities of each individual cow, a broad first principle in good feeding, where such scientific particularity does not appear to be called for, is in the sufficiency of the ration. The elements of nutrition in the ration may be most scientifically compounded so that the digestible protein, carbohydrates and fat are adjusted exactly to the needs of the queen of the dairy, and that queen will fail in her royal performance if the supply is lacking in quantity. Therefore the first step in good feeding is full feeding, and if the cow has the habit of persistent lactation she can only be encouraged in it by her having no periods of hunger or undernutrition throughout the year. In fact, the cow had better have her ration somewhat out of "balance" than have it short in quantity.

Owning or hiring an inclosure called a pasture, and turning the cow into it daily, may be very much short of giving her enough to eat. Just here many dairymen, as well as keepers of single cows, make the mistake of supposing that a cow is some sort of mechanism upon which the feed pressure can be raised and lowered as more or less milk is wanted. This is an expensive mistake. When the season of flush pasturage passes, or when the character of the grasses so changes that from the amount the cow can gather or contain from grazing she cannot assimilate enough nutritive substance to supply her needs of maintenance and production, the milk flow subsides, and no subsequent feeding can profitably regain the lost volume during that period of lactation.

Hence the cow owner who is depending upon one or a few cows for his supply of dairy products must be a liberal feeder. For such the system of planting a variety of successive crops that shall furnish during the season succulent and nutritious supplement to pasturage offers a cheap and an entirely adequate supply of feed. Immense quantities of forage can be grown on small areas if properly fertilized and cultivated. For June planting the large-foddering sugar corn, cowpeas, sorghum and millet are in season. In the latitude of New York successions of sugar corn can be planted up until the last week in June, as can cowpeas, also. Millet may be sown up until the middle of July and Hungarian grass in early August. The planting of all these crops should be so arranged as to furnish a continuous supply of green feed until frost. With all of them any surplus can be cured for fodder or hay for winter feeding.

W. F. McSparran.

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Live Stock and Dairy

Contagious Abortion in Cattle

THE term "abortion" is applied to the premature birth of the offspring before the full term. It is very frequently referred to as "slinking," "casting" or "losing" the calf. Abortion may be caused by drinking considerable ice water, eating a large quantity of cold food (frozen roots or green vegetables covered with frost), exposure to rain or snow storms or wading in ice-cold water, injuries to the abdomen (as being crushed by a gate, kicks, or being hooked), foods that are easily fermented. also insufficient or very innutritious foods, too close stabling, heavy milking, early breeding, inbreeding, stagnant drinking water, ergoted grasses, and smut in the various grains, irritant vegetables, impaction of the rumen and constipation, severe constitutional diseases, direct irritation of the womb (as in the removal of the ovaries or death of the offspring), and irritation of the kidneys. Whenever abortion of cows cannot be traced to any of the above causes, the contagious form of abortion is to be suspected.

Contagious abortion is quite common in this state, and frequently causes considerable loss, not only from losing the young, but also from the fact that many of the cows that have aborted fail to breed again. Contagious abortion is probably caused by several different germs, and is transmitted from one animal to another by contact, by means of the discharge from the cow that has aborted, the afterbirth, dead calf, and from bulls that have served cows affected with the disease.

SYMPTOMS.—Cows may abort at any time, but it usually occurs from the third to the seventh month. Occasionally the early symptoms pass unnoticed, but in most cases there is some heat and enlargement of the udder, the vulva is somewhat swollen, and there is a discharge of white or yellowish mucus which is not like the normal transparent material which discharges during heat. After abortion the afterbirth is usually retained, giving rise to a very disagreeable discharge, which continues for some time.

TREATMENT.—Suspected cows should be isolated from pregnant ones, and should any cows abort, the offspring and afterbirth should be burned or buried deeply, and the stable thoroughly disinfected by the use of lime on the floor after all the litter has been removed and burned. Then the woodwork should be disinfected with corrosive-sublimate solution, using it in the proportion of one to one thousand. The tablets of corrosive sublimate may be secured at any drug store with directions for use. Ten days after the first disinfection with corrosive sublimate all woodwork should be disinfected a second time. A week after the second disinfection the entire stable should be whitewashed.

Cows that have aborted should be washed out with a one-per-cent solution of creolin or lysol, continuing this daily until all discharge has stopped. Pregnant cows should be given sodium hyposulphite once daily in tablespoonful doses as a drench. When cows abort in pasture great care should be taken to burn the offspring on the spot where it dropped, and the immediate vicinity should be thoroughly limed.

As a precaution to prevent the spread of the disease in an aborting herd it is well to disinfect the tails and also the vulva and immediate parts with a five-per-cent creolin solution, to make sure of preventing the entrance of the germ into the womb. Bulls that have been with an aborting herd should not be allowed with healthy cattle, and to prevent their spreading the disease they should receive the same disinfection advised for cows. Cleanliness and the proper isolation and disinfection of cattle should be strictly adhered to in order to eradicate the disease.—C. L. Barnes, in Bulletin of the Kansas Experiment Station.

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Advantages of Pure-Bred Bulls

When a farmer thinks of buying a dairy bull to improve the quality of his future cows he should look to the quality of the bull, not to the cheapness of the price. The character and reliability of the breeder go a great way in such a transaction. He should try to buy a "future" of good quality that will run on for generations, and that will help increase the good effects of every future sire that may be used.

He should always breed in the line of his first effort. If his first bull was a Holstein, or Guernsey, or Jersey, or an Ayrshire, he should not break up the line of prepotencies and make a rope of sand of it. By a wise subsequent selection of sires of the same breed, selecting all the time for breeding power, he will enlarge and broaden the stream of dairy heredity. What we are after, in reality, is a better and stronger dairy heredity.

About the most reliable basis of calculation as to the power of transmission, or, as it is called, the prepotency of the bull, is the dairy character of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers on both sides of his pedigree. He is the stored-up result of what lies back of him. The quality of his ancestors will have more effect on his offspring than the performance of his mother. She gives to him of what she inherited, more than of what she does. She may be rich in inherited qualities, and yet for some reason be herself only an ordinary performer. On the contrary, she may be a large performer at the pail, simply as a sport, but not having a strong tide of inheritance in a dairy direction, she has nothing to convey to son or daughter. This will explain why so many Shorthorn cows that are large performers themselves fail utterly to convey their own dairy quality to their progeny. Their line of breeding is from a beef heredity for many generations, and they give to their progeny what they inherited. A cow breeds from her blood, not from her udder. So we must have dairy pedigree as well as dairy performance if we get our money's worth when buying a bull.

There is one thing more quite necessary to consider in buying a dairy bull. Does he indicate from his appearance that he possesses a strong, individual character? Is he of clear, determined dairy type, full of nerve energy, so that he will take possession of the female current with which he is brought into contact, and thus stamp his heifers with the quality of the mothers that lie back of him?—Hoard's Dairyman.

◈

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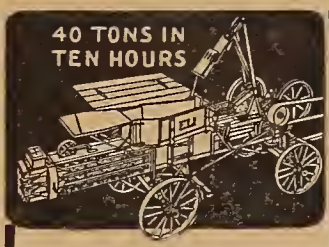

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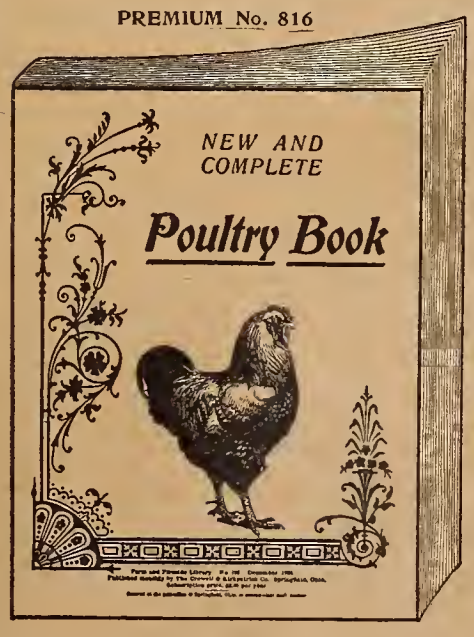

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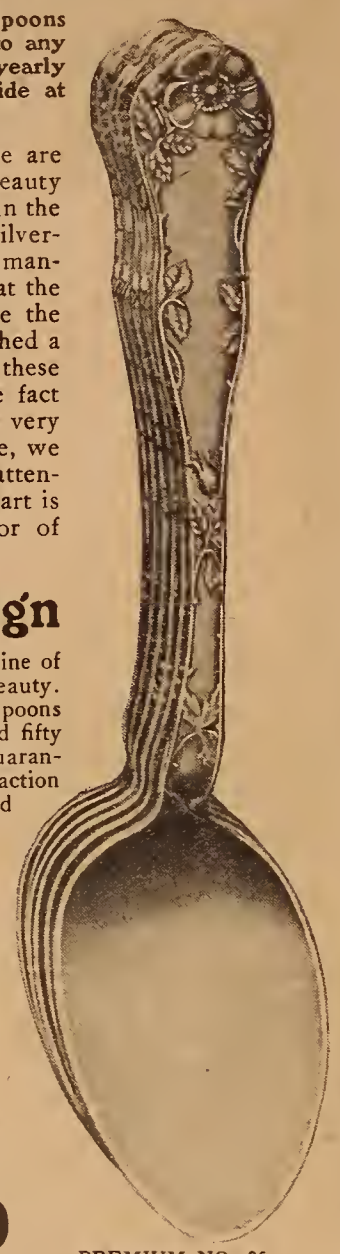

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The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

Grange Growth

FIFTY-ONE granges organized and nine reorganized is the record for the second quarter of the year. Michigan nine, Maryland and Pennsylvania eight each and Ohio six are the leaders. This is the poorest quarter in the year for grange work, as it is the busiest season with farmers.

◈

Death of J. McLain Smith

J. McLain Smith, a prominent farmer and breeder of polled cattle, died July 5th. He has been an earnest supporter of farmers' interests, and his name was prominently linked with all that pertained to the breeding of the class of cattle which he loved. He has done much to strengthen live-stock industries, and the associations will miss his help and advice. But it was in connection with his duties as trustee of the Ohio State University that he has been the greatest help to Ohio agricultural industry. The college of agriculture has received several donations from his fine herd of cattle, and he left the bulk of his estate, about fifty thousand dollars, it is reported, to the O. S. U. He was unmarried.

He has always been a loyal and stanch supporter of the university, and the agricultural college was his especial care. To this he gave the best attention and wisest consideration. His advice was valued, and was usually followed. Ohio has lost an honored son, agriculture a worthy aid, and the agricultural educational interests a strong and effective supporter.

◈

Illness of Mrs. Derthick

Owing to the very serious illness of Mrs. Derthick, State Master Hon. F. A. Derthick has been compelled to cancel most of his picnic engagements. Mrs. Derthick is a woman of rare beauty of mind and heart who has endeared herself to Ohio Patrons by those qualities which excite the deepest admiration and esteem. The loving sympathy of Patrons all over the country is extended to the patient sufferer and to the family. There are no hopes for her recovery, yet she is brave, cheerful, ever thoughtful of the comfort of others, and tenderly appreciative of all that is done for her. All that medical skill can do to alleviate the sufferings of the invalid is being done. Mrs. Derthick has been a power for good in her own community, as well as in the larger community with which she is connected through the grange. In church, in college and in social circles she has been a leader. Her door ever opened in hospitality. There was no measure save that of worth to those she extended cordial good will. Now that she is suffering, tokens of loving sympathy are poured upon her, and they whom the world call great hasten to her bedside to catch a glimpse of one who has been so strong and helpful in life.

◈

Healthful Reading

If it is poor business for large employers to hire men and women who read trashy, sensational stuff, is it not good business for the parents to see that the boy or girl is fed on sensible reading? Normal young people do not crave this, but it is cheap and easily obtained. There are a great many homes without the sort of books that attract the young, and when in need they turn to that which is the easiest secured. It is not desire, but a following of the path of the least resistance. What shall the boy and girl read? Not too many books. Better half a dozen mastered, with the power that mastery gives acquired, than a dozen read and thrown aside, leaving a feverish desire for something to quiet the restless feeling. They should have a few of the best books, not the goody-goody ones that had such a vogue when I was a girl and which were despised, but those which years have not been able to live down. There may be just as good new ones, but we are sure of the old ones, and as the copyright has expired on most of them, they can be secured for a small sum. In fact, it may be said on general principles that the classics which are so cheap to-day in their class are the best. But there are many new books coming out in Nature study of which no parent can afford to deprive his child. Better far that he go without the extra sugar and sweets, which are a doubtful benefit and often the result of an abnormal appetite, than to be deprived of that which will develop a strong, healthy mind, well stored with healthy moral sentiments. Scott appeals to both boys and girls: Twain is a perpetual delight; Hawthorne's "Wonder Tales" are full of joyful surprises; "Robinson Crusoe" will inspire any one to be self-reliant; Alcott incites one to helpfulness, and we might extend the list in the pleasant field of fiction almost indefinitely. For the average child it will be folly to put some ponderous history or moral essay before him. He will get far more moral sentiment from a skillfully written story that is not plastered over with the sign, "This is for your morals. Take a dose every hour," than from homilies. Develop the imagination. Reason comes later. Happiness and the highest content come from the highest ideals lived every day. Make it easy to acquire right ideals by keeping them before the youthful mind in a pleasing manner. Do we not sometimes place a premium on the lower type of life by keeping before the children ideals of that stamp? Reading is well-nigh universal, and it is far more important to have good reading now than it has ever been before.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad and Books

One of the most powerful railway systems in the world, the Pennsylvania, controlling many miles of the best roadway in the country, instituting many reforms that seem wise to shrewd business men who are anxious to make their property one to command respect and yield a good income, has put into effect one of the wisest rulings that it is possible to project. It has forbidden the sale of the highly colored "dime novel" type of books, that fire the imagination and lead to lawlessness. The stories of wrecks, with all the frightful details set forth in a lurid manner, sufficed to fire the zeal of weak youths with low moral capacities to do the same.

The loss in property incited by these stories was greater than any profit to be derived from the sale of the books. This is another place where sound business sense and the highest morality are united. When we shall see things in a clearer light we will find the highest morality and the best business are handmaidens. The action of the system is worthy of imitation. It is powerful enough to make its power felt. When other systems, yes, and when individuals, no matter in what walk of life, shall have the business acumen to perceive that the boy or girl fed on the trashy, cheap, lurid stories of crime, with a weakling or a criminal for a hero, are unfit for the best work, they, too, will issue a like mandate. It is hard business sense, and must win in the end.

Those who maintain that the love of accumulation will eventually work a high moral system and bring justice will have in this a good foundation for argument.

◈

New Fair Buildings

Ohio has long enjoyed the distinction of having one of the largest and best equipped state fair grounds in the country. She can now easily rank first with her competitors. Three magnificent new buildings are being erected. That for poultry is nearly completed, and will be furnished with modern equipment that will make this one of the finest poultry-exhibit buildings in the country. Two new machinery buildings are also going up, each four hundred and six by one hundred and two feet. New fronts are being added to several of the others. The effect is at once pleasing and impressive. The extensive grounds have been laid out with rare taste and judgment, unsightly buildings are being removed or put in a place more suitable, and a complete water-flushing system is being inaugurated. The plans contemplated by Secretary Miller will make this not only a beautiful park, pleasing to the eye, but sanitary and with all modern conveniences for the visiting public. In these days of high prices and small returns it is a satisfaction to note the economy with which all these magnificent improvements are being made. They are built to stand a hundred years. They are absolutely honest in every detail of construction. The material and workmanship are the best that can be had. Every day Secretary Miller goes to the grounds and carefully inspects every detail of the work. They will stand as a monument to him for many generations. Few who see the accomplished result at the annual outing to the state fair realize the anxious thought and care which is going into this wonderful panorama. When the entire work is completed, which will take several years, no country can boast such a complete and harmoniously grouped set of buildings as the state of Ohio will be able to show.

The Family Lawyer

BY JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Permit to Ride Bicycle on Country Road

R. C. W., New York, asks: "When bicycles first came into use was there any kind of permit given or law passed giving them the privilege to ride on country roads?"

No, I should tbink not.

Right of Commissioners to Run Water

W. H. V. asks: "Can the commissioners run water across the road to the injury of other parties? For sixty years there has been a bridge to carry the water where it now runs."

The commissioners have the right to put in culverts and bridges wherever in their opinion the good of the highway demands it. Of course, they cannot change a watercourse or the natural flow of the water, but they can make provision for the flow of that which naturally comes.

Pension to Minors

H. S. asks: "To how much pension are the minor children (under the age of sixteen years) of a deceased soldier entitled?"

They are entitled to the same pension that the father would have been entitled to, which, if he had been disabled, I understand is twelve dollars a month. This would be divided among all the children, and in addition each child would receive two dollars a month. Better write to the commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.

Barbed-Wire Fence

M. T. C., Ohio, asks: "What is the law regarding the building of a barbed-wire fence on a public highway?"

No one can build a barbed-wire fence on a partition line without obtaining consent from the adjoining proprietor, unless not more than two barbed wires are used and the lower one is not less than forty-eight inches from the ground, and placed on top of a fence made of other material.

Fence Troubles

L. F. W. says: "I own a lot two hundred and fifty feet long. I fenced the lot. The railroad company owns the adjoining lot. People come to do business with them, and hitch to my fence, and it is torn down and left for me to huild again. I have asked them to set posts to hitch to, but they will not."

If your fence law was like that of Ohio at present, you could compel the railroad to do sometbing, but I suspect that it is not, and I very much doubt if you can do anything. Perhaps the only thing you can do is to put up your fence, and also put on it a notice that no horses should be hitched to it, and then if any one hitches to it have him arrested. I do not think the railroad would permit this to be done more than once until they fixed the fence.

Parents Dying

A. B., Ohio, asks: "A. rented a place from B. for five years. B. died one year after renting the place, leaving his property to his hrothers and sisters, as he had no children. B.'s brother came on after B.'s demise, and interfered with A.'s work. Is there anything A. can do to keep him away? Can A. prevent any of B.'s relatives or appraisers from coming into the house and smoking tobacco, filling the house with it, when they are appraising under the order of the executor?"

B.'s brother would have no more right on the farm than A. would have had during his lifetime. I presume if A. left property on the place, the appraisers could come and appraise it. As to their smoking, that would not be a very serious offense. But your question is solely determined by your lease, and if A. had no right on your premises, neither has his brother or executor.

Homestead Exemptions

O. P. B., New York, asks: "I am a soldier. What steps must I take to secure a title to one hundred and sixty acres of government land? How long would I have to remain on it, and what would be the probable cost?"

I understand that a soldier, the same as other people, must file an application stating his name, residence and post-office address and describing the land he desires to enter. He also must make affidavit that he is not the owner of more than one hundred and sixty acres of land in any territory, that tbe claim is made for his exclusive nse and benefit, and for the purpose of actual settlement and cultivation, and neither directly nor indirectly for the benefit or use of any third person. The fee is two dollars, except in the Pacific states and territories, where it is three dollars. The soldier is entitled to have deducted from the five years' residence required the time he served in the war. Write to the office of the commissioner of lands, Washington, D. C., and request him to send you the laws.

Mentioning Heir in Will

A. S., Massachusetts, says: "I know of a case in Nova Scotia where there were four children, one son and three daughters. There was a will made some years ago, when both the mother and father were living, giving the three daughters an equal sum of money, but after the mother died the son put the will out of the way (so it is said), and he managed to have the father make another will, giving the two youngest daughters an equal sum of money and the oldest not any. In this country the one not mentioned in the will would hold one fourth of the property. Is it the same in Nova Scotia; or, in other words, would it be legal to make a will and not mention one of the heirs? The oldest was not mentioned in tbe will."

It is a mistaken idea that an heir not mentioned in a will will come in for his share of the estate. The querist states such to be the law of Massachusetts, but I think he is mistaken. A valid will can be made and an heir cut out by not mentioning him in the will as completely as in any other way. Usually if a child is born after a will is made, he then comes in for his legal portion, but if he is alive and known to be such by the testator at the time the will is made he need not be mentioned in the will to be deprived of all his interest in the ancestor's estate.

Negro Marrying White Person

L. H. inquires: "Is there a law in Ohio against a white person and a negro marrying?"

No, there is not.

Relinquishment of Widow's Share Under Will

J. H. H., South Carolina, writes: "Can land be sold that is owned under a will? Can the widow sell the stepson her share at a price agreed upon between them?"

Yes, the widow can sell her interest to the son.

Lien on Goods by Surety for Purchase Price

J. A. S., Pennsylvania, writes: "A. and B. went to a public sale. Both bought goods, A. to the amount of five dollars and ninety cents, B. to the amount of twenty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents. A. gave a note for six months, but they would not accept it. A new note was written for the full amount of both A. and B. A. signed the note, and B. indorsed it. Each moved his own goods to his own home. Now A. wants to move some three hundred miles away. Can B. stop him from moving said goods until they are paid for, and if A. fails to pay for them in six months can B. take them?"

No; B. has no lien on the goods.

Effect of Marriage on Note Between Parties

G. M. says: "A. let B. have some money on a personal note. B. has a business in her name, and also has three children by a former husband. A. and B. married, and A. put his money into the business after marriage. Now if the wife dies without a will, the business being in her name, what part will her children get, and what part can she will away from her busband? Does the marriage cancel the note given before marriage?"

At common law the marriage of the parties would have canceled the note. Now, under the enabling statutes, the note would be good. The surviving husband or wife would have one half of the personal property of the other.

Reversion of Land on Failure to Use as Stipulated

T. A. C. asks: "Some years ago G. deeded to the township a place on his farm large enough to accommodate a school building. It was deeded to the trustees for as long as it was used for school purposes, then to go back to the farm and the owner. If centralization of schools leaves this one abandoned, can G. hold both the school building and the land?"

I think it would revert to the owner of the farm whenever not used for school purposes, as stipulated in the deed. The school board might, however, in my judgment, remove the building if they did so before they ceased using the land for school purposes. The only thing for you to do is to take possession. If they will not willingly give up possession, then you will need apply to the court, and it will be necessary to employ a home attorney.

Property of Husband and Wife

J. H., Pennsylvania, inquires: "What are the legal rights of husband and wife? They have several small children. They have worked hard, and saved several hundred dollars. Has the husband the right to lend the money to whom he desires, without his wife's consent? Furthermore, I would like to know in lending money how the note should be filled out that would be satisfactory to wife and family. Is it necessary that the wife's name as well as the husband's should be written on the note when lending money or having bank account?"

As a general rule the accumulations of husband and wife belong to the husband unless the wife keeps a separate account from her own personal earnings. This follows from the old common-law rule that the husband as head of the family is bound for their support, and in turn is entitled to their earnings. He could lend the money in his own name without the consent of the wife. Of course, there would be no objection in making the note payable to both of them.

Tax Title

S. S. M., Ohio, inquires: "Does the possession of an auditor's deed for a lot sold for taxes debar the original purchaser from claiming the lot by payment of the taxes and interest. In your decision of a Missouri case in a recent number of FARM AND FIRESIDE you said that when sold for taxes if the buyer complied with the law he had a complete title. What did the law require?"

The law of Ohio is positive that the purchaser of delinquent taxes shall get a good deed, yet courts are slow in holding that a man shall forfeit his title for failure to comply with the tax law, and require that all the details of the sale be strictly complied with. Space will not permit me to quote the law. For this reason a tax title is not considered a very good title. Then, the party owning the land might have been under a disability, become insane, or died leaving minors, and the title might be contested after the disability, insanity or minority was removed. Of course, in such a case the person buying would be entitled to pay for the improvements put on the land. Such titles are fairly good, but not first-class, and lawyers do not like to certify them as good when recommending loans or advising purchases.

Her Own Boss

E. W. writes: "When is a girl her own boss in Manitoba? Is the age eighteen or twenty-one?"

I guess you will have to wait until you are twenty-one before you can claim that right.

Drainage of Water

C. T. B., New York, inquires: "If A. and B. own adjoining farms, can A. let the water off his farm on B., when B. has no way of letting it off his? B. has ditched his farm, and cannot dry it. The water off A.'s farm is damaging him."

A. can let the water as it naturally flows run onto B.'s land, and B. is bound to receive same. A. cannot, however, put more than naturally flows that way. If B.'s land is so located that the water naturally flows that way, then the only relief he can have is to petition the proper authorities to have a public ditch made.

Wife's Troubles

A. B. S., Pennsylvania, asks: "If a wife has a deed for a piece of land, and the husband builds a house on it, and afterward swears he will kill her, and attempts to make good his threats, and illtreats her so she is obliged to leave him and her land, can he deprive her of the use of it? Can he be compelled to help support the six children?"

The land and the house belong to the wife, and the husband cannot deprive her of the use of it. The husband is liable to support his children. The thing for the wife to do is to consult some local attorney, and have him bring a suit for alimony, or, if she desires it, for divorce.

A Good Deed

W. F., New York, asks: "A. was a widower with grown-up children away from home. He owned a farm that was mortgaged, was in debt several hundred dollars, and was in very poor health. He married B., who had a little money of her own. A. gave B. a deed to the farm subject to the mortgage, consideration one dollar. B., after doing all her household duties, worked in a factory, and earned enough money, with what she had, to pay off the mortgage and other debts. If A. dies without a will, can B. hold the property by that deed, or can A.'s children step in and claim their share?"

The deed is good. His children could claim no share.

Inheritance

M. L. W., Georgia, asks: "A widower with means married a widow with no means at all. Each of them had children by former marriages, but none hy their last marriage. The husband died, and left the wife five twelfths of the money his estate brought after it was sold. At the widow's death, if she does not leave a will, who will get the money or any other property she leaves? Will it go to her children, or will it go to his children, or will it be divided between her children and his, too? If she leaves a will leaving it all to her children, would it make any difference?"

If there are no limitations in the husband's will, I would say it will go to the children of the widow—they are her heirs. I doubt whether a will by her would make any difference. I presume the husband's estate has heen distributed.

Contract to Cut Timber

J. T. H., Virginia, inquires: "A. sells to B. a tract of standing timber, said timber to be cut within ten years. The deed says that in case B. fails to cut the timber in ten years, by paying interest he may have other years in which to cut it, but does not say how many. Can A. compel B. to cut and remove the timber within ten years, or can B. by paying interest have his own time in which to cut it, as there is no limit to the other years?"

It is difficult to know just what is meant by other years in which timber may be cut. It possibly means a reasonable time. It possibly may mean ten years longer. Certainly A. cannot compel B. to cut the timber in ten years if B. pays up the interest. Neither do I think that B. can have an unlimited time in which to cut it. I can hardly give you much light, other than that it means additional reasonable time.

Settlement of Estate

M. D. B., New York, writes: "A brother and sister remained on a farm until the death of their parents, when it was left equally to them. The brother placed a five-hundred-dollar mortgage on the farm, and used the money to pay bills against the estate. Afterward he spent five hundred dollars of his own money (which he had acquired witbout help from the farm) in repairing the house. His sister then put in a bill for her services equal to half the value of the farm, and the brother deeded his half to her, no mention being made of the mortgage, which she knew existed. After the sister had secured the entire farm which one was legally responsible for paying the interest on the mortgage? For the sake of peace the brother has paid it for fifteen years, and last year paid one hundred dollars on the principal. He has never received any produce or help from the farm. Can he put in a bill against the farm for the amount of money he has paid in interest and principal, and if he pays the entire principal can he hold that and the interest already paid against the farm?"

Unless tbe brother can show that the sister assumed payment of this mortgage, he is liable to pay the same. I do not see how he can put in a bill against the farm.

License of Minors to Marry

A. S., New York, asks: "Do minors have to have the consent of their parents to marry in the state of New York?"

Most assuredly yes.

Expulsion of Lessee

C. F. A., Ohio, asks: "I am renting a storeroom on a three-year lease. If my lease expires, and I don't want to rent for another term, can the owncr throw me out after the time expires, or am I entitled to another month, providing I pay rent?"

No, you are not entitled to another month. When your time is up the owner can commence proceedings to get you out.

Division Line

M. H., Ohio, says: "To make the fields a more convenient shape, the surveyed line between my neighbor's farm and mine has been cut in two hy an agreed line. This agreed line has been farmed up to for forty years, in which time both farms have changed hands several times, and the agreed line is still used. Which is the legal line?"

The agreed line.

Peddler's License

S. K., Pennsylvania, asks: "Has a borough in the state of Pennsylvania a right to make a law prohibiting the farmer from peddling his own produce?"

Laws of the character above mentioned are generally held not to apply to persons wbo sell from house to house produce raised by themselves, unless the laws of the state specifically permit the passage of such laws, and generally the state laws do not grant such power.

Devising Dower

W. T. B. inquires: "A man died in Massachusetts, and left real estate without a will. He left a widow, who has no children of her own, and five children belonging to him by his first wife. The widow bought the interest of one of the children. Then a part of the property was sold, and she received one third, and also her one fifth of the rest. That squared up, but she still had one third of the remaining property, together with one fifth of the other she had bought from the boy. This was not sold, and she died, leaving a will giving all her property away. I know she has a right to give the one fifth, but could she give her dower of one third, that was not sold, with it?"

No, she could not will her dower interest.

Construction of Contract

W. A. H. inquires: "A. rents B.'s farm, and purchases a one-half interest in B.'s stock, chattels and farm implements. B. reserves the corn. Does this reserving the corn include the corn fodder standing in the shock? Has B. any right to enter a charge against A. for straw and fodder one year and four months after A. has entered upon the farm as per contract?"

It is rather difficult to say whether fodder in the shock was reserved. It would depend a good deal on the other things that went under the contract. If the corn was husked it would not include the fodder, but if it was not husked it would probably be included. I think a charge for straw and fodder so long after the time would be strong evidence that there was no intention to charge for the same or reserve them at the time they were used.

Protecting Criminal

G. D. S., Pennsylvania, asks: "What are the general obligations of employee to employee and employer? If a neighbor's employee is seen heedlessly and carelessly destroying materials that do not belong to him, should he or she be promptly reported to the superintendent or foreman? How are they civilly bound to the firm or company who gives them wages? If I hide their theft or vandalism am I equally wicked before the civil law?"

The question you suggest is one principally of moral ethics. If you actively assist in the theft or vandalism you would be liable under the law, but if you merely failed to notify the superintendent or foreman of what came under your eyes you would not be liable under the law. However, if you are a good servant you ought to assist in the protection of your employer's property. As a matter of justice, if one of your coemployees is stealing from your employer, you ought to notify him. Of course, such a thing may be a disagreeable thing to do, yet it seems to me to be the duty of a good servant. However, it is merely a question of morals, and not of law.

Placing Improvements on Property of Another

M. D. B., New York, asks: "A widower deeded his real estate to his two children as security for four hundred dollars of their mother's money, wbich had been used in buying said real estate. He married again, and while the children were minors he put every cent of his earnings for ten years into improving this property. Before beginning the improvements he was told by a lawyer that all the money he used in that way could be held against the property. Now, after spending six thousand dollars in that way, another lawyer tells him that he cannot make any claims against the property—that his children, who are now twenty-one years old, can oblige him to vacate the premises with never a cent to show for all he has expended. Which lawyer was right? There were no children by the second marriage, but doesn't the wife have a right to part of her husband's earnings during those years? If the wife should pay up the mortgage on the place, could she hold it against the place?"

If the father cannot show that the deed was made merely to secure the money, and that at some time, when the money was repaid, the property was to be deeded back to him, I am afraid he will have to rely entirely upon the children in doing what is just and right for him. If you put improvements on the property of another without a contract you cannot recover pay. Lawyer No. 1 was wrong in his advice.

A Page of Pokes

By GEO. F. BURBA

THIS business of living is a strange affair—just living. It's stranger than death. It seems perfectly natural that things should die and be still. But living—ever think about it?

Go along a lonely road through the woods sometime—one where the little flickers of sunshine that strain themselves through the leaves up above look like yellow blotches on the leaves down below; one of those lonely roads that makes a fellow hum a solemn tune to himself—and find the old grinning skull of a cow or horse, and stop and look at it. Death! Peaceful-like it lies there grinning, and you wonder what death is; but still it is not as strange as life.

This life and living—where did it start, and what's it for? Never mind about the process—the breathing and the action of the heart and the work of the brain and all of that. What about your life? How are you going to account for it? Why had you rather live than die? Who told you to live, anyway? What are you getting out of life, and what are you paying for it? Why isn't somebody else living in your place, and you in the other fellow's? Say, there are a lot of questions that are not answered in the spelling books.

Born—that's as far back as we can go. Helpless for months, years; can't walk or talk or feed yourself; people look after you. But why? Why should anybody gamble by waiting on you for years, taking chances that later on you may be worth something? Of course it's mother-love, but write that out and explain it. Make a diagram of it so people will understand it. Do it some day when it's raining, so you will not waste your time.

Then youth and longings. Following in the footsteps of those who have gone before. Nothing new; no radical departures; loving—the same as from the beginning. Mating—strangest of all strange things. When you are able to explain it you can write a book that will sell up into the millions of volumes.

Motherhood, fatherhood—getting back to where you started. Over and over again this life and living are repeated, regular as the rising of the sun, constant as the north star, eternal, so far as we know, as the heavens themselves. Borning, maturing, dying. On and on in the progress of time—loving, quarreling, fighting, struggling, grasping, giving, but on and ever on, ever the same. Working, eating, sleeping; sleeping, eating, working, morning, noon and night—of the days, of the hopes, of the anguish, of the pleasures, of the pains and the suffering. On and on. What is this life, anyway?

◈

There are a lot of dishonest people, to hear a thief tell it.

◈

Trying to live without work has worked many a man to death.

◈

A man is not really had until he is had at the same price he could get for being good.

◈

Was there ever a mother who didn't believe at some stage of his life her boy had worms?

◈

It is just as important to know how not to do some things as it is to know how to do others.

◈

A person is losing interest in life when he doesn't step a little livelier when he hears a band.

◈

You can no longer tell whose boy it is by the way the patches are sewn on his pants. The mothers have forgotten how to patch.

◈

Whatever one may think about the old-fashioned Sunday, when the children had to sit around the house all day, one is bound to admit that some pretty good men were turned out in those days.

◈

WHEN a man thanks the Lord that he is not like other people, he shows his ignorance, to say the least, for there is as little difference in people as in sheep or hogs. They are as much alike as their noses, and there is very little difference in noses. One nose may be more turned up at the end than another; this one may be slightly longer than that one; yonder is one that is broad and thick, and down the road is a thin, sharp one; but they are all noses, and the perfume of the flowers affects them all.

Here sits a short, stubby fellow enjoying a dog fight, and there is a long, lean man with one eye cocked up looking out for a bargain, and over in the shade is another, who is neither short nor long, figuring up how many months it has been since he gave the note for the old gray mare. And still there isn't much difference in them. A funny story makes the fat man laugh and the lean one grin and the medium-sized one smile. All of them are pretty good fellows in their way—if you learn to like their way.

A boy who has stubbed his toe raises his foot a little higher until it quits hurting, and then he stubs it again. A man who has made a good trade is looking out for another one, and the fellow who gets "beat" a few times finally becomes used to it and anybody can beat him. It isn't because the one is any better or any worse than the other. It isn't always the toe that sticks out furthest that gets stubbed. Just seems like the sore toe is always in the right place to be stubbed, as the fellow who has made the bad bargain is always standing around when somebody wants to sell a wind-broken horse. And the fellow with the wind-broken horse for sale is the same fellow who is used to making good trades. The little difference in noses is due to the way they get started off, and it's the same with men.

◈

There are just as many dogs of peace as there are dogs of war.

◈

It requires a whole week for some people to rest up from Sunday.

◈

Too many people confound cunning with intelligence when sizing up people.

◈

It frequently happens that the man who knows the least wants to tell it the worst.

◈

Laziness is the world's greatest blessing. Otherwise there would be no labor-saving devices.

◈

It's more blessed to give than to receive, and it takes a lot more argument to get a man to do it.

◈

Refusing to give is not always due to stinginess. It may be due to poverty, in which event it is no crime.

◈

There is no use in trying to think of something funny to say. If it's funny it will just come up and bubble out like soda water.

◈

In summing up the causes of the prevalence of divorces the woman with one eye half closed at a convenient time must not be forgotten.

◈

If people would imagine all the time that a man with a camera was preparing to take a picture of them the world would be a good deal pleasanter.

◈

When Johnny eats a great deal, mother is worried; when he doesn't eat anything, father knows there is something wrong. Mother has more to worry over than father.

◈

A fellow will sit around and hold a girl's hand until it has blisters on it before he is married, and then kick like the dickens if he has to hold the same hand long enough to pick a splinter out of it after he is married.

◈

Life is a strange combination. Before a boy is old enough to go to school he awakens before daylight and wants to get the whole family up. Later it requires the whole family to get the boy up. Still later on he gets back to the early rising period, and again disturbs the peace of the family.

◈

A FELLOW from up East writes to know which of the weather forecasts in the almanac is considered the best. He says a man out in St. Louis hits it occasionally, and a fellow down in Atlanta hits it occasionally, and he wants to know if one is better than the other.

When the late argument between the North and the South broke out some years ago there was an old mountaineer living in eastern Tennessee who didn't want to get mixed up in it. He would never commit himself when the question of the war was being discussed. He bought two hound pups, and named one of them Abe Lincoln and the other Jeff Davis. When the Union sympathizers were around he would call Abe Lincoln out of the house, and when a bunch of Rebels happened to be passing he would yell for Jeff Davis as if the dog were over on a neighbor's farm.

Folks were anxious to find out just how the fellow stood, and a wise one in the neighborhood undertook to learn the mountaineer's sentiments. He called at his house one day, and said, "What's your dogs named, Jim?"

"Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis," Jim replied, as he continued to whittle.

"Which is the best dog, Jim?" the wise one asked, with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

Jim stopped whittling, scared a fly off the tip of his ear, and drawled, "Ain't either one of 'em worth a darn."

EVERY woman knows there are some things that cannot be accounted for. Somebody with plenty of words at his command has referred to it as the "perversity of inanimate objects." In olden times they said things were "bewitched," and laid it onto some poor old woman who was crippled up from rheumatism, as if a person with rheumatism didn't have trouble enough without being accused of anything else. The good old grandmother would say that the thing was "possessed," and her grown-up daughter of today would just say it had a "spell."

Nobody believes in witches at this time, nor in things being "possessed," nor in "spells," but how are you going to account for some of the things that happen, especially if you do not want to crack your thinking thing trying to figure it out? Take a sewing machine, for instance, and ask the madam if it doesn't balk when it has nothing to balk about? She sits there pedaling away, making the little frock, dreaming in her mother nature how cunning it will look upon her child on Sunday. The machine sings a hopeful air as the seam lengthens, and the tiny holes appear with a mouthful of thread as regular and as perfect as the picture in the pattern paper. All of a sudden something goes wrong. The thread breaks, the goods puckers, the machine stops. Take it all apart, feel its pulse, look at its tongue, listen to its heart—there is nothing the matter with it, but it will not sew. In her disgust the mother gets up and prepares dinner, and when her husband comes in she tells him about it. She sits down to show him how it does, and lo and behold! the old thing moves off without a break, and a better machine no one ever saw. How are you going to account for it?

If the inanimate things are perverse, if the things without life or being seem to take it into their heads to run to suit themselves at times, what about the great pulsing machines that think? What about the human beings that are endowed with passion and emotion, with love and hate, with life and feeling, with desires and hopes and weaknesses? What about them?

What about the young woman who makes a fatal mistake, or the young man who errs, or the old man who falls? What about frail humanity? You did not throw the sewing machine into the rubbish heap when it broke the first thread. Are you willing to give a woman less chance than you give a machine? You claimed your inanimate thing was "possessed," or had a "spell," or something of that sort—at least, you knew it could again be put into repair, and that it would be of use to the family, and thus to the community. Are you going to be less charitable toward a being made in the image of yourself? Maybe at times we are all "possessed." Maybe the "spell" comes over every one—over you, even—and the fact that you did not break a thread at some particular time may have been due to the fact that when you had the "spell" you were not tempted. Even the perversity of inanimate things should teach us charity.

◈

After all, the modest woman is the most conspicuous.

◈

Best way to tell whether a man is a liar is to hear him talk.

◈

With every increase of salary a man expects to have to do a little less work.

◈

When a man admits he doesn't know, he has taken off a powerful armor.

◈

In passing judgment upon a housekeeper it isn't necessary to look under the bed.

◈

Ever notice that a little dog's bark seems more spiteful than a big dog's? It's the same way with men.

◈

When a woman begins her conversation by saying, "Of course, I do not want to say anything about it," look out!

◈

When one's neighbors spend money for things one does not himself enjoy, he is apt to believe the neighbors are foolishly extravagant.

◈

The fellow who first said that the world owes every man a living got things slightly mixed. The world owes every man a fair chance to make a living.

◈

It doesn't do any harm to compliment a man. If he is a narrow-minded fellow it will puff him up until he pops, and the world can then place him, and if he is a big-minded fellow it will do him good.

◈

As Henry always said: "It's a mighty poor religion that isn't better than the man who claims to have it."

Around the Fireside

The Odessa Mutiny

One of the most startling, as well as significant, recent happenings, that has to do with Russian, as well as world, history, was the mutiny of the crews aboard several ships of the Black Sea fleet. The mutiny started aboard the "Kniaz Potemkine," the most powerful Russian vessel in the Black Sea, through the shooting of a sailor who on behalf of his comrades had been chosen to present a petition praying for better food and treatment. The murder of their comrade was more than the sailors could stand. They mutinied, shot down officers, and threw the bodies into the sea, and on June 28th, the date of the seizure of the ship by the insurgents, put into Odessa flying a red flag, and became the fighting allies of the strikers ashore. The crew of the "Georgi Pobiedonosetz" also mutinied, putting ashore the officers who resisted. Admiral Kruger signaled the ships of the squadron to proceed to Sevastopol, but the two ships above mentioned refused to do so, and the squadron sailed without them.

After a day in mutiny the "Pobiedonosetz" offered to surrender, and the "Potemkine" also surrendered on July 8th, having previously been turned over to the Roumanian squadron. Matuschenko, the leader of the mutineers, who had charge of the ship after the mutiny, is said to have killed ten officers with his own hand when the mutiny broke out. Previous to making his escape with many of the sailors, Matuschenko divided the ship's money, about twelve thousand dollars, among the crew, destroyed the ship's papers, and stripped the cabins of all valuables. When Admiral Kruger received the "Potemkine" from the Roumanian government blood stains were everywhere, telling of the awful slaughter that had followed the cruel murder of the poor sailor who had dared to present to the captain of the ship the petition of his suffering comrades.

Of like mutinies there have been few in the history of all navies. The Odessa tragedy has led the press of the world to conclude that if the spirit of the men of the "Kniaz Potemkine" fairly represents that of the rest of the men in the ranks of the Czar's navy and army, one need not go further for reason of the one-sided victory in the Sea of Japan and the success of the hosts of the Mikado on the Manchurian plains. The world does not expect Russia to come out of her present situation without revolutionary change of some sort. The insurrectionary spirit is too evident and widespread. Sweeping and sufficient reforms must be granted the democracy of all Russia before peace will again settle its mantle upon the great empire.

Submarine Boat Disaster

The French submarine boat "Farfadet," which foundered on July 6th at the entrance to the port of Sidi Abdallah, Tunis, was brought to the surface on July 15th, and the mournful task of removing the dead bodies begun.

The attempted rescue of the crew was watched with prayerful interest by the world in general. Twice the boat was raised to the surface, and each time the men inside gave evidence by tapping that they were still alive, but all for naught. Both times the cables and hoisting devices failed, and the submarine plunged to the bottom, the last time burying its nose deep in the mud and sealing the fate of its crew.

The full crew of the "Farfadet" consisted of fourteen men and Ensign Robin, under the command of Lieutenant Rotier. Rotier and two of the sailors, who were in an upper-deck apartment when the boat first went down, managed to escape and reach the surface, where they were picked up more dead than alive. The accident was caused by the failure of the closing cover of the submarine to operate properly.

New World Record of Travel

Walter Scott's special train between Los Angeles, Cal., and Chicago, Ill., made a new world's record. The time of the "Scott Special" between the two cities was three hours and four minutes faster than the original contract called for, which was forty-eight hours. The distance is two thousand two hundred and sixty miles. The run breaks all previous records for long-distance railroad travel.

Scott, the "Death Valley Crœsus," as he is called, paid five thousand five hundred dollars for the special train. Five hundred dollars of this amount was to have been returned to Scott in case the record was not broken. En route the rich mine owner scattered bright, shining silver dollars among the poor who gathered at the stations, and liberally remembered the train crew and all who had to do with the record run. His train from Chicago to New York was run on an eighteen-hour schedule.

Scott got rich quick through Death Valley gold mines, and his trip East was to enable him to spend some of his wealth with as much ado as possible. He is evidently succeeding.

The New Secretary of State

Mr. Elihu Root leaves a law practice with an annual income of two hundred thousand dollars to become Secretary of State, with a salary of eight thousand. His appointment to the Roosevelt cabinet, succeeding the late Secretary John Hay, brings him forward as a formidable candidate to succeed President Roosevelt in 1908. The great difference in salaries is hardly likely to cause Mr. Root any financial inconvenience, as he recently came into possession of three million by the death of his father-in-law.

Next World's Fair at New York

New Yorkers propose to have a world's fair in 1909 to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson River by Hendrick Hudson, and they intend to make it the greatest international exposition that the world has ever seen. The exposition buildings, instead of being temporary affairs, as were those at the other world's fairs in this country, will be built substantially and for permanent use.

Wallace Quits Panama Canal

Commenting on the resignation of Mr. Wallace as chief engineer of the Panama Canal Commission and his acceptance of a New York offer of sixty thousand dollars a year, Secretary Taft declared: "For mere lucre you change your position over night, without thought of the embarrassing position in which you place your government. You have thought of yourself alone. I consider that by every principle of honor and duty you were bound to treat the subject differently. You have permitted the President and all of us to proceed in full confidence that you would perform the functions of chief engineer, and now in an hour you drop your great duties, and throw them back

JOHN FINDLEY WALLACE
Resigned as chief engineer of the Panama Canal Commission to accept a sixty-thousand-dollar position in New York City

upon us as if it were a matter of no consequence, and all this for your personal advantage solely." These are only parts of the stinging rebuke administered by Secretary Taft to Mr. Wallace.

On the other hand, friends of Mr. Wallace declare they had known for a long time that he was irritated and greatly hampered by the multiplicity of the coils of red tape which he had been obliged to uncoil in order to carry on the work or when he desired to set new ideas in force. Be this as true as it may, Mr. Wallace's sudden action can hardly be justified, in view of the embarrassing position in which he placed his government. The American people do not like a quitter. At the time of his appointment Mr. Wallace certainly "looked good" for the job. Some one now wants to know if after looking it over it may not have appeared too large for his liking. Or was it the sixty thousand? Who can tell?

John F. Stevens succeeds to the position made vacant by Wallace's withdrawal. Stevens was slated for government engineering in the Philippines, but as soon as the vacancy in the Panama job was agreed upon Secretary Taft promptly appointed him.

Peary and the Pole

The expedition of Lieutenant-Commander Robert E. Peary into the Far North in his great ship, the "Roosevelt," will be followed with great interest by the world. This marks Peary's tenth dash for the north pole. His wife, a son, and Miss Babb, a Maine girl, are with the expedition, but will go only as far north as Cape Sabine, which will be the base of supplies.

Speaking of the expedition, Lieutenant Peary said: "We shall be frozen up about September 15th in latitude 83°, off the north shore of Grant Land. Early in February there will be sufficient twilight to make the dash northward with the dogs and sleds, and the sun will appear February 28th. We will have four hundred and twenty nautical miles to travel, and will advance at the rate of ten knots a day until we reach the north pole.

"There will be twenty-five sleds, with six dogs each. Our greatest precaution is the care of the dogs. You know, when they die we use them for food. On one occasion we came home with only one dog. He and we had eaten the others."

The additional fifty thousand dollars asked for by Peary was quickly raised by willing New York friends, and the great explorer sailed with the best possible equipment and unbounded confidence in his ability to reach the pole.

The Peace Conference

The "Mayflower," the official yacht of the United States government, has been fitted out with entirely new furnishings at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and will be used by the peace plenipotentiaries of the Russian and Japanese governments in their journeys to and from the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., where the peace conference will be held.

Treasure Ship Found

The wreck of the "Florencia," the famous Spanish treasure ship which foundered on the coast of Scotland in 1642, and which was loaded with gold and silver ingots, has, according to late dispatches, been positively located by James Gush, a well-known West-of-Scotland diver.

The "Florencia" was one of the shattered remnants of the great Armada with which the Spaniards had hoped to conquer the England of Queen Bess, and which after the crushing defeat in the Channel fled northward with her crippled consorts. The tale of history is that a Scot chieftain was captured by the crew of the "Florencia" when they went ashore on Mull for water. When he was taken on board, according to the legend, he threw a torch into the powder magazine, blowing up the ship, killing himself and most of the crew, and sinking the ship where she lay. The "Florencia" was known to be the treasure ship of the Armada.

In 1642 the Duke of Argyll commenced a search for the galleon. Three years ago the present duke became infected with the hereditary gold fever, and set about his work with the best equipment his house had ever summoned. The work was done in summer only, and a few weeks ago was begun for this season. The house of Argyll has spent fortune after fortune in previous vain endeavors to recover the treasure.

The "Conscience Fund"

The Treasury Department at Washington has what is known as the "conscience fund," to which have been sent many thousands of dollars by people who have at some time or other defrauded the government, and whose consciences prompt them to return the stolen money. Recently there came to the "conscience fund" in an unregistered letter twelve thousand dollars in currency. The envelope was postmarked Jersey City, but there was no other clue to the identity of the sender. The money was accompanied by this letter:

"Dear Sir:—I am sending you herewith inclosed twelve thousand dollars, which is to go to the use of the United States government. Years ago I defrauded the government of money, but have returned it all, and now am paying fourfold, in accordance with the teachings of Scripture.

"The way of transgressors is hard, and no one but God knows how I have suffered the consequences, and I would seek to do a bountiful restoration.

"May God pardon, while the United States government is benefited. A Sinner."

Eight years ago a bill of exchange for fourteen thousand two hundred and twenty-five dollars was received from an Episcopal minister in London, who asked that it be placed in the "conscience fund." He said the money was from an American whom he had converted, and who had confessed that he defrauded the government of that amount years before.

The "conscience fund" contribution which until recently stood as the second largest was eight thousand dollars, sent by a New York penitent several years ago. He cut eight one-thousand-dollar bills in two, and sent in one half of them, with the statement that if its receipt was acknowledged through the newspapers he would send in the other halves, which he subsequently did.

Mortgaged the Boy

From Peacham, Vt., comes the story of a strange and unique financial transaction in which a seven-year-old boy was mortgaged for two thousand five hundred dollars. Capt. Milo Green, a rich recluse farmer, holds the mortgage. It falls due on September 27th of this year, and if not paid Green will foreclose the mortgage, and little Claire Leseuer will pass from his parents to Captain Green. According to the alleged facts in the case, there is a romance back of it all. Captain Green, jilted by the girl he loved, advanced money to her during the sickness and financial distress of her family, taking as security the bright-eyed boy of seven years. It is hardly expected that the Leseuer family will be able to satisfy the mortgage in cash, and just what action Green will take is awaited with much interest by the country folks round about.

A Real "Cowcatcher"

An engine pulled into the roundhouse at Sheffield, Ala., the other day with a live cow on the "catcher." Some men lifted "Bossy" off the pilot, and the animal walked away without even a limp. The cow was struck, and landed on the pilot, where she rode for many miles. Naturally the cow is now an object of much curiosity.

Encouraging Home Building

Norway is giving to its working people the proper encouragement to establish homes of their own, and for this purpose has founded a bank for workmen. It lends money at three and one half per cent, and gives the borrower forty-two years in which to pay the loan. The total cost of the house must not exceed eight hundred dollars, and the area of land must not be more than five acres.

Submarine to Cross Sea

A submarine boat near completion at Newport News, Va., for the Lake Submarine Torpedo Boat Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., will attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean during the present month under its own power. The submarine cruiser is about half as large again as the "Protector," which was sold to Russia over a year ago and is now in the Russian fleet at Vladivostok. Under the contract the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company must deliver the boat to the Lake Company by August 10th. Mr. Lake, the inventor, states that the submarine cruiser is to cross the Atlantic under her own power to demonstrate the seaworthiness of this type of craft.

The Housewife

A Notable Woman Writer

PERHAPS the most remarkable American woman writer of to-day outside the ranks of writers of fiction is Miss Ida Tarbell, whose "Life of Lincoln" and "History of the Standard Oil Company" are books that put her in the front rank of writers of books of this kind.

Few American women have Miss Tarbell's very wide range of information or her logical mind. Time was when no one was expected to take a woman writer very seriously, and when the most learned men were sincere in their conviction that the feminine mind could never cope with the masculine mind in literary achievement. Time was when it was regarded as distinctly unfeminine for women to pose as writers, and women who wanted to have their work given respectful consideration had to conceal their identity behind masculine pen names. Thus we find Charlotte Brontë, author of "Jane Eyre," and her sister writing over the masculine pen names of "Currer Bell" and "Acton Bell," and other women writers of long ago felt that they must conceal their sex if they would have their work judged impartially. And even in this day of the "new woman" and of broader and more intelligent views there are those who feel that the feminine mind is more limited in its scope and in its power of achievement than is the mind of the "lord of creation," and that women must ever fall a little short of men in the degree of their intellectual achievements. This, too, in the face of the fact that it is generally conceded that Mrs. Humphry Ward is at the head of English novelists, and the women novelists and short-story writers of America are quite as successful as their brothers in the field of literature.

Miss Tarbell wields a wonderfully trenchant pen, and her later work seems to set at naught the theories of those who are inclined to put rather narrow limitations on the powers of the feminine mind. Possibly they would say that Miss Tarbell has really a masculine mind, but it is certain that she is not in the least masculine in looks or in manner. A woman of great refinement and modesty of manner, tasteful in dress, and distinctly feminine in all that adds grace and beauty to a woman's life, she is far removed from the "blue stocking," who is the butt of so many cheap humorists.

Miss Tarbell is a Pennsylvanian by birth, having been born in Erie County in November of the year 1857, so that she is still a comparatively young woman as we count age in this day of remarkable activity on the part of those much older than Miss Tarbell. And as the supposed "dead line" in the life of a writer is years above that of men and women in many other of the vocations of life, we may expect a great deal of work from Miss Tarbell in the future.

Miss Tarbell is a graduate of the Titusville High School, and also of the Alleghany College, at Meadville, Pa. She has also had the advantage of study abroad, having been a student of The Sarbonne and College de France, in Paris. One of her rather early, but entirely successful, literary ventures was a "Life of Napoleon" published ten years ago. Previous to this time she had had some editorial experience as associate editor of "The Chautauquan." In 1896 she published a "Life of Madame Roland," and in the same year her "Early Life of Abraham Lincoln" was published. This was written in collaboration with Mr. J. McMan Davis. Then came Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," which is regarded by many as the most interesting life of that great man ever written, and the most successful piece of biographical writing ever undertaken by an American woman writer. It represents years of the most painstaking research and a very intimate knowledge of every event of ordinary or great interest in the life of Lincoln. Indeed, Miss Tarbell gave several years to the study of the subject before a line of her book was written, and nothing could have been more thorough than her self-imposed training for the task she had given herself.

So it was in her "History of the Standard Oil Company," which is in many respects a more remarkable achievement than is even her "Life of Abraham Lincoln." It reveals a wonderfully intimate knowledge of the business world, the stock market, and with commercial affairs with which even the woman of education and intelligence knows almost nothing.

These two books are proof of the fact that there are almost no limitations to a woman's power of achievement in fields outside the realm of poetry and story-writing, as well as within those fields, in which most women writers have chosen to roam.

Added to her remarkable ability as a writer, Miss Tarbell is a clear and forcible speaker, and can hold her own with most men on the platform. A woman of great and diversified talents, Miss Tarbell may be classed among the leaders of modern thought and a distinct force in the world of serious literature. Her work is that of a woman of high ideals and great strength of purpose, and no American woman writer is surpassing Miss Tarbell in the quality of the work she is doing.

MORRIS WADE.

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MISS IDA TARBELL

In Some Homes

There are many farm homes in which one may find labor-saving devices, and where the parents have given their children fairly good educations; homes where there are some books and musical instruments, and yet the family is not a happy one. The children are planning to leave as soon as they are old enough, and the parents are worried as they try to find some means of keeping the young people with them, at least until they are past the days of boyhood and girlhood. If these good people would spend as much time trying to make home a pleasant place as they do in fretting about the boys and girls, the results in many cases would be different; but that is the last thing they think of. No matter how progressive some men and women become in money matters, in machinery for farm and home, and in up-to-date methods of farming, they are hidebound as to manners and speech, and no amount of coaxing can persuade them to reform.

I have in mind one young girl who labored for years to abolish ugly faded red tablecloths from her mother's table. She and the other girls of the family were perfectly willing and anxious to wash and iron the white ones, but the mother would not consent. "They are plenty good enough," she would say, and so were the cracked cups, the old dishes, and pitchers without handles, in her estimation. To have company sit down to a table like that was out of the question, so no company was asked; for it was not always possible to get out a clean cloth when unexpected guests came, and the very thought of people coming in suddenly discouraged the young people of the family. There are other women who use oilcloth instead of linen, under the impression that they are saving labor. If any children can be taught table manners at a table where there is no cloth I have yet to see them. Even if you cannot send the boys and girls to college, you can at least educate them in the all-important duty of eating gracefully, so they will not be handicapped all their lives.

Another bone of contention is the language some good parents persist in using. At school and elsewhere the young folks get into the habit of using correct English, only to be laughed at at home for their pains. Incredible as it may seem, there are boys and girls who are termed "stuck up" at home for saying "kettle," "get," "pudding" and words like that instead of "kittle," "git" and "puddin'." Many and many a teacher could testify to the fact that half the work done in school in grammar and language is undone at home, not by carelessness, but by obstinacy. Think of hiring a competent teacher to instruct the children, and then making fun of her for pronouncing words correctly! What if you have called your children "Idy" and "Emmy" since they were born? Is the teacher to discard "Ida" and "Emma" to blindly follow your example? Of all the foolishness, that of using words incorrectly out of pure stubbornness is the worst ever heard of. We all stumble over scientific terms and the names of Russian and Japanese generals and places, but that does not argue that we shall deliberately refuse to do the best we can with common words. Later in life your children will get to the place where they appreciate you in spite of all mistakes, but they are apt to feel ashamed when you deliberately use incorrect language and pride yourself upon it.

And what shall be said when it comes to clothes? I suppose a man may be a good citizen, and neglect his hair, his person and his clothes, but he is not doing his duty as a husband and father. There are men who would rather give their wives the pain of seeing them shabby every day in the year than take the trouble to don a collar and clean up. And the men are not the only sinners, either. I heard a young girl very severely criticised for wearing a pretty dress when her mother was in a shabby old one, when I knew the daughter had begged and pleaded in vain for the mother to dress in a becoming manner. The mother would willingly lay down her life for her daughters any day, and really wanted them to be happy, but she was too selfish and stubborn to gratify the greatest desire of their hearts. That is the plain English of it, for she had ample means to dress well. When you are tempted to be severe with the young people, remember that their hearts may be heavy enough without adding to the burden. If parents do not owe it to themselves to be neat and clean, they should at least try to keep the boys and girls from being ashamed of them. Even when the mother stints herself to dress her daughters well, she is doing them a positive injury and lessening their regard for her by her mistaken notions of kindness.

And so it goes. The mother cannot understand why the ornaments and furniture she went to housekeeping with are lightly esteemed in the eyes of her children. "These things were always good enough for their father and me," she says; "but our children must be above us, for they want new things." In many things she has learned that "the old order changeth," but not in all. She has willingly thrown away the heavy, old-fashioned tools of the same period as the wax flowers and tidies in the parlor, but in her mind it is nothing less than sacrilege to banish the latter. After all, it will always be the little foxes that do the damage, and the wise people are on the lookout for them. It takes only a little effort to put yourself in the place of the young person and try to see through young eyes the things you cling to so tenaciously. If it does not make you happier or better or wiser to stubbornly refuse to progress along all lines, why do you persist in hanging back? If you could have the young people with you always, it might not make so much difference, but as it is it doesn't pay to mistake obstinacy for firmness.

HILDA RICHMOND.

Sofa Pillows

The popularity of the sofa pillow never wanes, and something out of the ordinary is sure to attract special notice. The designs shown herewith are not only unique, but work up artistically as well, and with only a comparatively small amount of labor.

The conventional flower design is graceful and extremely attractive. For this pillow use a background of olive-green burlap. Utilize heavy silk floss in shades of yellow for the petals, simply working around each in long-and-short stitch. Place a solid brown center in each, with yellow French knots for the stamens. Connect the flowers by green outlining. A brown cord will supply a good finish.

If one is accustomed to handling raffia, it may be used in lieu of the floss in this case with good results. It should be split a little less than one fourth of an inch in width, and a coarse crewel needle used to make the stitches, which should be larger in proportion than if silk were used. The raffia comes in various shades, and the same color effect may be carried out that was used with the silks. This raffia pillow will prove particularly fitting for use as a floor cushion.

The other design is just the thing for the boys' room. The brownies are outlined neatly in shades of tan and brown on a dark red background. The floss must be of medium size in this case, so that the short turns and curves of the designs may be kept true. Use a bias piece as a finish for this pillow. Cut four strips about five inches wide, double, and place one along each edge of the pillow. Miter the corners, and join carefully.

MAE Y. MAHAFFY.

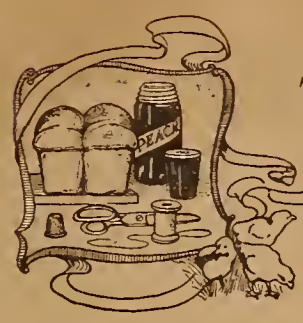
The Fairy Tale for Children

Every one of us who recalls the stories told to us at the twilight hour, when sun and night held brief concourse, reveres the name of Hans Christian Andersen. Every child of every nation owes a debt to that wonderful writer of fairy stories. Story-telling was one of the earliest arts men learned, and much of the ancient religion and tradition reaches us through the playroom and the nursery.—Dr. Emil G. Hirsch.

DESIGN FOR SOFA PILLOW

SUGGESTION FOR BOYS' PILLOW

The Housewife



All-Over Laces

THE all-over laces are desirable for yokes and fronts, or for any purpose for which a solid piece of lace is required. One decided advantage with these laces is that they are very easily and quickly made, and produce an effect that invariably pleases the wearer.

NO. 1

Make a ch the width the lace is desired.

First row—Make a tr in fourth st of ch from hook, ch 1, miss 1 st, 1 tr in next, *ch 2, miss 2, 1 tr in next; repeat from * three times, four spaces in all; now work 6 tr in 6 st, then make 4 spaces, next make 1 tr in same st last tr was made, ch 1, miss 1, 2 tr in next st, 4 spaces, 6 tr in 6 st, 4 spaces, 1 tr in same st last tr was made, ch 1, miss 1, 2 tr in next st, ch 3, turn.

Second row—*Make a tr between last 2 tr made in previous row, ch 1, 2 tr between next 2 tr, 3 spaces, 12 tr in 12 st, 3 spaces; (2 tr between 2 tr, ch 1, 2 tr between 2 tr) the inclosed will be called "stripe" throughout; 3 spaces, 12 tr in 12 st, 3 spaces, stripe, ch 3, turn.

Third row—Same as second row.

Fourth row—Repeat from * to * in second row, **then make 1 space, 6 tr in 6 st, 1 space, 6 tr in 6 st, 1 space, 6 tr in 6 st, 1 space, stripe; now repeat from double star to end of row, ch 3, turn.

Fifth row—Repeat from * to * in second row, **then work 12 tr in 12 st, 2 spaces, 12 tr in 12 st, stripe; repeat from double star to end, ch 3, turn.

Sixth row—Same as fifth row.

Seventh row—Same as fourth row.

Eighth row—Same as second row.

Ninth row—Same as eighth row.

Tenth row—Repeat from * to * in second row, **4 spaces, 6 tr in 6 st, 4 spaces, stripe; repeat from double star to end, ch 3, turn.

Eleventh row—Repeat from * to * in second row, then make 10 spaces, stripe, 10 spaces, stripe, and so continue to the desired length of lace.

NO. 2

Make a ch the length required for the width of lace.

First row—Make a tr in fifth st of ch from hook, ch 3, 1 tr under tr just made, *miss 2 st in ch, make 1 tr in next, ch 3, 1 tr under tr just made; repeat from * twice; *miss 2 st, and make 6 tr in next st to start a shell, **miss 2 st, 1 tr in next, ch 3, 1 tr under tr just made; repeat from double star three times; now repeat from third single star to end of row; always end a row with a tr in a st at end, ch 3, turn.

Second row—*Make a tr under the ch 3 made in previous row, ch 3, 1 tr under tr just made; repeat from * three times. Now work over shell thus: Throw thread over hook, put hook in first tr of shell, throw thread over hook, and draw it through the work and through 2 st on hook; do this five times more (you will now have 7 st on hook); draw thread through all 7 st at one time (this draws the shell up at top) and make one ch st to hold stitches tight; repeat from first star in second row to end, ch 3, turn.

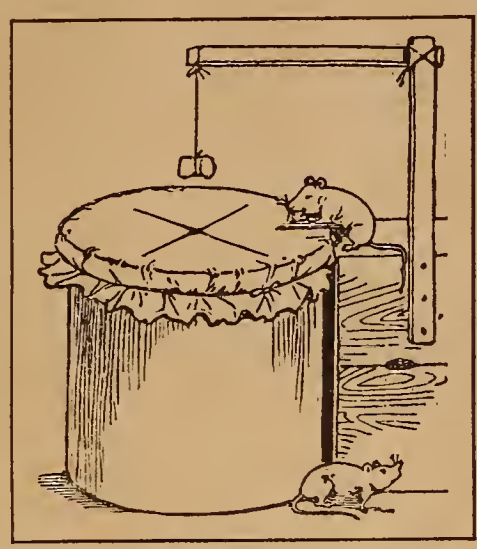
Third row—Like second row to shell, then make 6 tr in top of shell under the ch 1, and repeat from second row to next shell. Proceed thus for the length required. MRS. J. R. MACKINTOSH.

◈

Homemade Trap

Every home must have a mouse trap. Sometimes the old one, through much use, may have been broken, and the housewife finds herself without a trap when she badly needs one. The Chicago "Inter-Ocean" tells how to make one at home that will prove very satisfactory in the emergency, and which is always ready to capture the little graypaws:

"Over the top of an earthenware jar fasten a piece of writing paper, tightly binding it with a string or an elastic band. In the center of the paper cut a cross, as shown in the illustration. Set the jar in the closet, and suspend by a string a piece of toasted cheese over the center of the jar. If there are any mice in the closet, the bait will attract them, but just as soon as the first mouse reaches the center of the paper he will drop into the jar, and the paper will fly back in place again, ready for the next comer. A trap arranged in the same manner can be used for the capture of field and harvest mice, which make odd and amusing pets.



A HOMEMADE TRAP THAT IS ALWAYS WORKING

"A barrel covered with stiff brown paper can be used for common rats, but they will gnaw out unless the barrel is partly filled with water."

◈

Some Useful Suggestions

To clean brass gas fixtures, rub them with cut lemons, and then wash the juice off with hot water.

If soot falls on carpet, cover it thickly with dry salt, then sweep it up quickly, and it will leave no stain.

The most satisfactory method of sprinkling clothes is to use a good whisk broom kept expressly for that purpose.

To clean trays, shake a little flour on them, then take a clean, soft duster and rub lightly, which will remove all spots.

If in covering a kitchen table with oilcloth a layer of brown paper is put on first, the oilcloth will not crack and will wear three times as long.

Lemons may be kept a long time—months—under glass. If you are not going to use them immediately, lay them on a flat surface, and invert a goblet over each one.

Water in which vegetables have been boiled should never be poured down a sink, for it causes a very lingering and disagreeable odor to permeate the whole house. Such liquids are best thrown out upon the earth, where the smell will evaporate without being unpleasant.

When removing a cake from the oven after it is baked, if it does not come out easily, wring a cloth out of cold water, fold, and lay it on the kitchen table; set the hot pan on this for a few moments, and the contents can be removed smooth and entire without the slightest difficulty.

◈

Home Hints

To clean velvet, rub with a piece of the same material dipped in spirits of turpentine, turning the piece as it soils.

Gum-water, which can be used to slightly stiffen lace, is made by simply putting one ounce of gum arabic into half a pint of boiling water and stirring over a gentle heat until dissolved. One teaspoonful of this in half a pint of cold water is the right proportion.

For cleaning silver brooches, boil them in soap and water for five minutes, then put them in a basin with the same hot water, and scrub gently with a brush, now and then rinsing them, and wipe dry with a linen rag. In the meantime heat a piece of the commonest unglazed earthenware or a portion of brick or tile in the fire, and place the silver ornaments upon it that they may dry well.

Egg Recipes

EGGS À LA FRANÇAISE.—Boil as many eggs as required for ten minutes, let them cool, shell them, and cut each in two lengthwise. Make a sauce by melting two ounces of butter in an enameled saucepan, adding a teaspoonful of flour; mix well for three minutes, and then very gradually pour in half a pint of cream, stirring all the time. Simmer until the sauce is smooth and rich, adding a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and salt and cayenne to taste. Stir thoroughly. Put the eggs into a very hot entrée dish, pour the boiling sauce gently over them, and serve at once.

HERRING EGG TOAST.—Cut a fairly thick slice of bread from a tin loaf, remove the crust, and toast it crisply. Break three eggs into a small stewpan, season with salt and pepper, and add two ounces of fresh butter. Set the pan over a moderate fire, and stir in one direction with a wooden spoon until it becomes a smooth and somewhat thick substance. Pour the mixture on the toast, cut in squares, and serve as quickly as possible.

◈

Don't Throw Away

A tablespoonful of tomato. It will flavor the soup.

A tablespoonful of cooked rice. Use it in soup or a custard.

A tablespoonful of lemon juice. It is nice in pudding sauce.

A tablespoonful of orange juice. Use it in a dressing for fruit salad.

A tablespoonful of oysters. Chop fine, and mix in your Hamburg steak.

A tablespoonful of spiced vinegar. It improves the flavor of mince-meat.

A tablespoonful of jelly. Place in the bottom of a glass, and fill the glass with junket.

A tablespoonful of ginger syrup. Stir into a sugar sauce, and serve with apples cooked whole.

A tablespoonful of sausage meat. Add to stuffing for a beef heart. It accents the seasoning.

A tablespoonful of jam. Put in a small scooped-out mold of rice, and the extent to which it adds in taste and appearance will surprise you.

A tablespoonful of cream cheese. Soften, if necessary, with a bit of butter, add a dash of paprika, roll into two small balls. Press a walnut meat on each side, and serve with a salad.—Table Talk.

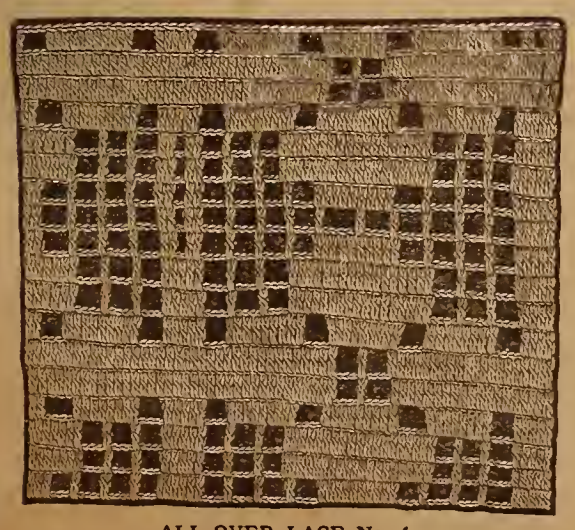
◈

Recipes in Which Raisins are Used

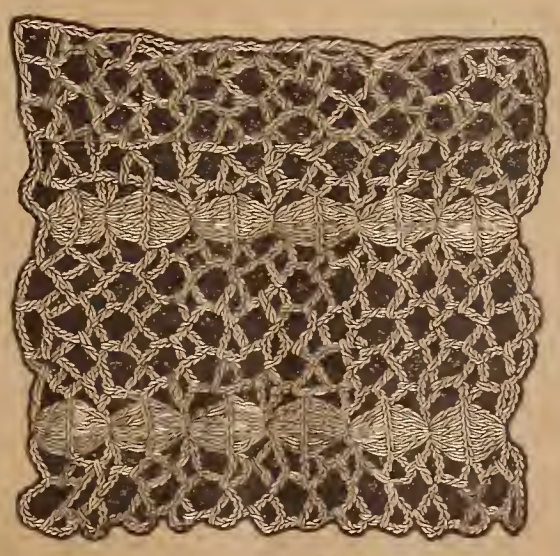
RAISIN SANDWICHES.—Chop fine half a pound of seeded raisins and one fourth of a pound of walnuts together; mix with a little mayonnaise dressing, and spread between well-buttered pieces of steam bread. This makes the most delicious sandwich that can possibly be offered to a child.

RAISIN BREAD.—Ordinary homemade bread dough; mix in half a pound of seeded raisins for each two loaves of bread, and bake in the usual way. The children will cry for it. Give it to them, for it will do no harm, but will help remove the row of medicine bottles on the upper pantry shelf.

BAKED RAISIN PUDDING.—Put eight ounces of dripping into a basin, warm it, and work in one pound of flour mixed with one teaspoonful of baking powder; add one teaspoonful of ground mixed spice, one ounce of candied lemon peel cut up small, four ounces of moist sugar and six ounces of seeded raisins; mix them well, and make the whole into a paste by adding two eggs beaten up in one teacupful of milk; turn the mixture into a well-greased tin or dish, put in a moderate oven, and bake for one hour. When done, take it out, turn the pudding out of the tin or dish, sprinkle it over with caster sugar, and serve.



ALL-OVER LACE No. 1



ALL-OVER LACE No. 2

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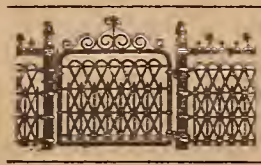

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DEACON BODWELL

White Wine and Red

By ALBERT LATHROP LAWRENCE

"I don't know which I blame the most, Deacon Bodwell or Phillina Landon, but between the two of 'em they're like to break the girl's heart and drive the boy into dissolute ways. With one son gone to the bad already, I should think the Deacon would be a little keerful"—another instance in which Martha Mossland, expressing her thoughtful opinion, voiced the dominant feeling of the village. Whether Phillina Landon was beginning to see the matter from the same viewpoint or not, she was beginning to be tremendously worried about Ethel.

"You got coffee-A sugar, did you?" Phillina demanded, taking various parcels from the girl just returned from the grocer's.

Phillina was all bustle and energy, for this was the red-letter season of her life. The grapes were in prime condition, and she was about to transform them into unfermented wine. When her eyes fell on the girl's blanched cheeks and twitching mouth, her heart smote her. "There! she's seen him again!" Phillina mentally ejaculated.

"Yes, it's coffee-A, auntie," replied the girl, listlessly. "And now shall I stem the grapes?" she asked, with the same listless voice.

"I guess you might as well," returned the spinster, shortly, nature rebelling against vicarious suffering; and for the first time in her life Phillina faced the table full of empty bottles with some misgivings. All the while she scoured those long-necked receptacles she seemed to see the girl's hopeless expression and the struggle for resignation going on behind it.

Phillina sighed, for she felt that something must be done. But what? "Give up your convictions, yield a point to the Deacon, and the young people may be married at once," was whispered in her ear. And Ethel, in spite of knowledge of Phillina Landon's ways, was startled by stern, imperative words. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" commanded the woman.

A moment later she confessed fretfully to the girl, "Child, I'm worried about you. I do wish that you and Dick could be married. But I don't see as I'm to blame," she added, in a fitful attempt at self-defense. "Deacon Bodwell will have an awful lot to answer for!" she finished, defiantly. The thought was some satisfaction until Phillina realized how far short it fell of helping this world's situation.

"You needn't worry about me, auntie," replied Ethel, in that spiritless way which was coming more and more to characterize her. "I guess it won't kill me—unless Dick takes to drink, as some seem to fear. But I guess if he respects his father's wishes enough to break with me he'll not be so weak as to go to drinking. It ain't the property that keeps him away from me. I'm glad of that. We've both agreed if that was all we'd be married to-morrow." Ethel wiped away the tears which would come to her eyes.

"Property!" snorted Phillina; "I guess you're as rich as he! Respect!" she added, with a sneer; "I don't see how he can respect him, even if he is his father, when he knows he's in the wrong. But there never was a Bodwell that had sense!"

"Auntie, if you was a Bodwell you'd think just as they do—"

"Thank heaven, I'm not a Bodwell!" she retorted, clinking her bottles in a way that threatened their usefulness.

"Dick is as honorable a young man as ever lived," returned Ethel, defending her lover. "He's so honorable that he won't ask me to wait for him, though I know he wants me to; and he lives from day to day only in hope that something will change his father's mind. And, auntie, I'd rather wait a hundred years—" Ethel broke down with an overmastering sob, and a strange silence fell between them.

Presently Phillina breathed out, "Wait—wait—wait!" slowly, absently, in tones which came from the long-buried past. There was something pathetic in her manner, for she ceased to scour the bottles, and made spasmodic, fruitless movements with her cloth in the soapy water. Ethel's courtship had more than once called up her own early years.

"Wait—wait—wait!" she repeated, forgetting the presence of the girl and her suffering. Amasa Moreland had never asked her to wait, either—he had had no excuse for that. But how she had waited year after year, and simply for him to pluck up courage to say the manly words which would receive her promise! Yet Amasa was not a coward. He had gone to the war, had fought bravely in a score of battles, and lost his life when years had taken the youth from the girl who patiently waited his bidding.

At thirty-two Phillina was so fixed in her fancies that it became hard to think of another lover, though there were plenty to offer themselves. Long she wrestled in prayer in her secret chamber that this condition of mind might be removed as possibly a fleshly one, and therefore of the devil. Phillina Landon was a pious woman, sprung from a long line of pious ancestors. It had been her fond hope to rear a daughter whom she should teach to prepare the sacramental wine, a sacred duty that had been a maternal inheritance in the family from time immemorial.

As a direct answer to these secret wrestlings, it seemed, Ethel Lounsberry had come into her life. An epidemic of typhoid had left the girl an orphan at the age of ten, when Phillina, although advanced in life—as she was beginning to feel, being forty her last birthday—intervened, and saved the child from public charity. From that day Ethel received a pious training after the most rigid traditions of her guardian's inheritance. At eighteen she made a public profession of her faith and joined the church. She had learned the catechism, the ten commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the books of the Bible, the beatitudes, a score of psalms, and nearly all the Gospel of St. John, besides innumerable passages scattered through Holy Writ from Genesis to Revelations. But no less important than these, Phillina had taught her to make the bread and prepare the unfermented wine for the communion, after recipes long handed down in her family.

As has been said, the season for making this wine was on, and Phillina was up to her ears in busy preparations. Heretofore she had brought her energies untrammeled to bear on the semisacred task, but now there were peculiar reasons why her mind should be disturbed. Within the year Ethel's first lover, Richard Bodwell, had come a-wooing. Phillina had rejoiced in the prospect of handing on through her to future generations the sacred trust, cherished the more jealously, perhaps, for having no daughter of her very own.

But Deacon Bodwell had recently become imbued with a new idea. His eldest son having died in a fit of delirium tremens, the very color of wine became a source of horror to the austere father. He began fighting the liquor traffic tooth and nail, and on reading that in some churches water was being substituted for wine at the communion, he carried the fight so far as to demand that the product made by Phillina Landon give place to clear, cold water from the spring.

A fierce dispute had broken out in the village church over the matter, but thus far Phillina had won the fight, for the members, by a narrow margin, refused to accept the Deacon's innovation. He gave all to understand, however, that the contest was not over. Meanwhile, smarting under the defeat, he had taken advantage of his second son's strong filial regard, and forced him to break his engagement with Ethel Lounsberry, the only immediate way of punishing Phillina Landon, who had led the victorious forces.

The hiss of steam startled Phillina from her reverie of the early lover. The grape juice had boiled upon the overheated stove, and for a few moments all heart troubles were forgotten.

"Goodness me!" cried Phillina, "I never did that thing before. I've always had a fear it wouldn't keep if once it boiled over. But pshaw! I guess that's just a piece of superstition. Now if you'll watch me, Ethel," she added, after a moment, and began to fill the long-necked bottles with the richly colored fluid.

Although Ethel had witnessed every movement in the operation for ten summers, Phillina thought the pious lesson could not yet be perfectly learned. There were those among the Deacon's followers who declared that in her heart Phillina put her communion wine above her God. This, however, was not only false, but willfully unkind of them.

"'Tain't no more intoxicating than spring water," commented Phillina, as she reached for the cup of sealing wax. "Be sure to get the cork pressed in tight, and then cover well with this, always, child," she interjected, pursing her mouth as she manipulated the wax. "And Deacon Bodwell knows 'tain't, too. 'Drink this in remembrance of me,' the Lord said. The 'fruit of the vine,' he called it, and not spring water, which the Deacon would make us drink if he could have his way. Besides, such spite work is unbecoming a man in his position. Whether Dick marries you or not shouldn't enter into the case—"

"Oh, auntie, let's don't talk about that!" implored the girl, giving way to unrestrained tears. "There can't any good come of it."

"Do you want me to give up my convictions, then, and go over to the Deacon's side?" demanded the troubled woman, forgetting her wine again, and facing the girl almost fiercely; for between the pride of her inheritance and the love for her adopted daughter she was driven nearly to distraction.

"Oh, no, no, auntie! I never said anything of the kind. I never thought it."

"But I can't see you pining away before my face and eyes, can I? Girls are so unreasonable! I was at your age, and I know you must blame me now."

"I don't, auntie; oh, I don't!" sobbed the girl. "I never thought of such a thing. You've always been kindness itself to me."

"Of course you'd say that. I would, too, in your place. But you must blame me, just the same—it's human nature. And I'm going to do something for you. There's red wine and there's white," she interjected, sententiously. "And I'm going to see Deacon Bodwell and give him a piece of my mind!" Phillina's words sounded very fierce, and she handled the bottles spitefully for a time.

Phillina and the Deacon were the two largest property owners in the village, and had been its leaders for a score of years. As their purposes oftener crossed than ran in parallel channels, a controversy between them was no novel thing. Confirmed opposition on his part Phillina attributed to one motive. Amasa Bodwell had also been an early suitor for her hand. Phillina had admired him, for he was well built and known to possess goodly principles; but her heart had already gone out to the other Amasa, the silent lover, and it became her painful duty more than once to refuse young Bodwell. In those long eight years after the death of bashful Amasa Moreland, while Phillina was wrestling in prayer under the impression that it was her duty to marry, the thought had often come that were young Bodwell still free this duty would at least be robbed of its repulsiveness. But alas! long ago the Deacon had taken a wife. Later Ethel Lounsberry had come into Phillina's life to fill a daughter's place, and thus removed her one remaining incentive to matrimony.

PHILLINA LANDON

As Phillina prepared for her call upon the Deacon the prominent events of twenty-five years rose before her one after another. The death of Bodwell's wife, which had occurred a year or more ago, first gave her pause. The Deacon's altered position appeared suddenly as a peculiar stumbling-block in her way. Phillina cried "Pshaw!" a score of times. The Deacon's single state should make no difference with the course she had marked out. The lovers must be united; she would hold to her inherited duty, and—and— But pshaw! it was foolish to think he still cared for her.

The Deacon received her with surprise, but with undoubted pleasure. He was a man of elemental instincts, which Christian principles had but partially subjected, and because of this his friends and enemies told stories of marked contrast. Phillina found him affable, and plunged at once into her subject:

"I have set my heart on marrying Ethel to your son Richard, Amasa," she began, when the Deacon met her promptly.

"And I'm just as set against the union," he declared, closing his smoothly shaven lips firmly, lest entrance be had there to his better nature.

"Why?" she demanded, imperatively.

"Well, you see, Philliny, it's like this: You've brought up the girl to think as you do on this sacrament question. I want my boy to see the truth as I do. And the two, differing so radically on a matter so vital, could never be happy together. You must admit that, Philliny." He stroked his bearded chin complacently.

"Now, honest, Amasa, you don't think my wine will lead to a taste for liquors?"

"Maybe not," he admitted, "but there's the name—'wine!'" and the Deacon shuddered.

"But the Lord called it 'wine,'" returned Phillina. "If the name was to be a disadvantage, he'd have called it something else. There's white wine and there's red. The Lord meant us to use our reason—to judge 'twixt good and evil even though the name's the same. I knowed a Bodwell once that was hanged, but all Bodwells ain't cutthroats."

"No, nor drunkards," groaned the Deacon, remembering his dead son, and yielding to the gloomiest emotions.

"I didn't mean to insinuate anything," began Phillina, kindly apologetic, at which the Deacon eyed her with a sudden rekindling of an old flame.

"You needn't excuse yourself, Philliny," he interjected, putting forward his piety. "Such things, no doubt, are meant for a cross, and if it's the Lord's will that they be thrown in my face I must learn to bear it like a Christian. It's one thing that's reconciled me to the death of Emily. Tom's mother never suffered the humiliation of a drunken son. I'm right glad of that! I'm right glad of that! Emily was a good wife, and I loved her truly—yes, I loved her truly. I tell you this, Philliny, who know she was not my first choice—"

"Why refer to the long-dead past, Amasa?" begged Phillina, fearful. Those premonitory misgivings now seemed on the verge of fulfillment, and being a modest woman, the color deepened in her face.

"Why?" he repeated, burying himself in thought a moment, from which he presently emerged charged with sudden resolution. "Philliny," he began, "in spite of having opposed you time and again in church matters and in things pertaining to the village, I have retained the highest respect for you as a woman. You have managed your affairs with skill and discretion. I must admit I have often thought, now that a decent time has elapsed since the death of my wife, that I should like to put to you the question which you answered in the negative twenty-eight years ago—"

"Deacon Bodwell!" warned Phillina, rising. "I came here not to talk of ourselves, but of those whose lives you and I may blast. We are too old for what you suggest. Besides, when I answered that question years ago I answered it for all time."

Phillina had shown some heat at first, but her manner became gentle with the closing words. She remembered the girl at home, and that she had determined to be very discreet—the only sure way of forwarding her mission. The Deacon's reasons for opposing a union of the young people would hold between himself and her as well, but this was an inconsistency she had no wish to discuss. Phillina dropped back into the chair she had so impulsively vacated, when had she followed her personal feelings she would have gathered up her skirts and quitted the house.

Then began an argument in which Phillina strove to show the Deacon first his error in making the children's future hang on a controversy between their elders, and afterward that he was wrong in the whole matter from beginning to end. Phillina had dressed with particular care for this meeting. Her figure was still plump, and her face retained its freshness to a remarkable degree; soft gray hair covered her head, and made, withal, a peculiarly pleasing picture. The Deacon felt the force of her argument, but he felt the force of something else more.

"Philliny, if you'll become my wife," he began, with an old man's clumsy attempt at coaxing, "I'll give my consent to the children's marrying at the same time. Come, let's make it a double wedding."

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE]

The Man from Texas

By FRANK H. SWEET

It was only a cheap downtown restaurant that reeked with the odors of cabbage and onions and boiled dinners, and the cashier's desk itself was from a secondhand auction house, but the girl behind it had the air of a duchess extending her hand to be kissed. When the redfaced proprietor scolded her she listened indifferently or with the slightest upcurl of her lip, and when he tried to be jocose or to make love her manner was just the same. Many times he had threatened to discharge her or to marry her offhand, but before her superbly indifferent eyes the words had died in his throat, and he had apologized and scowled and grumbled in the same breath. She was good at figures, was absolutely trustworthy, was a draw to trade, and these attributes were valuable to a man who could neither read nor combine figures himself. Besides, his hold upon her father was sufficient to make her marry him whenever he wished. So whatever his determination in secret, in her presence he quailed and waited.

In the cashier's desk was a book on etiquette which bore the marks of much study, and with it were a number of novels of the old-school type, where the heroines were proudly indifferent or sentimentally silly. These books had molded the æsthetic side of Big Kate's life, as had her determined attendance at night schools and persistent working at "jobs" made up the practical.

Suitors Big Kate had had in plenty, though her home life was in a cellar, with the perpetual steam of her mother's washtubs and the smoke of her father's pipe stifling the atmosphere, and with the scolding of the one and the utter shiftlessness of the other stirring her to early and abnormal activity. Big Kate's beauty was of an unusual and stately type for such environment, and her very indifference made her seem more desirable. To not one of the suitors had she shown kindness, however, and least of all to Red Pete, the restaurant owner, to whom it was an open secret that her father had promised her in return for unlimited and perpetual whisky. The girl herself was aware of the promise, and that two years of it had been paid when she entered upon her duties at the restaurant.

As customers came in her eyes gave them a single glance, and if by rare chance one of them was of the world described in the novels her eyes followed him down the restaurant to one of the oilcloth-covered tables, and watched him more or less attentively through the meal. But unfortunately her insight into high life through these channels was not very satisfactory, for such degenerates as entered the restaurant were usually much disheveled and battered by their hard fall. Big Kate's eyes were quick to note this, for she was shrewd even in her ambition; and once noted, her superbly indifferent glance went back to the cursory survey of the more common run of customers. In her secret heart—her æsthetic heart—she had determined to marry a hero if she ever married at all; not a back-alley fighting hero, but one of the novel class, a man who had never smelled soapsuds and boiling cabbage in all his life, and who had been able to ride in carriages without thought of expense. A few such men had come into the restaurant in the two years, but the ones she approved of had scarcely noticed her, while those who paused at the desk with bold admiration had been sent on their way by a single inquiring glance of her cold eyes.

Then one day a man came in who challenged her attention at the very door, he was so big and strong and friendly looking. But his trousers were thrust negligently into long, unblacked boots, and he wore a wide-brimmed hat which flapped as he walked, and there was a huge belt about his waist and a bright handkerchief knotted carelessly about his throat. As her eyes took in these damaging facts, they returned to the book of etiquette, which lay open among her businesslike piles of coins.

But a moment later their corners saw something that made them lift again and look straight down the restaurant. Two young girls were seated at one of the tables, and a flashily dressed youth had taken a chair and pushed it directly between them, to their evident annoyance. The newcomer's comprehensive glance seemed to take in everything in the room, and this situation among the rest. As he passed the girls one hand removed the broad-brimmed hat, while the other dropped upon the youth's shoulder and lifted him with a strong, easy motion high into the air. In that position the youth was carried two tables down and dropped into another chair, with the remark, plainly audible through the room, "There, sonny, that's the cheer ye'd ought to 'a' took. Now, don't git flustered an' cry, but eat your mush an' molasses like a nice little boy should, an' then run out an' play. I'll take this next cheer, an' we'll be a little fambly sosherble, you an' me."

Involuntarily Big Kate smiled her warm approval of the act, and the stranger, whose glance was again roving about the room, caught the smile direct. Instantly he rose to his feet, and came straight to her, his face full of responsive interest. "Thank ye for that smile, miss," he said, frankly. "It's the fust real friendly look I've had since I left Texas. This city seems to be mostly on a stampede, with nobody to round up. Don't it seem that way to you?"

"I don't know," she answered, vaguely. "I've never thought about it that way. But then, you see, I've never been out of the city in my life."

"Never been out o' the city!" he exclaimed, in amazement. "Good Lord! An' I've never been in one like this before. Say, what do folks do here for amoosement? Grassfed country folks, I mean. Ye see, I only come in last night with a bunch o' cattle, an' I've got to stay here a whole week to end up the sale. What'll I do evenin's and off times?"

"Why, there is the bridge," replied Big Kate, doubtfully, "and trolley rides. Strangers do them, I believe; then there are the theaters."

"That's so," he said, with jubilant relief in his voice. "I've heered 'bout the New York theayters. O' course, I must see 'em. But I'm feared I'll be like the bull in the china shop that I've read of if I try to do the thing alone. I don't s'pose ye'd be—be willin' to sort o' start me this fust evenin'? Ye see, I've never been in a theayter in all my life. O' course, I know 'tain't the real proper way," he added, hurriedly. "There should be introducin's an' time to git acquainted an' all that, but I don't know a single man in all New York. Down to Texas we don't stand much on ceremony, like ye do in a city, but I could put up a stake or—or a margin with a p'liceman or somebody to show I mean square an' am well heeled. Will ye go?"

Big Kate considered. At first her eyes had returned to her book of etiquette, then after a little had gone up to the frank, boyish face looking down at her. It was an open, manly face, with straight, honest eyes—she felt that intuitively. As to ceremony, that did not trouble her any more than it did him; besides, she owed him something for that act at the table. "Yes, I will be glad to go," she answered. "You may call for me a little before eight at—" she was about to say "the restaurant," but substituted instead, with a direct look at him, "the cellar below the Chinese laundry on the corner. My people live in a cellar."

The next morning the Texan came into the restaurant for his breakfast, and stopped at the cashier's desk longer than was necessary on his way out, and the same at dinner and at supper. At supper he remained long enough at the desk to obtain Big Kate's consent to accompany him again to the theater in the evening.

The third evening, when he stopped at the desk with his supper check, Red Pete appeared. "Look a-here, Mister Cowboy," he blustered, "we don't want no more o' this. I'm willin' for the men to talk with Big Kate, for it draws trade, but it mustn't go too fur. I don't want no more theatergoin'. She's my promised wife."

The Texan flashed a quick look at the cashier. She smiled calmly. "It's the old man's promise, Red Pete," she said, serenely, "not mine. Yes," to the Texan, "I'll go with you. I thought the cellar would make some difference. I'm glad it don't."

Red Pete broke into a torrent of oaths, stamping his feet. "If he does go with you, it'll be club for him. I've got good friends on this street."

When he went out the Texan saw a policeman a few doors away. Obeying a sudden impulse, he went to him. This was unfamiliar ground, and it might be well to play the game shrewdly. "Hello, pardner!" he began, affably. "Reckon ye've got a toler'ble broken range on this street. Plenty o' stampedin' an' buckin', ain't they?"

"It's a little rough, if that's what you mean," replied the officer, doubtfully.

"I s'posed so from the way things boil. Well, if ye ever want quiet, come down to Texas, an' if ye ever come near the XXX ranch, ask for Many Horse Charlie—that's me. I'll put the world up to ye right. Money's easy down there. Here, drop this into your pocket," transferring a note that made the officer's eyes glisten. "I don't reckon the city pays more'n half what ye earn, an' it's a duty for the people to make up the rest. Well, so-long."

The officer's eyes followed him gratefully. "That's a gentleman," he soliloquized, as he carefully folded the note and put it away into a place of safety. "If he ever needs a friend I hope I may be near."

The next day was a busy one, for the Texan was closing out the last of his herd, and the deal would take him until late in the evening. But he made time for a few minutes' run into the restaurant.

"I won't be able to git 'round for the theayter tonight, Katie," he said, as he leaned over the desk, "but it won't matter so much now, after what we talked over last night. It seems a good deal o' hurry, don't it? But the herd'll be closed out to-day, an' I must be gittin' back to the ranch. There's a thousand hosses needin' my 'tention right now. The wust is hurryin' you so. But after what ye said 'bout—'bout the home folks I thought mebbe ye wouldn't mind much. Ye'll find it nice down there, house an' fixin's an' all, an' I'll try to make it up to ye for havin' to take all on—on trust."

Big Kate lifted her eyes toward him. The etiquette book and the novels were in the desk, covered with a lot of papers. She had not looked at them for two days. There was a new expression on her face. "I'm not taking a thing on trust, Charlie, not a single thing," she declared. "It's all in your face, plain, and in your eyes. I know every word you've said is perfectly true. It seems strange, though. I've often thought about marrying, but the man never looked the least bit like you, and now," a soft flush stealing over her face, "it don't seem as if I could want to marry a man who looked any different, boots or hat or—or anything."

"Thank ye, Katie. An' now there's another thing," lowering his voice. "Your folks ain't done what they ought by ye, but they're your folks jest the same. Now, I want ye to take this," slipping a roll of money into her hand, "an' spend it on 'em in any way ye think best. No," at the look in her face, "ye mustn't feel put out or—or mortified. 'Tain't nothin' to what you're doin' for me—takin' everything on trust. An' besides, ye'll be my wife to-morrow, when it'll be all right for ye to take anything. Why not a few hours sooner, when ye can lay it out on 'em yourself an' see it's done like ye want? There, that's right," as she slipped the money into her dress with heightened color but trustful eyes. "Now I'd better be goin'. Red Pete's tearin' this way fit to kill, an' I don't want to start a row to-day. Remember, tomorrow at noon. I'll have a license, an' we'll find a preacher somewheres. Good-by."

He bent over suddenly, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead. As he did so there came a wild bellow of rage from Red Pete. The Texan dodged through the door, laughing, followed by a choking, "Don't you ever come in here ag'in! Don't you ever dare!"

The following noon Red Pete was waiting for him. He had been waiting all day. As the Texan appeared he sprang forward savagely. "Get out o' here," he yelled. "If you don't I'll have you arrested. I'll set the whole street on you—they're all my friends."

"Come, Katie," said the Texan, quietly.

As she stepped from behind the desk Red Pete rushed to the door. "Police! police!" he shouted.

A policeman was standing on the corner, and he responded quickly. He took in the situation at a glance.

"I want you to arrest this man," stormed Pete, "this cow puncher. He's tryin' to run off with my cashier. I 'spect he's been stealin'—I 'spect both of 'em have. I want him arrested."

"All right," assented the policeman. "That's a pretty serious charge. I guess you'd better come with me, my man," dropping his hand heavily upon the Texan's shoulder.

"That's the way," approved Red Pete. "Don't you let him get off now, officer. Big Kate, you get behind your desk, an' don't let me see you speakin' to another man in a month."

"Hold on," interposed the officer, "the girl will have to come with me, too. You included her in the charge."

"But I didn't mean—"

"Too late for that now. I will have to arrest both. If the girl's innocent she will get off."

"Well," doubtfully, "if you say so. But remember, I'll go bail. Send her back soon's you can. I'd go along if I could leave the business, but I can't."

"Of course not," agreed the policeman. "I'll attend to it all right. Now come along, you two."

He grasped the prisoners roughly. Big Kate looked frightened. The Texan, after one look into the officer's face, went along quietly.

At the corner the policeman stopped. "Now you two scud up that side street," he ordered. "A parson lives the second door from the next corner. Get it over as soon as you can, and then jump on a trolley and be off. Red Pete's got friends on this street, and they're a hard crowd. He could make you trouble. Hurry, now, and good luck to you."

◈

Under the Evergreens

Oh, do you know the exquisite pleasure,
The untold wealth, the priceless treasure,
To be found beneath the evergreen trees
Swayed by summer's gentle breeze?

Have you sat and listened to the music sweet,
As the wind glides gently through that cool retreat,
And the birds sing gaily their joyous song,
"There is no wrong, there is no wrong?"

Have you reveled long in the balmy air,
That pervades every nook of that region fair,
And gives new vigor to the weary mind
That seeks its ministrations kind?

Have you upward gazed your canopy through,
To God's own heaven of deepest blue,
Till you seemed to sail from earth away
And catch a glimpse of eternal day?

—Augusta Kling, in Sunset.

◈

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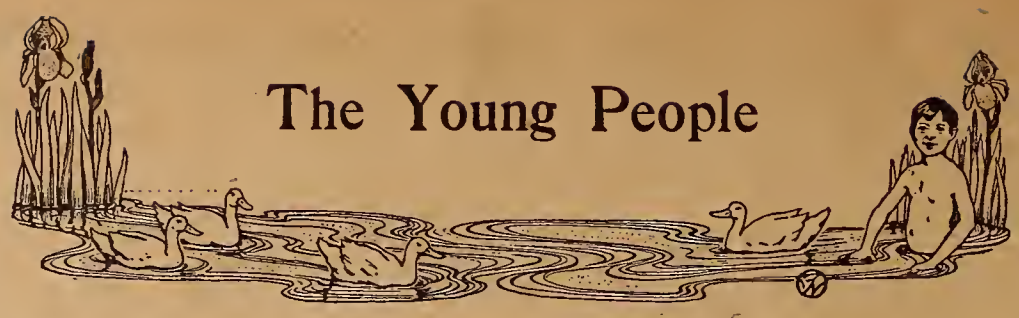


The Young People

Farm Boy's Bank Account

Few boys are more fortunate than farm boys when it comes to starting a bank account. Father can so easily give the boy a calf, some chickens or a pig; then with care these can be made to pay the highest interest on their value. In Elmer Mixner's case the gift from his father was a calf. Elmer was a healthy, happy lad, tumbling over fences and romping with his dog, but he never forgot to attend to the calf. In due time the calf grew into a cow, and the cow had a calf. The calf was sold, and the money put in bank, and within a few years Elmer was showing the ability of many business men for saving money.

The Tale of an Obstinate King

Consternation reigned in the kingdom under the lumber pile in the shed that sheltered the Keeton farm machinery. The two spiders working next the shed roof paused in their spinning, startled by the clamor beneath them; the lazy and overfed gray cat, nibbling at some frost-bitten catnip near the shed, wondered idly at the fierce squeals.

The murmurings of dissatisfaction were loud among King Gray Paws' subjects when he had dismissed the court and shut himself up in his palace. Sleek Sides and Limber Legs, the most valiant of the king's foragers, had that morning brought the news to Wiseman, the prime minister, that the Keeton household had resolved upon the death of the rats, and Wiseman had sent messengers throughout the kingdom to notify the people of their danger and to command their coming together to confer with the king. The aged prime minister, and the people as well, realized that their security depended on an immediate flight, but feared that their obstinate-minded king would not listen to a proposition of removal.

Nor did he. Sleek Sides, as spokesman, told that when under the Keeton kitchen floor he had heard the father deploring the destruction of the corn, the mother lamenting over the gnawed pumpkins, and the elder son complaining over the cutting of the leather straps of the work gears hung in the barn, and that the entire family had together agreed that the rats must die, and the father had offered the younger son, Abner, a pint sack of peanuts for every dozen rats he secured and put to death.

"And O King Gray Paws," concluded Sleek Sides, "the boy likes peanuts better than anything in the world. I am told he will do anything to obtain them."

Then the people trembled as one man, and all looked toward Queen Bright Eyes, sitting among her women, her two daughters, Dove Skin and White Throat, beside her.

Only a member of the king's family or the prime minister could first advise his majesty, and Wiseman hesitated. Then discerning Queen Bright Eyes turned to the king. "O husband," she pleaded, "it is urgent that we flee. An appeal to appetite is the strongest appeal known to man. The boy will hunt us to the death. Let us with our subjects seek another kingdom to-day."

The courtiers, emboldened, followed the queen's example. "It is no dishonor to move," pleaded Wiseman. "Have you not, O your majesty, heard of the migrations of our kinsmen, the Lemmings, who swam rivers in their flight, and are so venturous that they even attempt the sea, to be lost in its depths? There are no rivers to trouble us; we have only to go by night to another farm. Let us not, your majesty, be deceived by the five tranquil years we have passed under the lumber pile since your majesty came to the throne of your father, King Eat Corn. Let us reflect that the number of your majesty's subjects, though few at the beginning of your reign, has wonderfully increased, and our inroads on the storerooms have become dangerously noticeable, so that the household is aroused against us. Let us flee danger while our ranks are yet unbroken."

"I will hear no more!" cried the king; "no more of removal! Cannot we avoid their paltry traps by our native cunning? My lords and nobles, look out for yourselves, and bid the people do likewise."

"Our king's stubborn blindness will bring us all to destruction, I fear," the veteran Blackfoot, of the king's bodyguard, complained to his comrade, Silver Hairs, when the king had shut himself up in the palace. "But it is not to be helped. If we die, let us die loyal to the king."

A night passed, and no ill befell the kingdom. On the second afternoon Abner, the boy, placed a mysterious wire box with its door directly over the hole through which the foragers for the palace larder always entered the smokehouse in search of bacon rinds. The next morning, before the king rose from his luxurious couch of white wool and corn silk, an ashenfaced messenger burst into his chamber with the fearful tidings that ten of his foragers, among them Sleek Sides and Limber Legs, had just met death in the icy waters of the pond. They had entered the smokehouse by the usual passage the evening before, only to find themselves prisoners in a wire trap devised by some cunning Frenchman. Walk Stiff and Lame Man, a little behind their fellows, were warned by their shouts in time to escape the snare. Unable to rescue their unfortunate comrades, they had hastened back to the kingdom.

Through the palace windows came the shrieks of the dead men's families, but the sounds angered, rather than grieved, the king. "So!" he growled. "Stupid fools! Bid Wiseman select me other foragers more cautious and sharp than these."

"But, your majesty," Wiseman reasoned, "these were the noblest of the kingdom, and ill to be spared. Can we afford to obtain our food at so great a sacrifice? Had we not better go?"

"No!" thundered the king, in a fury, and Wiseman said no more.

That night three of the soldiers of the king's bodyguard, searching out safe paths for the foragers in the granary and in the applehouse, were caught in three of the dozens of traps that, artfully concealed with leaves, guarded every entrance, and were put to death in the morning.

The king could not keep back a groan when told that his old guardsman, Blackfoot, the playmate of his youth, was gone, and he bade Wiseman keep the widows far from the palace, that he might not hear their wails.

When the trap victims numbered twenty-five—twenty-three dead and two crippled—Wiseman called the leaders of the people in secret council. They decided that as the corncrib was less heavily guarded with traps than the other storerooms, no effort should be made to secure any other food for the people than corn. It was further resolved that that night food sufficient for many days should be brought in, that by the silence of the people the Keetons might be led to think them gone and cause Abner to relax his vigilance.

Several days passed. The elders grew tranquil in their underground homes, but the younger ones, pining for their evening runs, chafed under the prime minister's order that no one should venture outside. The weather became frigid; the ground rattled stonily under the feet of men, and the house and shed roofs "popped" in the icy air. At midnight, when all the elders slept, a score of young bloods—nobles' sons—stole out in their thick fur coats, hilariously gay. In the gray dawn they crept back to their homes with their high spirits broken, one of their number missing.

Young Sharp Teeth, the daring second son of the king, after an hour's frolic in the hayloft, persuaded his comrades to secure some nuts to add to the fast-diminishing supply of luxuries in the king's larder. Springing boldly in advance, he was the first to leap in the loft over the stone milkhouse, and straight into the jaws of a heavy fox trap. Both his arms were pinioned well up to the shoulders. In his frantic struggles Sharp Teeth fell from the loft, and hung suspended the length of the chain, at the mercy of the cold. While his friends ran frantically about, unable to reach or succor him, he was fast chilling to death against the icy stones, and when, with hearts sick with horror, they crept back to safety, the prince was cold and stiff.

The queen fell as one dying when they told her. "O my Sharp Teeth!" she moaned. "Why could I not have died instead of you, my son, my son?"

Her firstborn, and her only remaining, son, young Swift Foot, raised her. She clasped him to her bosom, and turned in an agony to the king. "O my husband!" she cried, "what are we gaining by remaining in this awful place? Let us go before we lose our all."

They bore the queen away, fainting, and Wiseman besought the king to heed her words. But the king's grief was not as the queen's. His own will had led to the bereavement, and enraged by the thought, he relieved his mind in abuse of his innocent subjects. "Fools!" he cried at the end of his speech. "You are all fools—stupidly blundering and floundering, and falling into their vile traps! I am no fool. To-night I will go alone and examine those iron snares, and devise some means whereby they may be passed in safety."

That evening, when the king's guard attempted to follow him, he fiercely drove them back, and plunged forward alone.

With hearts fluttering with distress and fear, the people waited and listened. Presently the king's mad shriek, "Release me! release me!" reached them. Vainly six of his guard bore their combined weight again and again upon the great trap which held his right hand in a benumbing embrace.

Finally an old gray-haired guardsman, by name Strong Limb, ventured to say, "There is no hope of rescuing you so, your majesty. If you will but consent to have your hand amputated by the surgeons, releasement will be quick and sure."

The king looked at good old Strong Limb as though he could rend him for his suggestion. He raved like one demented, and ordered them to leave him so vehemently that all withdrew but the old Strong Limb and Silver Hairs. Despite his railings, they entered the applehouse, and sat near him until with the coming of dawn they were obliged to fly.

The queen's attendants closed the palace windows, and stuffed the crevices with wool, that she might not hear her husband's mad shrieks of despair when he was borne away to his death. Nor did she know he was dead until Wiseman placed the crown on young Swift Foot's head.

That night, led by the new king, every rat subject left the Keeton farm forever. Advised by Wiseman, the young king established his kingdom in a mighty hollow oak on the edge of a wooded cliff on the next farm, far from any habitation of man. His people now gather their food from the grain fields and nut-bearing trees, as the squirrels, and lay up winter stores.

Over the beast-trodden barnyard graves of King Gray Paws and those who fell a sacrifice to his obstinacy the winds of winter sigh mournfully, but peace reigns in the kingdom of Swift Foot, and the heart of the queen mother has found healing in her grandchildren.

S. B. Hackley.

Photo by Cora June Sheppard.

ELMER MIXNER AND HIS COW AND CALF, WITH WHICH HE STARTED A BANK ACCOUNT

From Original Photogravure, Size 7 x 9 Inches, Copyright, 1905, by The Ben Austrian Art Publishing Company, Reading, Pa.

"HELLO! WHO ARE YOU?"

If I Knew

If I knew the box where smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would gather them, every one,
From nursery, school and street;
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
In the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—Boston Transcript.

For the Boy Photographer

The following method of transferring prints to wood, etc., was lately described in "Camera Craft." The piece of wood (or metal) is well polished where the print is to be placed, and a coat of copal varnish given the surface. Before this is entirely dry, the print, which has previously been given a bath in weak formalin, is placed face downward in the desired position, and well rubbed into contact. Allowing the varnish to become thoroughly dry, the print is well wet with water, and gentle rubbing entirely removes the paper, leaving the film containing the picture firmly attached to the wood. Another coat of varnish completes the process. The prints are made on Giant Aristo paper, and are of course reversed. This can be avoided in film negative by printing from the reverse side.

The Game of "Suggested Authors"

Have you ever played the game of "suggested authors?" It is interesting. The person conducting the game makes some statement suggestive of the name of some author, and the object of the rest of the party is to guess the name of the author. Prizes may be awarded for the largest or smallest number interpreted correctly. Following are some suggestions:

Oldest author—Adams.
Youngest author—Child.
Healthy author—Hale.
Sickly author—Haggard.
Farmer's author—Fields.
Sportsman's author—Hunt.
Dairyman's author—Cowper.
Warrior's author—Shakespeare.
Ditcher's author—Trench.
Jeweler's author—Goldsmith.
Angler's author—Hooker.
Chef's author—Cooke.
Suburban author—Townsend.
Domestic author—Holmes.
Greedy author—Hogg.
Woodland author—Hawthorne.
Cunning author—Fox.
Pontifical author—Pope.
Evasive author—Dodge.
Submarine author—Cable.
Painful author—Bunyan.
Groaning author—Payne.
Aboriginal author—Savage.
Blistering author—Burns.
Refreshing author—Brooks.
Breakfast author—Bacon.
Dinner author—Lamb.
Chorister's author.—Sangster.

The Union Jack

Now that the "meteor flag of England" is used so freely to intertwine with the flag of the United States, it may be a useful piece of information to tell what the famous old Union Jack is.

An English writer said recently that he is certain that out of a hundred Englishmen in any ordinary walk of life not more than twenty are able to tell just what the design of their country's flag is or what it means. Try the next Englishman you meet.

The Union Jack of to-day contains the three crosses of the three nations of the United Kingdom—the red cross of St. George occupying one fifth of the width of the flag; the white border of St. George; the red cross of St. Patrick and its white border, and the broad white of St. Andrew's cross occupying one half of the red of St. George. As you probably know, the cross of St. George represents England, the cross of St. Patrick Ireland and the cross of St. Andrew Scotland.—American Boy.

Sunday Reading

Not a Mere Echo

THE man who makes a place for himself in this strenuous world, says the "Four-Track News," must be a force, not a follower. The rear ranks are full, the front ranks are seldom, if ever, crowded. Too many men are content to drift. It is the man who buffets the tide and overcomes obstacles who travels upstream. Columbus followed no leader, Lincoln never drifted, Grant was a force that was felt. Shakespeare, Burns, Holmes, Stevenson set their own standards. Wagner followed the lead of no other composer, Whistler's brush was boldly original. These men created new ideals; they were the voices that spoke new messages to mankind; they were not copyists, but creators. Do something worth while, and let it be something that is not an echo; that is the gospel of success.

Help Yourself by Helping Others

In working to save others we do the most good to ourselves. The Alpine traveler who carried his freezing brother saved both the other and himself. In the effort to carry the other man new warmth of blood was forced into his own veins, and he was enabled to go on until a place of refuge for them both was found. The miser who was going to drown himself found two sovereigns in his pocket, and thinking it was a pity to waste so much, gave them to a poor woman who was starving for bread. When he saw how happy the pieces made the mother and her children, he bethought himself of how much happiness he could occasion by all the hoards of gold and silver he had in his cellar. He gave up the idea of suicide, and devoted the rest of his life to doing good. By saving others he saved himself. If you are despondent, if your Christian life is ebbing low, find some Christian work, and do it. In helping others you will help yourself; in saving others you will save yourself. Your labor will not be in vain in the Lord.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

The Children's Companions

Dr. Madison C. Peters, noted lecturer, author and minister, in a recent issue of the Chicago "Evening Lamp," on the subject "Look Out for Your Children's Companions," said:

"A wise and good teacher once refused to let his son and daughter go into what he considered unsafe company when they were quite grown up. The daughter accused her father of underestimating their development into manhood and womanhood. To convince her of her mistake and the pernicious effects of associating with the bad, the father gave her a dead coal of fire and requested her to handle it. Her white hands were soon soiled, and she said to her father, 'We cannot be too careful in handling coals.'

"'Yes, truly,' said her father. 'You see, my child, that coal, even if it does not burn, it blackens. So it is with the company of the vicious.' There is nothing in which the young ought to be more careful than in selecting their company.

"It is impossible to take coals of fire in our hands and not be burned; neither can we associate with the low and vulgar without becoming low and vulgar ourselves. The ancient Pythagoras, before he admitted any one into his school, made inquiry as to who had been his companions, as he regarded those who were careless about their companionships as not likely to derive much benefit from his instruction.

"A story is told of two parrots that lived near to each other. One was accustomed to singing hymns, while the other was addicted to swearing. The owner of the latter obtained permission for it to associate with the former, in the hope that its bad habit would be corrected, but the opposite result followed, for both learned to swear alike.

"Petrarch says: 'Let no man deceive himself by thinking that the contagions of the soul are less than those of the body. They are yet greater—they sink deeper and come on more unsuspectedly.'"

The World's Religions

The "Missionary Almanac" (Basel), 1905, says that there are now living 534,940,000 Christians, 10,860,000 Jews, 175,590,000 Mohammedans and 825,420,000 worshipers of idols. Thus in every thousand of the inhabitants of the earth are found 533 heathen, 346 Christians, 114 Mohammedans and seven Jews. Since there are 254,500,000 Roman Catholics, 106,500,000 Greek Catholics, 165,750,000 Protestants and 8,190,000 members of other Christian sects, we find only 310 Protestants in every thousand Christians. Thus it becomes apparent that among every thousand inhabitants of the earth are 533 heathen, 114 Mohammedans, seven Jews, 231 non-Protestants, and only 115 Protestants, or 654 non-Christians, 231 non-evangelical Christians, and 115 evangelical Christians.

Illusions

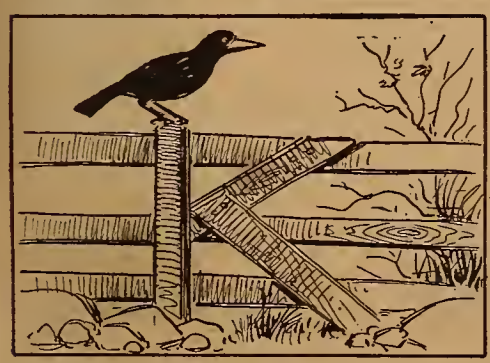
Oh, the things that we say and never mean,
And the things that we mean, but never say!
When we cut with words as a rapier keen,
But never with speech soothe the wound away.
When we might go strewing our daily path
With tender thoughts that would blossom there,
We blight with the venom of our wrath
The words that were meant to be a prayer.

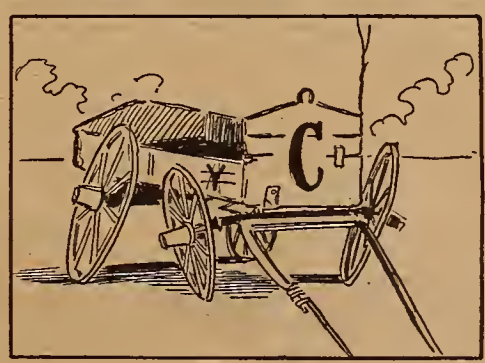
Oh, the things we do that were best undone,
And the things undone it were best to do!
While our good intentions, one by one,
Are paving that floor of darkest hue.
And how would it be if we should add
To the final scroll, with best intent,
A blank for the page recording "bad,"
And a credit score for the good we meant?

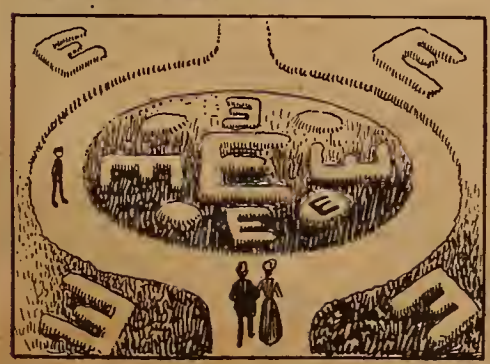
—Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

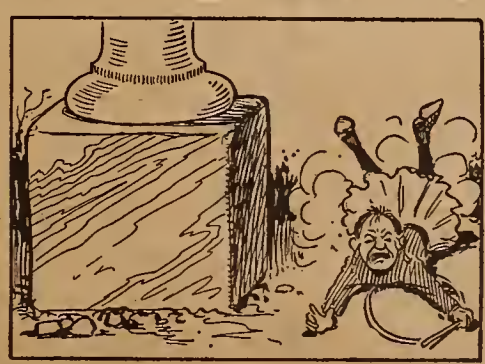
The Sports Puzzle

The Names of Six Games Played in the United States are Veiled in the Pictures Below









Answers to Animal Puzzle in the July 15th Issue—Lioness, Tiger, Elephant, Hyena, Jackal, Dromedary

FREE

with the August 15th issue of

Farm *and* Fireside

A beautiful art supplement, consisting of two magnificent pictures in colors, will be sent *free* with each copy of the August 15th issue, which is the next number of Farm and Fireside.

Of course, if you allow your subscription to run out before this time and do not renew it you will not receive the paper and this exquisite art supplement, which has

TWO MAGNIFICENT PICTURES

If your subscription to Farm and Fireside expires before this date, be sure to send in your renewal promptly, and then you will receive the August 15th issue of Farm and Fireside, with picture supplement.

THE FOLLOWING IS A DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURES:

"At the County Fair"

This is the title of one of the pictures, and at this season of the year it seems very appropriate as a picture supplement. It depicts an exciting scene at the fair. A horse race is on in full blast, and as it is "over in a couple of minutes," everybody is rushing to get a glimpse of it. Who in the United States does not know the County Fair, with its exhibition of "big pumpkins," fat cattle, prize stock, side shows, horse races, gambling games, toy balloons, lemonade stands, and the wonderful "six-legged calf"—don't forget to see that—the crowd, the dust (or the rain), the neighing horses and the continual stream of humanity pouring hither and thither to see "the sights and wonders?" Oh, it is a great time, and one long to be remembered!

The scene of the picture is evidently in Virginia, as the picture was painted there in 1891 by Edward L. Henry. The time is at the races, and excitement runs high. Perhaps some dollars are about to change hands—at least, every one seems interested to know which horse will win. The picture that we here offer is our own reproduction, made from the original painting.

"The Lady of the Lake"

This is a very beautiful work of art. The picture was painted by the noted English artist, Walker, and our reproduction of the painting which is given as an art supplement with the August 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE is an excellent portrayal of the original painting and an exquisite product of the engraver's skill. All the original colors used by the artist are carefully preserved, and the picture appears in at least six colors and tints. It is about the size of a regular page of FARM AND FIRESIDE.

The boat, "The Lady of the Lake," the water lilies, the beautiful expanse of water, the swans gracefully gliding here and there, the border of the lake fringed with trees and flowers, broken by a view of the distant hills, all contribute in making one of the grandest pictures ever painted by any artist.

The two pictures, "At the County Fair" and "The Lady of the Lake," are widely different in conception, therefore giving our readers a variety and choice, which is a new and distinct feature of FARM AND FIRESIDE picture supplements.

¶ Be sure that you send in your subscription at once, or if you are already a subscriber see to it that your subscription does not expire, or is now promptly renewed, and you will then be sure to receive this beautiful and valuable art supplement. The little yellow address label shows the date to which you are paid.

FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

How to Dress

No. 573—FANCY APRON

New and Unusual Aprons

EVERY woman will be glad to hear of the revival of the apron. It is one of the dainty, feminine, and also indispensable, little fashions that ought never to go out of style.

For a year or longer the apron has been gradually returning to favor. This summer it is decidedly the vogue. And like every other fashion of the past which returns to be the mode again, the

No. 574—PRINCESS APRON

apron has widened its usefulness to suit the needs and the new conditions of the American girl.

On this page will be found not only original aprons for the society girl, the quiet home girl and the young woman who does her own work, but also for the business woman, the stenographer, the bookkeeper and the confidential clerk.

In protecting the dress from rubbing against the typewriter, the Stenographer's Apron will be found most useful. It is made with a full bib adjusted on a band, and a short, full apron, pointed in the center front. The shoulder straps hold the bib in position. The apron is provided with a pocket for a dictation book, and another long, narrow pocket for holding pencils and a fountain pen,

No. 575—FANCYWORK APRON

and it is trimmed with a little ruffle of the material. This apron would be most useful made of mohair or a wash material like percale or linen. If the ruffle is not liked as a trimming, the apron may be simply bound with a good quality of wash ribbon. That an apron of this sort materially saves laundry bills it needs only the wearing of it to prove.

An apron invaluable to the woman who does her own work is the Housework Apron made of white rubber sheeting and bound with wash ribbon. This apron is just the thing to slip over one's dress when cooking or when washing dishes. It is cut circular, and made slightly full at the waist. Then there is

No. 576—STENOGRAPHER'S APRON

a plain bib with straps, which fasten to the narrow belt at the back.

The young woman who spends much of her leisure time embroidering, knitting or chocheting will like the Fancywork Apron shown on this page. It is a one-piece apron, turned up at the lower edge to form a pocket, which is divided into different sections. Made of white pongee, this apron is very dainty and pretty with the upper part of the pocket showing a hand-embroidered design. This style of apron is also attractive in China silk or fine handkerchief linen. If she prefers, the girl who wears it may embroider her initials on the pocket, in place of finishing it at the top with an embroidered design.

No young woman can have too many fancy aprons nowadays. Many times they give just the needed frilly little touch necessary to a simple gown. The Princess Apron is a novelty sure to take well with the fashionable girl. It is shaped to the figure with fine tucks, producing a princess effect, and also tending to make the waist look smaller. The apron is cut in one piece, and is full at the bot-

No. 577—HOUSEWORK APRON

tom and made with a pointed bib. A ruffle of lace or the self material is used to finish the edges, and the strings tie in the back in a large bow. In organdie, dotted swiss or silk mull, with a Valenciennes lace ruffle as the trimming, the apron would be very lovely. It would also be pretty in white dotted swiss scattered with little pink rosebuds, and having as a finish a ruffle of pink ribbon.

Another fancy apron, which is also original in design, comes to a deep point in front, and is made with a pointed bib and ruffled bretelles. Made of white lawn and scattered with polka dots embroidered in different shades of one color, it is very attractive with ruffles of white lace or plain white lawn.

BOX-PLAITED DRESS

Box-Plaited Dress

While little sister may not have quite as many frills and furbelows as big sister, still many of the newest fabrics and trimmings do go to make up her own little frocks. This summer broderie Anglaise is all the vogue, and so, if she is an up-to-date little summer girl, she must have one frock at least that is trimmed with this charming English eyelet embroidery. The dress here illustrated is a one-piece, box-plaited model, trimmed very effectively with broderie Anglaise. The neck is finished with a round sailor collar, and cut to be worn with a shield. The belt is of the broderie Anglaise, and so are the narrow wristbands which finish the full bishop sleeves. The skirt opens in front under the center plait. It is quite the smart thing to have hat and parasol to match the frock. And when the gown is lavishly trimmed with broderie Anglaise, as

LOW-NECK NIGHTGOWN

in this case, nothing could be prettier than a baby hat made of this openwork embroidery, and a white linen parasol decorated with the same openwork design. The dress, parasol and hat should be all white, though the ribbon bow which trims the hat may be in some delicate color, like wild-rose pink, baby blue or willow green. The pattern for the Box-Plaited Dress, No. 554, is cut for 4, 6 and 8 years.

◈

Low-Neck Nightgown

This nightgown is made in the bishop style, slipping over the head, and having no other opening. It is tucked at the back and front to form a yoke, above which is another very shallow yoke of lace or embroidery, finished with beading, through which ribbon is run, so that the gown may be drawn up closely at the neck. The sleeves are short, cut in a circular cap, and trimmed with lace. The pattern for the Low-Neck Nightgown, No. 557, is cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

◈

Accessories

In the way of accessories the new white linen shopping bags are among the latest novelties. They are made so that they are easily detached from the mounting, in order that they may be laundered when soiled. An embroidered monogram in colors may be used as the decoration, worked in wash silks.

French Underwaist and Petticoat

This combination underwaist and short, full skirt has been designed to wear with long-waisted dresses. The underwaist is close fitting, buttoned in the back, and made extremely long. The neck is cut round back and front, and may be trimmed with lace or embroidery and fancy stitches. A very short, very full skirt is attached to a band at the lower edge of the underwaist. This little skirt is trimmed with embroidered ruffles. Though this French underwaist and petticoat will be found most practical made of white cambric, fine muslin, lawn or dimity, yet it may also be developed in some delicate shade of India silk and

FRENCH UNDERWAIST AND PETTICOAT

used as a slip to wear under the little summer girl's best and most filmy white dresses. The pattern, No. 595, is cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 year sizes. Material required for 6-year size, one and one half yards thirty-six inches wide, with five yards of embroidery for trimming.

◈

Kimono Nightgown

This kimono nightgown is slipped over the head and made with the gown and elbow sleeves in one. Both at the back and front groups of fine tucks are introduced, and all-over embroidery is used to outline the low neck and the elbow-length kimono sleeves. For an older girl, say a girl of ten or twelve years of age, this same pattern may be used for a pretty little dressing gown, developed for summer days in dotted swiss, or in French flannel for cooler weather. For the nightgown soft-finish cambric with embroidery or lace may be used. The pattern, No. 596, is cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes. Material required for 10-

KIMONO NIGHTGOWN

year size, three yards thirty-six inches wide, with three fourths of a yard of all-over embroidery eighteen inches wide for trimming.

◈

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

Our new summer catalogue of fashionable patterns is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon request.

Wit and Humor Old and New

Contributions to this page are invited. Funny things that you know or have heard of, whether in verse, prose or short story, will be gladly received. When the jokes are not original, the author's name should be given

Another Queer Calling

[A law has recently been passed in Wisconsin providing that every "willful" bachelor shall be taxed. . . . The only unmarried males to escape the tax are those who can satisfactorily prove that they have done their best to get married, and failed.—Manchester Guardian.]

Biddy O'Bride was a poor old maid,
Hawker of apples and nuts by trade,
Wrinkled, crinkled, far from young,
Short in the temper and long in the tongue.
All steered clear of the sharp old shrew,
And poorer and poorer still she grew,
Till she scarce had victuals from day to day,
Nor a fill of twist for her old black clay.

One night she heard in the Shamrock Inn
Of the last thing in taxes from Wisconsin—
Willful bachelors who declined
To marry a girl must all be fined;
The only way to escape scot-free
Was to show a certificate: "I, A. B.,
Have offered to marry a maid, C. D.,
Who has this day rejected me."
"Bedad," thought Biddy, " 'tis me will win
A beautiful livin' in Wisconsin!
If a man can show he has bin an' axed
Ould Biddy O'Bride, he can go untaxed."
So she bade the Emerald Isle adieu
To seek fresh woods and pastures new,
And a month scarce passed ere her name was made
In the offer-of-marriage-refusing trade.

Biddy O'Bride is poor no more;
Crowds of suitors seek her door—
Fair men, dark men, short men, long men,
Fat men, thin men, weak men, strong men,
Men of the highest social rank,
With cozy balances at the bank.
"In short, in the matter of suitors," says Biddy,
"I beat Penelope, the fair grass widdy."
At times her feelings are sorely wrung—
When wooers are especially nice and young,
Fain would she deal a cruel blow
By whispering "Yes" instead of "No."
But faster and faster the fees flow in
From the bachelor clients of Wisconsin,
And somehow dollars possess the art
Of healing the wounds in a human heart.
So she sits in her office, resigned and more,
Declining proposals from ten to four.

—Punch.

He Demurred

A well-known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instructions to half a dozen students, according to the "Medical Age." Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said, "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?"

One by one each student made his diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative.

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel; "I shall operate tomorrow."

"No, you won't," said the patient, as he arose in his bed. "Six to one is a good majority. Gimme my clothes."

Making It Fit the Crime

The alleged discrimination in the treatment of prisoners is amusingly pictured in a recent issue of the Chicago "Record-Herald:"

"Ah!" said the warden, "so you are the man who robbed that bank of nearly two million dollars, are you? Let's see, your sentence is six years at hard labor, I believe. Go into the barber shop and get a clean shave and a hair cut, and I will then conduct you to your job. I have your work all cut out for you. We have a new lounge in the office, and are anxious to get it broken in. Sorry I can't offer you a cigar or a highball, but it's against the rules. Here," addressing an assistant, "who's that you have just brought in? Oh, sent up for breaking into a grocery and carrying one dollar and twenty cents' worth of stuff home to his starving family, eh? What's his sentence? Ten years? Good! They ought to have made it twenty. But we'll make an example of him here, all right. To the stonepile with him."

Poor Writing Brought Fortune

At the time the elder James Gordon Bennett was the editor of the New York "Herald," Robert Bonner, publisher of the "Ledger," was struggling to build up the "Ledger's" circulation, and he decided to try a little advertising. He accordingly wrote an advertisement consisting of eight words: "Read Mrs. Southworth's new story in the 'Ledger,'" and sent it to the "Herald" marked for "one line." Mr. Bonner's handwriting was so bad that the words were read in the "Herald" office as "one page." Accordingly, the line was set up and repeated so as to occupy one entire page. Mr. Bonner was thunderstruck the next morning. He had not to his name money enough in the bank to pay the bill. He rushed excitedly over to the "Herald" office, but was too late to do any good.

In a short time the results of the page announcement began to be felt. Orders for the "Ledger" poured in until the entire edition was exhausted and another one was printed. The success of the "Ledger" was then established.

Little boy—"Grandpa, do you have to be awful good to get into heaven?"

Grandpa—"Yes, my boy."

Little boy—"Well, I've about made up my mind to try for the booby prize."—Life.

Has It Ever Occurred to You?

He—"Well, I'm coming to bed. Are all the doors locked?"

She—"Yes; I locked them myself." (Ten minutes later) "I am not sure whether I locked the kitchen door or not. Perhaps you had better go down and make sure."

Nerve Unadulterated

"Yas, sah, dat's what he is—he's a bad little niggah, an' mighty mean, too. Why, only de othah day Ole Uncle Billy stopped at de cornah wid a load o' watahmillions, an' was a-sellin' 'em to de neighbors. Dat sneakin' little niggah he stole a million an' run off home wid it, an' when he cut it open an' found it was green he come straight back an' give it to Uncle Billy an' says, 'Mothah says I should ax you to exchange dis million fo' a good one.' "

Evading the Issue

An old woman who entered a country savings bank not long ago was asked whether she wanted to draw or deposit. "Harper's Weekly" tells the conversation:

"Nayther; Oi wants to put some money in," was the reply.

The clerk entered the amount, and pushed the slip toward her to sign. "Sign on this line, please," he said.

"Above or below it?"

"Just above it."

"Me whole name?"

"Yes."

"Before Oi was married?"

"No; just as it is now."

"Oi can't wroite."

A Child's Prayer

Little Helen was a firm believer in prayer, says the "Argonaut," and was always in attendance at family devotions. During a season of drought her father said to her one morning, "Do not let me forget to have a special prayer for rain to-night, as the want of it is causing much suffering and many deaths among animals."

Her father had hardly left the house when little Helen, thinking she would do much good by anticipating her father's prayer for rain, ran upstairs, and falling on her knees, prayed for the much-needed rain. That afternoon the town in which she lived was visited by a severe electric shower—barns were unroofed and much damage done. Helen, with the ready faith of childhood, thinking it was all in answer to her prayer, again fell on her knees, exclaiming, "Lord, what have I done?"

Queer Requests of Shoppers

A clerk in a bookstore tells of some of the queer requests of women:

"There is one woman who comes in here frequently to look over the paper-backed novels, and after she has selected what she wants in the cheapest sort of reading matter she gives us an order to have them bound for her in expensive volumes. She explained to me one day that her husband did not approve of her reading paperbacks, but that he did not know the difference if they were well bound. 'He simply thinks that all trash is paper backed,' she said.

"Many persons purchase 'dummies' to fill up their libraries, and still another woman insists on buying all the books she can discover that are bound in the tones of red or maroon. It seems her library is done in red, and she wants the color scheme carried out regardless."

Good Reasons

"I think you ought to cut down that tree, Sambo, but my wife thinks it had better be allowed to stand," said the owner of a country place to his gardener.

"Well, I think it ought ter come down, Massa Brown," was the gardener's reply.

"What are your reasons for thinking so, Sambo?"

"Well, sah, de first reason am dat de tree done keep de light offen de greenhouse; de secon' reason am dat it's gittin' old, an' de third reason am dat I cut it down last night."

—Pittsburg Post.

LET THE LAW BE ENFORCED

Moral: Never Gamble

The story of the catch wager is an old one, but never so much so that it does not bear repeating. You may have forgotten it.

Two men wagered that one could not answer "yes" to three questions the other man would ask. The money is up; they're off.

First: "If you were driving along a lonely road in a forest full of wild animals, snakes, etc., and met a child walking to town, and she would ask you to let her ride, would you refuse the request?"

"Yes."

Second: "Suppose you fell heir to a million dollars, and a poor starving woman asked you for ten cents to buy bread to keep her from dying, would you refuse to give the ten cents?"

"Yes."

Third: "If I lose this bet, will you pay it?"

"Yes."

"All right, then, that equals horse and horse. Give me two tens for a five, and we will be square."

He—"Why don't you want to marry me?"

She—"For two reasons—yourself and another man."—Judge.

Little Bobby Writes About Society

Society is whare you go when you are invited wich aint vary ofen unles you have the doe to spend. if you have the doe it doant maik no differens whare you got it you can go to all the dances and dinners you want to but if you aint got the doe you can only go to the dances they have on saturday nites and that aint society, it is only 50 cents for gents and ladies free.

if a man & his wife and thare children want to git into society they maik thare money and then move to sum other place whare everyone aint on to them and thay go rite into society. Sumtimes they go to church too, but the moar doe thay have the less thay have to go to church. Pa and Ma doant go in society Pa says Ma can keep him broke easy enuff without that and i guess he is rite beekaus 2 days ago the groser told Pa we cudnt have any moar stuff unless we seteled up our Bill at his store and so Pa seteled up. Then he come hoam and sed to Ma well you are keaping my nose fo the grind stoan all rite and Ma sed well i didn't marry you to set down and look at you so go out and maik some chinck.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Tears in the Milk

A milkman on a rural route, in answer to a complaint as to the quality of milk he was furnishing a customer, tried to square himself as follows:

"You see, mum, they don't get enough grass this time o' year. Why, them cows o' mine are just as sorry 'bout it as I am. I often see 'em cryin'—regular cryin', mum—'cause they feel as how their milk don't do 'em credit. Don't you believe it, mum?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it," responded his customer; "but I wish in future you'd see that they don't drop their tears into our can."

May Still Be Running

Ever hold up a bank? No? Well, the "Record-Herald" tells how the officials of a banking company were gotten out of the way and the bank left in charge of an office boy:

"What's the matter here?" asked the man who had approached the receiving teller's window.

"Bank's closed," replied the office boy, who had been left in charge.

"Why?"

"Dunno. Everybody skipped out about noon without tellin' where they were goin' or when they'd come back."

Then the man confessed that just for a joke he had telegraphed to each of the officials of the concern: "All has been discovered. The bank examiner will be there to-morrow."

On Argument

All is fair in love, war and argument.

Any man would die for his opinions—in the heat of argument.

The world is made up of argumentative persons and ourselves.

Strength of conviction is directly proportioned to weight of contradiction.

There is a vast difference between an argument we have heard and the same argument when we have uttered it.

In arguing, the main thing is to keep your head clear. Don't confuse yourself by attending to what the other fellow says. Just say, "That's begging the question," or "That's beside the point," or "That's a non sequitur," or something that will apply to anything.

Mutual Recognition

Did you ever ride on another person's railroad pass or deadhead your passage? Anyway, the following story, as told on an American lawyer, is humorously interesting. The lawyer in question had gone to a Western state to practice his profession, but as he got no clients, and stood a good chance of starving to death, he decided to return eastward again. Without any money he got into a train for Nashville, Tenn., intending to seek employment as a reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said, "I am on the staff of ——, of Nashville. I suppose you will pass me?"

The conductor looked at him sharply. "The editor of that paper is in the smoker. Come with me. If he identifies you, all right."

He followed the conductor into the smoker, and the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said, "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff. It is all right."

Before leaving the train the lawyer again sought the editor. "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper."

"I'm not the editor, either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE JAPANESE ARE GREAT IMITATORS

Farm Selections

Scarcity of Farm Labor—a Solution

THERE is no farm question so unsettled to-day as that of farm labor. Pick up this or that farm journal, or the daily or weekly newspaper, and you see this subject discussed, and this and that solution offered, embodying the same ideas that I read ten or twenty years ago. I am a plain, unpretentious old hayseed, but my solution, which I thought out myself, is new, at least to me. Here it is:

What is the average price of farm labor now, and what was it twenty years ago? It is fifty cents a day and dinner, or ten dollars a month and board, at the present time, the same as it was twenty years ago. I speak only for my own section (Tennessee).

Farmers, merchants, or whoever may find the time to read this, will you not stop and think over it? What encouragement has the farm laborer to-day to justify a laudable ambition that he may be able to educate his boys and girls, that some day he will receive better wages if he is faithful and diligent in attending to the multiplicity of duties daily expected of him? Is intellect or capacity (aside from muscle) any advantage in securing for him better wages?

My solution is this: When we farmers are willing to recognize sobriety, honesty, frugality, faithful and intelligent service; when we awake to the fact that it takes more than mere muscular capacity to do good work on the farm today, with all the modern machinery we are forced to use, then, and only then, can we hope to stop our boys from leaving the old home and seeking employment in towns and cities.

I have employed both white men and negroes on my farm, saying I would pay them cash, meat, meal, flour and lard promptly—daily, should they desire—at the prices I have named, and even lower, but with what success? I received muscle, but very little brain. Could I put such men on my disk plow, harrow, or even on my grain drill, and expect intelligent work? I did receive honest and faithful service, but that was all.

Farmers, hear the truth that you will sooner or later be forced to accept if you have more work on your farm than you can do yourself. Pay a man fifty cents a day and dinner for muscle only; pay sixty-five cents and dinner for muscle and a little brain; pay seventy-five cents and dinner for muscle and more brain; pay one dollar and dinner for muscle, brain, sobriety and honesty, and pay any old price for all these combined if the man has experience and judgment so that you can safely trust him with your binder or the most complicated piece of machinery you have. Then, and only then, will we have abundant, capable and intelligent farm labor. O. P. R. Fox.

◈

Agricultural News Notes

The first carload of new wheat grown in central Texas this season was received at New Braunfels June 15th.

◈

The poultry show at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, Oreg., will be held October 5th to 12th.

◈

The five leading alfalfa-growing states in point of acreage are Colorado, 465,237 acres; California, 298,898; Utah, 276,376; Idaho, 160,029, and Nebraska, 115,142.

◈

St. Louis is reported to be the leading egg market in the United States. The cold-storage plants of that city have a capacity of about one hundred and seventy-five thousand cases, each holding thirty dozen eggs.

◈

The onion, potato and fruit growers in the Netherlands have established an exchange at Rotterdam, known as the "Rotterdam Fruit Exchange." Meetings are to be held by the growers during the growing and marketing season.

◈

Near Union City, Branch County, Mich., thirty-seven black-walnut trees were recently sold for three thousand dollars. The owner of these says that in clearing up his farm about fifty years ago he burned a large number of walnut trees which if now standing would bring more than seventy-five thousand dollars.

◈

The United States consular service in Cuba reports that W. P. Ladd, of Santiago de las Vegas, has realized a net profit of five hundred and ninety-seven dollars in five months from three fourths of an acre of strawberry plants. He picked as many as twenty-four berries from a single plant. He used one hundred and eight dollars' worth of commercial fertilizers.

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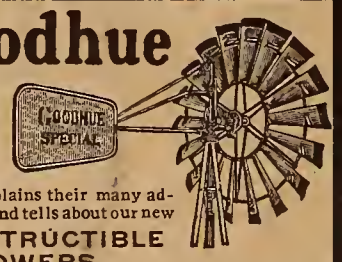

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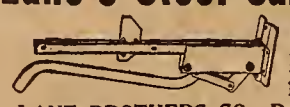

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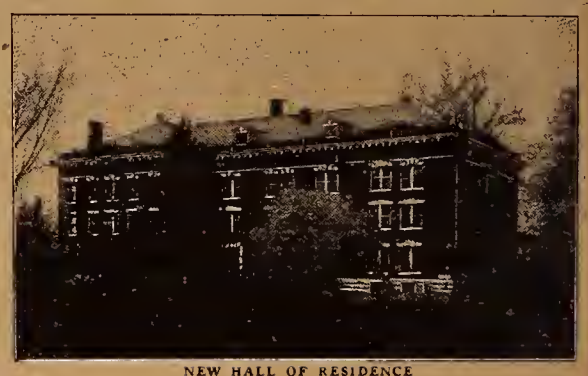

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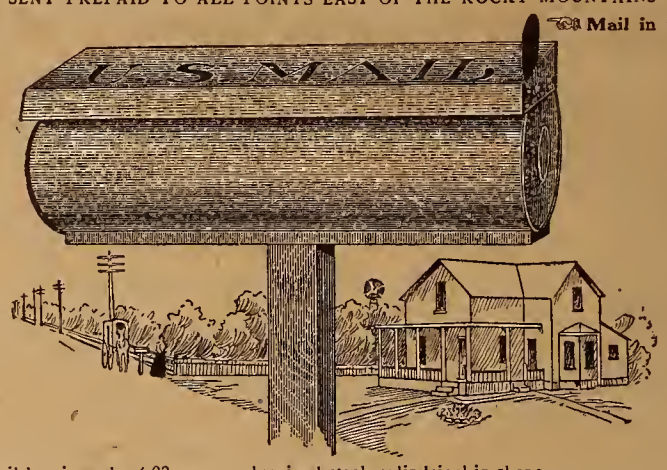

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EASTERN EDITION

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Farm Life Among the Cubans

By I. A. BARNES

IN TRAVELING over the railroads of Cuba or by steamer along the shores of the "ever-faithful isle," as the Spaniards termed their patient, long-suffering child, the pearl of the Antilles, I often thought that I should like to know something more of the home life of the people who occupy the spacious, tile-roofed farmhouses surrounded by royal palms and severely formal gardens, relics of the happy days before the ten years' war, and it was with real pleasure that I accepted the invitation of a young Cuban friend to spend the day at his country home, which was situated about a dozen miles from Havana.

AN AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS

It was a lovely Sunday morning early in February when we turned our horses into one of the king's highways leading out of the city, after taking a farewell look upon the panorama that is spread out before one from the summit of the fashionable suburb of El Cerro, and galloped along the road leading to our destination. We have all, no doubt, frequently admired the palms that we see in pots or tubs in the florist's show windows or perhaps in some hotel lobby; but just imagine these palms grown up into great tall trees fifty or sixty feet in height and planted in rows along each side of a country road! Or if not the stately palm, there were the rows of the flamboyant with its showy mass of scarlet flowers, from which it derives the name among southern islands of the "fire tree;" or the "ficus religiosa," or laurel fig, neither being as tall nor as graceful as the palm, but producing the densest kind of shade. And such a diversity of scenery! It was over hill and plain, with their groves of mangoes and orchards of oranges or cocoa palms, along fields of sugar cane, tobacco, bananas and pineapples, then through valleys, and along rivers whose waters are as clear as crystal and reflect the shadows of the tall bamboos that are waved to and fro by the sea breezes. And such excellent roads and substantial stone bridges, that showed in them the traces of the art of solid construction handed down from the Romans. The highways of the island are few and far between, but what they lack in numbers they make up in thoroughness.

It was nearly ten o'clock when we arrived at Las Acanas, the name by which the farm was called—just in good time for breakfast; for it must be remembered that in Cuba there is the early breakfast of coffee and bread at anywhere from daylight until eight o'clock, and the regular breakfast served from half-past ten until noon. After introductions a round of native rum eggnog was next in order, leaving a delightful taste in the mouth, and whetting up one's appetite for the good things to come. And what shall I say about the Cuban breakfast? It was not so different from other breakfasts, and yet it seemed so totally unlike any that I had ever eaten before. The oranges tasted the same, the biscuits were like ours, the rice was cooked in the same way, the wine was similar to our own California product, the eggs—ah! there was the difference. We Americans have become so accustomed to our day-in-and-day-out order of "soft boiled" or "medium boiled," just because we can get them quick, that we miss entirely the great pleasure to be derived by waiting a little longer and taking our eggs in the form of an omelet. I have often thought that I should like to know the secret of a Spanish omelet. To say that they are delicious falls far short of the proper way to express one's opinion of them. They are made with eggs and potatoes, eggs and onions, eggs and mushrooms, eggs and peas, eggs and asparagus, eggs and—well, there must be several hundred ways of making them, each and every one of which is sure to create a desire to imitate that character of Dickens who passed his plate for a second portion. After the omelet came the kidney sauté, made as the Spaniards only can make this dish, and this was in turn followed by a veal stew having that peculiar but rich flavor imparted by a few olives and raisins as ingredients, and vegetables of various kinds. For dessert we had the native white cheese, made of donkey milk, and guava jelly so clear that it resembled pieces of wine-colored plate glass, winding up with coffee and the choicest of cigars.

One of the things which strike the average American when first coming to these southern countries is the genuine delight and cordiality with which these people greet their friends. While still sitting at the breakfast table we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs as a gay party of young people came up the driveway. Simultaneously from within and without the house there was the ever-present greeting of "Ola!" This takes the place of our "Hello!" only that it implies much more; in fact, it is as if we were to say, "Why, hello, old man. I'm awfuily glad to see you. How are you getting on? I hope everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," etc. It was just a party from one of the neighboring plantations out for a little jaunt and a Sunday morning call. I particularly admired a beautiful horse ridden by one of the young ladies, and asked my friend in the best Spanish I could muster if it was not an American horse. The young lady overheard the remark, and turned to me, and said, with a slight accent, "My Carlos ees from Kentucky. You speak Eenglish, do you not?" I saw that she was a strikingly beautiful girl of about eighteen summers, with a clear complexion, wavy dark brown hair, and a pair of large black eyes that seemed to say, "Now, you stand right there—just so!" I was for the moment simply

DON EDUARDO AMONG THE PINEAPPLES

PLOWING ON A CUBAN PLANTATION

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 8]

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With each copy of this issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE is sent an exquisite art supplement, consisting of excellent reproductions of two very noted and costly paintings—namely, "At the County Fair" and "The Lady of the Lake," giving our readers a variety and choice of pictures, which is a new and distinct feature of FARM AND FIRESIDE supplements.

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About Rural Affairs

BY T. GREINER

THE SPENCER SEEDLESS APPLE COMPANY, of New Jersey and New England, has been incorporated, says "California Fruit Grower," supposedly to propagate a seedless apple. "If the company succeeds in working the fruit growers of the country as it has in working the newspapers for free advertising, its promoters will be able to hire John D. Rockefeller as office boy in a few years." The "seedless apple" people have not been able to work FARM AND FIRESIDE, and if any of our readers have allowed or will allow themselves to be worked by that transparent scheme it is not a fault of ours, after all the free advertising and exposure which that scheme has received in these columns.

◈

IN PRESERVING EGGS IN WATER GLASS, if there is not enough of the solution in the vessel or keg to cover the eggs as they are gathered fresh daily and dropped into the liquid at once, you can make more solution, and add it to what you already have. It is not necessary to throw the old solution away and make a new and larger mess. A large earthen crock is about as good a vessel in which to put eggs for preserving in water glass as anything I know of. A strong and tight wooden keg will also do. Metal vessels cannot be recommended. Dipping the eggs into the clear liquid water glass and laying them on a shelf to dry will give you eggs that are covered with a coat of glass, and that in all probability will keep in good condition for an almost indefinite time; but it is not half as convenient a plan, and much more expensive. It requires much more water glass, and the eggs are not in as good and salable shape as when they come out of the one-to-ten solution. The eggs which I took out of the solution last spring after they had been in for from six to eight months could not be told from fresh ones after simply being rinsed in clear water. I do not advise my friends to attempt preserving eggs by the other (dry) method.

◈

A COMPOUND FERTILIZER.—Manufacturers in various parts of the world are great on compounding fertilizers. A German firm makes a fertilizer from basic slag (Thomas phosphate meal), ammonia salts and the dried refuse material from beet-sugar factories. It lacks potash, but is fairly well supplied with phosphoric acid (eight per cent) and nitrogen (five and one half per cent). In compounding names, however, the Germans beat the rest of the universe. The fertilizer mentioned is put on the market under the name "Thomasammoniakphosphatkalk," and is claimed to be a "Universalduengermittel." If the German writers would separate the single words in such word compounds at least by hyphens, writing it "Thomas-ammoniak-phosphat-kalk" and "Universal-duenger-mittel," foreigners might more easily get onto the meanings of such terms.

◈

RISKS OF POISON SPRAYS.—To allay the fears of those who hesitate to use fruits and vegetables which have been sprayed with arsenical poisons for protection against insect enemies, let it be stated as a fact that there is not a single, solitary case on record of a person having been killed or injured by eating apples, pears, plums or peaches from sprayed trees, or even by the use of cabbage doctored with Paris green for the cabbage worm. Every report making the rounds of the secular press thus far of whole families having been made sick by eating cabbage on which Paris green had been used, proved, on my own investigation through the postmaster of the place where this thing was alleged to have happened, merely an idle rumor based on neighborhood gossip. Neither is there a single case on record of an animal having been poisoned by grazing in an orchard where the trees had been sprayed, and where some of the poisonous spraying liquid might have been scattered on the grass. Arsenic in very minute doses is not liable to kill or perceptibly injure a large animal or man. The quantities of poison which one can get into the stomach by eating an apple from a sprayed tree, especially if peeled, or a dish of cabbage from a poison-treated head are less than homeopathic nothings. Why get scared by phantoms?

◈

CATS AND DOGS.—"Kill all the cats, for they are the archfiends among the enemies of bird life." This statement is credited to Professor Hodge, biologist of Clark University, and in silliness it matches Doctor Osler's famous recent saying about chloroforming persons when sixty years of age, or any other of the many silly remarks emanating from college professors or scientific experts. Some cats do eat birds occasionally. Nature has ordained that bird life should be kept within bounds by the natural enemies of birds. Cats are not by any means the worst enemies birds have. I have two cats in and around the barn, and I would not give them for all the many birds I have on the place. I wish they would keep the robins in check, but they will not touch a robin, dead or alive. But they are hunting for mice and rats all day, and I believe all night, too. Without these cats the place would be overrun with rats and the fields with mice. In short, I find my cats eminently useful animals, and they would be more useful if they would also catch and kill robins. Neither is there any need of having laws for the protection of persons and property from cats as we have laws for the protection of persons and property from dogs. The country is overrun with dogs, many of them most worthless curs, and some dangerous. It would be less silly to say "Kill the dogs" than "Kill the cats." I am sure that my cats are among the most useful animals on the place.

◈

FRAUDS ON FARMERS.—The honesty of the average farmer, and especially the average farmer's wife, is best shown by the fact that they take everybody else to be honest. This honesty, which in many cases amounts to gullibility, frequently makes them the easy prey of scheming rascals. At the present time the crayon-and-picture-frame fraud has been and is being practiced quite extensively in New York State. In one of the interior cities of the state a set of sharpers have established an "art school"—of course on paper only, the art probably consisting mostly in artfully defrauding guileless farmers' wives. They occupy a small temporary office, but seem to be financiered and backed by another, so-called respectable, firm. Their agents go all over the farming districts of the state, and possibly of other states, seeking to collect—from the farmers' wives mostly—tintypes and photographs of living and deceased relatives, as the case may be, giving in return a signed contract in which the firm, or "art school," agrees to make and furnish, at the nominal sum of one dollar, to be paid in advance, an enlarged crayon picture. The fat-type heading, "Art School," and a picture of the large main building of the state university in the upper left-hand corner of the contract serve to inspire the victim with confidence, and the agent departs with the family photographs (sometimes of considerable value to the family) and their dollar or two. After months of waiting, some other agent comes along, bringing a cheap enlarged solar print of the pictures, and offering a cheap but gaudy frame at an exorbitant price. If the victim refuses to buy the frame, the agent retains (or threatens to retain) the picture as well as the originals until the bargain is made. Should the rascals come to any reader of FARM AND FIRESIDE, show them the door.

◈

About that Million

Have you decided to send FARM AND FIRESIDE that one new subscription of your neighbor? If every reader will send but one new name the list will be doubled. When shall we hear from you?

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

FIGHTING FLIES.—When I get the cow into the little stable to milk her a cloud of flies come with her, and when I close the door each fly seems to dig his beak into her hide, judging by the way she begins to kick and slash. But the bite is short, for I grab my little sprayer filled with kerosene oil, and with a few pumps of the handle she is relieved of her tormentors. The sprayer blows the kerosene out in a smokelike mist, which fills the air in the little stable like a fog, and such flies as do not tumble to the floor make all possible haste to get out through the chinks in the building; then I sit down and milk in peace and comfort. The sprayer cost me thirty cents four years ago, and the kerosene I use costs me ten cents a gallon, one gallon lasting about two months. So it will be seen that freedom from annoyance by flies while milking does not come very high. I know of nothing that will clear the flies out of a small stable quicker than a little cheap kerosene delivered through this little tin sprayer. One hot day I saw the cow dashing about among the trees like she had gone wild, and on going out there saw that flies were swarming over her like bees. I opened the gate, and she went to the little stable as fast as she could gallop. I closed the door and turned the sprayer loose, and in less than half a minute there was not a fly left in the building except those squirming on the floor. About ten minutes later I looked in, and there was still a thick fog of kerosene floating in the air, and the cow was lying down chewing her cud.

◈

POULTRY HOUSES.—A Michigan farmer asks a lot of questions about building a poultry house, saying that he intends making poultry raising a leading part of his farming. He thinks he will build a house forty feet long by twelve feet wide for his two hundred hens, and asks what I think about it. I think he will make a great mistake. He is making house enough, but it is not in the best form. A long house that is open its entire length is cold and full of drafts in winter. It would be far better to build several small houses. It is not a good idea to keep so many hens together in a building of any size. Fifty is the largest number that should be kept in one house, and it need not be over twelve feet square. Fowls do not like to live in a closed building, and rarely do well in them. I have always had the best success with the small house and large scratching shed. The scratching shed is boarded on three sides, and the front is covered with poultry netting so the hens can be kept in during stormy weather. When they are allowed to run at large during stormy weather in the fall and winter they get wet to the skin, and if the weather is cold they sit on the perches and shiver all night, and then we have colds and all sorts of roupy complications on hand. I would build houses about ten or twelve feet square, with a scratching shed from twelve to sixteen feet square attached to each house, boarding the front of the shed from the top to within four feet of the ground, putting a board a foot wide at the bottom, and covering the rest with netting. In the cold north I would make the house of common boards, and cover sides, ends and top with one of the heavy roofing papers. This would effectively exclude the sharpest and hardest winds, and the interior would be quite as comfortable for fowls as a house made with double walls. A poultry house should be just warm enough in winter to prevent the birds from being frosted.

◈

DO THINGS AT THE RIGHT TIME.—A few days ago the thermometer stood at ninety-eight in the shade, and I decided that it was a good time to take life easy and fan myself. Glancing across an adjoining field, I saw that a neighbor had his hired man trimming hedge on the sunny side, while he himself was hacking down weeds that grew between the hedge and the cornfield. The man came over to get a drink of water, and his face was as red as a boiled lobster, while he was actually too hot to sweat. I advised him to sit down in the shade for a time before taking a drink. He did so, and I asked him how it happened that his employer set him at the hottest and hardest work on such a day as that. He did not know, but he said he thought it was unwise, because he was utterly unable to do what he considered a fair day's work, while the heat was likely to make him sick and lay him off for several days. I have often noticed that many farmers seem to do some of their work at the most inopportune times—the hardest work when the weather is hottest, the most exposed work when it is coldest, and much of their hauling when the roads are the muddiest. Many a time have I seen farmers hauling a little load of coal when the roads were so bad that it was difficult for four horses to draw an empty wagon. One farmer I worked for sent me six miles for coal one cold, rainy day when the roads were in many places almost impassable. When I returned, wet and cold, I said emphatically that there were right and wrong times to do things, and if a man could not distinguish between them he ought to have a guardian. Three years afterward I met him, and after greeting me with a hearty handshake, he said, "I haven't got that guardian yet, but I have built a coalhouse, and fill it up when the roads are good." And I would suggest that right now is the best time in the year to fill up the coalhouse for winter. About this time the roads are good, and there is no great rush of work on the farm. Coal is abundant at the depots, because there is no large city demand yet, and the price is as low as it is likely to be at any time of the year. Get coal into a good, dry coalhouse, and it will keep in the best of order for a year or more. For over twenty years I have not failed to lay in a supply large enough to last a full year, and strikes and snow blockades in winter hold no terrors for us. August is the month we fill our coalhouses, and every farmer will find it to his advantage to do the same.

Our Farm

Some Things to Think About

If people knew just what they were doing there would be far less of the "drift" from town to country that we hear so much about. It is so often the thing that has a little bit of mystery and uncertainty about it that has the greatest amount of fascination for the most of men. If you want folks to shell out their money freely get them to wondering and speculating what they are going to get when they buy, and they will buy fast enough.

I remember that once when I was younger than I am to-day there was a fakir following along with one of the great circuses. This man had a lot of little boxes tricked out to sell. From the end of these boxes he ingeniously displayed the corner of a piece of paper money. These he would offer for sale to the highest bidder. Nobody knew the real value of the bill on which he was bidding. It was in the days when we had five, ten and twenty-five cent paper money, as well as the larger greenbacks. Was it a five-cent shinplaster or a ten-dollar bill that we would draw if we bought one of these boxes? Nobody knew. And that is just what made the thing so exciting. Those who invested were charged not to open their purchase on the ground. They must take it off somewhere, and then take the cover off. The fools that bit at this swindle were more than you could shake a stick at, but if any of them ever found anything more than a five or ten cent prize in his package when he went sneaking around back of some building to look at his box I never saw him. That was not the game.

Now, a great many people think they are going to get a big hundred-dollar bill in their prize package when they sell the old farm and move away to town. Looking at the little bit of a corner that sticks out, the bill does look wonderfully attractive; but when they come to open up the thing and see what they really have got, in the majority of cases they are wonderfully deceived.

Take, for example, the man who sells out so that he can give his children the privilege of "getting an education." That is a splendid thing to have. I wish every man in all this world might be able to get a really good education for the dear ones he loves. It makes a young man or woman worth so much more to the world. All that is best in him should be brought out by this all-round, thorough education. So who can blame the father and mother who are anxious to have their children do well at school?

What a pity it is that there should be so many disappointments in this direction! The desire to benefit the young people is God-given. The result is far too often sadly different. With the education which is gained from the books in school comes so much that takes the very life out of the child. I can point to more than one young man and woman that have been absolutely ruined by this educatory process as carried on in our city schools. I know a little lad who was as sweet and pure as the driven snow when he went down to be swallowed up in the city. At first his lip used to quiver and his little heart ache at the things he saw and heard in the school he attended. The very ones who were set over him to be his teachers often were the sinners. They were cold, unsympathizing and harsh in their treatment of those in their charge. They scolded and spoke sarcastically of the work of their pupils. I watched that boy until at last the cruel, wicked and bitter things no longer had an effect upon him. From being a tender, sweet hearted lad, he became as cold and unfeeling as the rest. This was his education. He learned all about the lessons in the books, but with this education he had gained something that changed the whole course of his life, and not for the better, either. What is such an education really worth to a boy?

And then, we often hear men say they long for better church privileges and better chances to hear fine lectures. These they cannot get in the country, so they must sell the old home and go to town. But when they do this what do they get? Far too often they find that they have hard work to pay for even the seat in which they sit at church. From paying a few dollars a year, as they did at home, they now must pay from twenty-five cents to one dollar for a single sitting in town. If there are five persons in the family, he may be compelled to pay five dollars a Sabbath in the church of his choice. And then what? The class in which he finds himself does not seem quite like the old home class. There he was one of the class. He was free to express his opinion on the subject under discussion. Now a gentleman or lady stands up before the class, and speaks for half an hour or so. It is a bit of a lecture, which may be valuable or may not be, according to the quality of the teacher. And the little ones come home almost as empty as they went. They have learned so little of the deeper things of life which used to be thought so important back in the country home. It is not strange that the men who come from the country have deeper-seated convictions of what life means when we think of the difference between the Sabbath training of the country and that of the city. In the country sweet peace, rest, Nature leaning down to tell her secrets; in the city hurry, disorder, the street, something to excite and keep the soul on the ragged edge.

Again, it seems as if the farmer should find in the city better neighbors than he had in the country—better and more of them. Does he? I will leave it to any farmer who has moved from the country to a large city to say whether he now has any neighbors in the true sense of the word. Good people there are everywhere—thank God for that! But where are the good old-fashioned neighbors? A man may live in town for months before he knows the man who lives next door. This may be partly his fault, partly the other man's, and in a great measure it is the outgrowth of the plan of living. There is no time to get acquainted with people. Hurry during the day, and in the evening either rush away to the club or the society or drop down at home too tired even to say a word to the ones who love us best—this is the round. And what does it do for a man? What can it do, but grind the very life out of him? He must be a giant if he gets through the mill alive.

In this article I have purposely put all the stress on the things which relate to the better life. We all know that there is nothing to be gained by moving to town where the mere animal comforts of life are taken into consideration. There is little fresh and pure stuff for the table offered for sale in town. Everything is old and wilted. Think how much better the food is when gathered fresh from garden and field! Think of this, and appreciate it while opportunity permits.

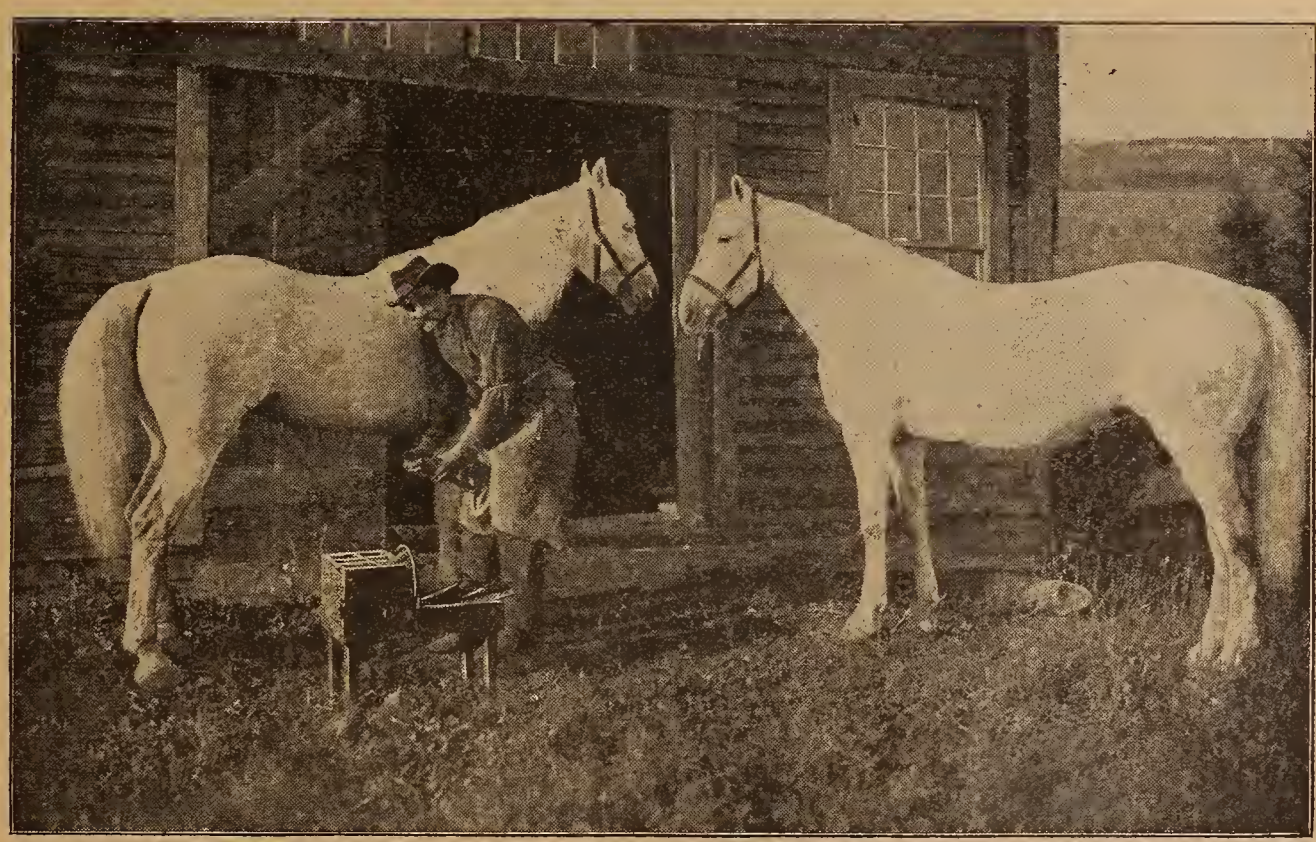
So it is a fact that the man who contemplates leaving the farm for the city must make up his mind to make sacrifices the nature and meaning of which he cannot at first rightly estimate. In his innocence he looks forward to the blessed realization of many a daydream, many an hour of hard work to save up the money necessary to buy the city home. The corner of the bill which sticks out of the box looks as if it might be at least a part of the fifty-dollar note inside. In the end it proves to be simply a fragment of a five-cent shinplaster, and even that may have been cut in two in the middle. E. L. Vincent.

Rye as a Winter Crop

Rye as a cover crop is growing in favor among those who are practicing better methods of farming. It is being recognized that unplowed fields cannot consistently be left bare during the winter and spring. Not only many losses of soil and fertility result from the rainfall of this season for want of a binding growth, but loss as well from failure to take advantage of the growing weather between the harvesting and planting of the summer crops to provide returns from the land in humus and pasturage. There may be better crops in some localities for this purpose than rye, but none other, so far as general experience goes, is more reliable.

Rye responds to liberal treatment, and this it should receive. The seed bed should be prepared in a thorough manner, and the seed sown at the rate of six pecks to the acre. Perhaps the best time for sowing is early in September, but further north it is advisable to sow before that date. But rye may be sown several weeks later with reasonable assurance of securing a good growth, and if the plants are visible before the ground freezes it will make some growth during the winter and start rapidly at the first appearance of spring.

The rye will endure considerable pasturing in early spring without being set back. It is possible to eliminate a month's feeding if one has a good acreage of rye. Some dry feed should be fed as a supplement as long as the animals relish it. Rye comes as a timely reserve to hold the stock off the regular pastures until they attain a substantial growth. Every one knows how essential this is to the welfare of pastures generally. It is not advisable to allow stock to roam over the rye at all times during the winter, but when the ground is frozen brood sows may be turned in occasionally with great benefit. When the lambs are coming in the spring the rye pasture furnishes an easy solution to the problem of succulent food for the ewes. Hogs of all sizes will pick up as soon as they have the run of the rye in addition to their regular rations. At the proper time the field may be plowed and fitted for the summer crop. Robt. L. Dean.



THE VILLAGE SMITHY

Inoculation of Men with Money-Grabbing Bacteria

On July 28th Dr. George T. Moore, in charge of the laboratory of plant physiology in the United States Department of Agriculture, tendered his resignation, and it was immediately accepted by Secretary Wilson. This action was the prompt result of an investigation by the department on complaint by representatives of the "National Stockman and Farmer" that Doctor Moore was using his official position to exploit nitro-culture in the interest of a private company, a block of the original stock of which had been set aside for him in his wife's name.

In presenting to Secretary Wilson a statement explaining his relations to and negotiations with the company, Doctor Moore claims that there was no intention on his part to do anything that would bring himself or the department into disrepute. However that may be on his part, the methods used by some others to boom and sell cultures of nitrogen-fixing bacteria are certainly disreputable in the extreme. Take, for example, the following verbatim extracts from the literature of a dealer in bacteria cultures:

"IMMENSE CROPS WITHOUT FERTILIZERS

"A new, sure and easy way has recently been discovered to make worn-out or poor land enormously productive without fertilizers and almost without expense. Plants need nitrogen—can't grow without it. Heretofore fertilizers have been needed to put nitrogen into the soil. Nitrogen is very necessary—is the most expensive part of fertilizers. The new way is easier, surer and cheaper—it is to let nitrogen-gathering germs feed the plants."

"The new way saves the cost of fertilizers, and is very easy to use."

To every well-informed man this reads very much like a deliberate attempt to obtain money under false pretenses. It is by such false claims and by the wild exploitation of the subject through the press that already thousands of farmers have been deceived and have wasted time and money in the inoculation of soil where the soil was already inoculated with leguminous bacteria.

We believe that there is merit in Doctor Moore's scientific work in perfecting the methods of producing and applying pure bacteria cultures, and that there is value in them when properly prepared, properly handled and properly applied, and cannot but regard it as most unfortunate that he became entangled in a grab-from-the-farmer game to his own dishonor.

The following article from the "National Stockman and Farmer" gives the results of its inquiry into this unfortunate affair:

"NITRO-CULTURE DISCREDITED

"Last April the 'National Stockman and Farmer' made some investigation of the booming of nitro-culture by the national Department of Agriculture. It was impelled thereto by the wide misapprehension of the farming public that was leading to the investment of a great sum of money for material that would prove valueless in the great majority of instances, and by the somewhat general impression among well-informed men that there must be some ulterior purpose in the extravagant advertising by the department of its alleged discovery.

"We thought it quite possible that it was wholly attributable to the department's well-known thirst for glory—which has a cash value before appropriation committees; but this hardly seemed sufficient cause for all the peculiar methods used in creating a demand for nitro-culture. We visited Washington, and made all proper inquiry.

"Dr. Geo. T. Moore, bacteriologist in the bureau of plant industry, who is the discoverer of portable nitro-cultures and author of agricultural department bulletins on the subject, and who revised at least one of the most extravagant magazine articles that was calculated to excite interest in nitro-culture, admitted that he had been shipping pure cultures to the chief manufacturing concern of this company—the one at West Chester, Pa.—and that at least a seventeen-pound package was sent by express in one day by himself personally, he prepaying the expressage, but Doctor Moore denied that any stock in the manufacturing concern to which they were directing farmers inquiring for nitro-culture was held in his name or in the name of any one for him. This was in April.

"It is far easier to think well than to think ill, and it is very much easier to speak well of one than to

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 24]

Gardening

By T. GREINER

CASTOR BEAN FOR CASTOR OIL.—A Texas reader asks me which is the best variety of castor bean for making castor oil, the little white or the large speckled one. I have to confess ignorance. I have grown castor-bean plants only in specimens and for ornament. Perhaps some reader who grows them for oil will report in reply to this question.

◈

WASHING MELON AND OTHER SEEDS in bluestone (copper-sulphate solution) may be a good practice as insuring the death of blight or other fungus spores that might have found lodgment on the seeds. The solution should be very weak—say an ounce to each gallon of water, and the seed left to soak not over a few minutes. We have much to learn on this subject.

◈

BLACK SQUASH BUG.—How thoroughly the winter of 1903-1904 did its work in freezing out certain kinds of insects may be inferred from the fact that I have not seen a single specimen of the odorous large black squash bug since the summer or fall of 1903. Now, with arsenate of lead freeing us of the yellow-striped cucumber beetle, we have practically a clear field in growing squash and similar vines.

◈

ARROWROOT.—A Florida reader writes that he has quite a lot of arrowroot growing, and wishes to know whether it has any commercial value. A popular starch is made from the arrowroot plant ("Maranta arundinacea"), and perhaps from other species of Maranta. Whether this is the same that our friend has or not I do not know. If any reader has and utilizes home-grown arrowroot, I would like to have his report.

◈

THE FINEST OF MY STRAWBERRIES this year came from a row of Brandywine set with plants taken up in chunks from a row in the latter part of July or early in August last year. The old row had been narrowed down by plowing a furrow away from it on each side, and the chunks of plants, taken up with the spade, were set about four feet apart in the new row. The old row gave a fair crop, but the new row, having made a fair lot of runners and become a narrow-matted row, did better. I shall try this plan again.

◈

"BLACK DEATH."—G. E. B., a reader in Oneida, Ill., reports as good results from the use of "Black Death" for potato, squash and cucumber bugs as from anything else he has tried. He says it is easy to handle. It is one of the things that I have not yet tried. But I am so thoroughly satisfied with arsenate of lead that I have no great hankering for trying the other. To keep his potatoes free from scab he has used formaldehyde, and his potatoes are smooth and free from grubs. I still use the corrosive-sublimate treatment, but last year, at least, it did not prevent some of my potatoes from being terribly worm-eaten. The wireworms were fierce last season in this vicinity and many other places.

◈

GUARANTEEING RESULTS.—I wonder if it has ever occurred to the seedsmen who sell a certain firm's nitro-cultures that the circulars that go out with these cultures open the way for all sorts of claims against them. I find in one of these circulars, in glaring headlines, the following: "Nitro-culture doubles your crop. No time. No labor. Little expense. Results guaranteed or money refunded." I fear that the seedsmen will have to repudiate both these claims and the guarantee, for which in a large measure they must shoulder the responsibility. Thousands of those who have bought and used these nitro-cultures have seen no signs of the results thus guaranteed. Will they now ask to have their money refunded? Who among our seedsmen is going into the refunding business? Don't answer all at once.

◈

ONIONS FROM FALL-SOWN SEED.—I have just brought in from the garden some very fine Portugal onions, the bulbs being almost perfect and the tops still green. A month or more ago they might have been used for green, or bunching, onions. Now they might be pulled, cured and used for dry bulbs. And most beautiful ones they would make! The seed was sown September 15th of last year, in a somewhat protected spot, but in soil by no means rich. The plants stood rather thickly in the row, wintered without the loss of a plant, and were transplanted, in sections rather than singly, into another spot in the garden, where they made the crop. This gave me a hint that may lead to some valuable innovations in onion-growing practices. More will be said on this subject in due time.

◈

FADS AND FANCIES.—No claim has been made by me that nitro-culture is merely a fad, but it seems to degenerate into something worse than a fad when the manufacturers, who sell largely through the seed trade, and make and expect to make immense sales, offer different nitro-cultures, at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents an acre each, for alfalfa, red clover, crimson clover, Japan clover, cowpeas, garden peas, sweet peas, wax beans, soy beans, string beans, vetch, velvet beans, peanuts, horse beans, Lima beans. Are different bacteria required for string beans, wax beans, bush beans, pole beans, or for garden peas, field peas and sweet peas? Does the Agricultural Department in Washington really uphold these claims? Who at this stage of our knowledge about these things can speak with authority on this particular point? In the meantime people are asked to pay their money for all these different cultures. I fancy that where I can grow one kind of beans with root nodules I will have little difficulty to grow another kind with such nodules. And what is the difference between wax beans and string beans, anyway, except perhaps color of pod? It would be only going one step further to make and offer special nitro-cultures for each variety of beans, peas, etc.

◈

MULCH FOR STRAWBERRIES.—A Missouri reader says that it is very difficult for him to secure mulching material for his strawberries, and what he can get is so full of foul seeds that it takes all the following season to subdue the weeds. He asks whether I would recommend to sow oats or millet in the strawberry patch the last of August or the first of September to mulch the vines during winter. Under no circumstances would I use manure that is full of weed seeds for mulching strawberries. We have trouble enough with weeds in the strawberry patch as it is. Sowing oats or a mixture of oats and barley in the strawberry patch in August is probably the easiest way to provide a winter mulch for strawberry vines. While in Norfolk, Va., last fall I found that some growers plant a row of peas along each row of strawberries, the pods to be picked for market in October and the vines to remain as a winter mulch.

◈

CARROTS FOR THE TABLE.—In "Country Gentleman" I find the following timely paragraph: "There are not many people in this country who get as much good out of carrots as they ought to. This is not a popular vegetable for table use in America, the chief reason being that the roots are always allowed to grow too long. They become large, woody and strong. In Germany, where carrots are much more used, the small varieties, like Scarlet Forcing, are usually grown, and these are boiled and eaten when they have not reached more than half size. They are usually boiled until they are tender, and then served with cream sauce, or else they are baked in the dish with a roast of beef. Good, tender, half-grown carrots served in this way are delicious. This vegetable ought to be popularized in America." I wish to emphatically endorse every word of this. Although I spent nearly a quarter of a century of my life in Germany, however, I never knew how good a dish of carrots can be until we had the half-grown roots cooked and served with cream sauce. Young carrots are also excellent to serve boiled with green peas. Any of our standard varieties of scarlet carrots will do so long as they are used while young and tender. We have to sow seed repeatedly during spring and summer in order to have a succession of half-grown roots, but it is well worth while to take pains to have them thus during the entire season.

◈

THE BIG SPANISH ONIONS.—The Prizetaker and Gibraltar onion patch looks very promising at this time, and some of the bulbs have already grown to very respectable size, with a long time of growth ahead of them. The objection to transplanting—that it costs too much—is not well founded. Editor Collingwood, who has given this method a thorough trial, thinks "the work of transplanting is less than thinning or weeding with the fingers. The real objection to transplanting is the difficulty in doing it all at once. It will not do to let it dawdle along. When you are ready to transplant, put all hands at it, and see that they work." The fact is that when we get such splendid results, whether in growing onions or anything else, it pays us to put our energies into it and learn how to overcome some of these obstacles. If there were no difficulties to overcome, everybody would go into this business, and the markets would be overstocked with big bulbs with no chances of sale. I don't pray to the Lord to give us these blessings without good and strong efforts on our part. I expect to get at least one dollar for every bushel of these large onions that I am putting into the market, and I am sure this money comes about as easy as that from the production of any other vegetable I grow. I could not get the same results nor one half the profits in the transaction from onions grown by sowing seed in open ground, except, of course, for bunch onions.

◈

FERTILIZER FOR STRAWBERRIES.—A reader in Alexandria, Va., asks me to tell what is the best fertilizer for strawberries to be applied in the row. I believe that there is nothing much better than water for that purpose. The demands of the strawberry crop for actual plant food are very moderate. Even a large crop of berries removes only comparatively small quantities of the food elements from the soil. In the production of this crop soil physics seem to play a more important part than soil chemistry. In other words, the outcome depends more on soil and atmospheric conditions than on the mere presence of plant foods. We want for this crop a soil that is well supplied with humus, either naturally or from previous applications of stable manure or by plowing under green crops, clover stubble, etc. Such soil retains moisture like a sponge. For the same purpose of furnishing to the plants a steady supply of moisture, we should put a good mulch, best of marsh hay, between the rows. The winter mulch may simply be raked together between the rows. Under ordinary Eastern weather conditions a good crop of strawberries will be almost assured under such circumstances. But should the season be so unusually dry that the plants do not get the water they need, then a soaking of the patch will give far better results than any fertilizer that we could apply along the rows. At times, however, I have applied nitrate of soda over the rows in early spring, with a view of pushing the plants into early and vigorous growth. Under some soil conditions concentrated manures can be expected to exert a beneficial influence. Wood ashes seldom fail to show marked effects, and at times I have been satisfied with the results obtained from the application of a few hundred pounds of muriate of potash to the acre. Wood ashes are not so plentiful as they used to be, and those who make a business of offering ashes for sale often ask a price for the goods that is far too high to make their use profitable. But where ashes, leached or unleached, can be had at a nominal price or at a few dollars a ton, the chance is too good to be passed by unimproved.

Fruit Growing

By S. B. GREEN

GROWING ROSES FROM SEED.—H. B. T., Excelsior, Minn. The rose seed grows quite readily if gathered in the autumn, mixed with sand, kept outdoors through the winter, and sown in the spring. Treated in this way it will start the first spring. If kept in the house during the winter, and allowed to become exceedingly dry, oftentimes it will fail to start. The seed of some of the cultivated varieties of roses is much more difficult to grow than that of some of the common kinds, as they seem to have little vitality.

◈

MOLDED APPLE TWIG.—S. M. D., Harrison, Minn. I have carefully examined the apple twig which you inclosed, and think that if this injury is confined to the smaller twigs no harm has been done to the trees, as these twigs can be removed without injury, although this mold may make them look bad. If the mold has attacked the body of the tree, then I should be afraid of it. I would take the matter up with the nursery which sold the stock. If they are reliable parties, they will make good any loss that you have suffered by reason of this injury.

◈

VALUE OF PARASITES IN PROTECTING OUR CROPS FROM NOXIOUS INSECTS.—C. P. R., Chicago, Ill. I should consider that a parasite that would be effective in ridding us to a large extent from the damage of the codling moth would be worth millions of dollars to the fruit-growing sections of this country. Speaking in a most general way, and without an attempt to state the exact benefit from parasites, I would refer, as a matter of experience, to the fact that I have frequently been troubled with the cabbage worm to so great an extent that it has been almost impossible to keep our cabbage free from it, and I have seen the parasite introduced and the worms in given sections practically destroyed, so that no effort was necessary to keep the plants free. Almost all of our noxious insects have a parasite, and even the codling moth itself, I believe, has several, but they are not numerous enough to keep it in check. A few years ago eastern Minnesota was overrun with the forest tent caterpillar, which defoliated the trees over large areas until the parasites became numerous. As a result of this work we have enjoyed practical immunity from this pest for four or five years, but during this time the parasites have had few host plants to live upon, and are dying out, and we shall undoubtedly (in a few years) again have a wave of forest tent caterpillars, which will again defoliate the trees. It is quite easy at times to get the parasites. The question is how to get them quick enough in large quantities to do us much good. I believe the work of the United States government in studying the habits of insects, and especially that portion of it that relates to the search for parasites, may accomplish very much for the farmers and horticulturists of this country.

◈

Farmers' Bulletins of Special Value to Fruit Growers

K. A. Fox, Nebraska, writes: "Farmers' Bulletin No. 203 treats of the canning and preserving of fruits and making fruit jellies. It is very helpful to any one interested in these lines. It seems to me that it is just what is needed by some of the inquirers in the columns of FARM AND FIRESIDE. No. 161 is entitled 'Practical Suggestions for Fruit Growers,' and also contains much of interest. These may be obtained through your congressman or by addressing the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C."

◈

Causes of Winter Injury to Peach Trees

General cause of the "finish" of vast areas of peach orchards in the Lake Erie fruit belt: The severe and prolonged cold of the winter of 1903-1904.

General cause of unusual susceptibility to cold of the orchards of said district: Prevailing low vitality of the trees.

Specific causes of low vitality of the trees: San Jose scale, leaf curl, lack of nourishing plant food, imperfect drainage.

Exceptional causes of susceptibility to cold in rare cases of apparently healthy, vigorous trees: Low, moist, rich black soil, which favored an extreme growth of soft, poorly ripened or matured wood; or high culture upon soil rich in plant food, which brought about similar results.

The unusually deep, hard freezing of the earth's crust was due directly to the continued, steady cold, but was intensified in many instances by a lack of humus or vegetable matter in the soil, which constitutes Nature's insulation of the surface of the earth from cold and heat.

Providing that the orchards had been kept free from fungous disease and the San Jose scale by timely and thorough spraying, no injury of trees was found where stable or barnyard manure had been used upon the ground within the last year or two previous to the winter of 1903-1904; rarely was an injured tree found standing in sod; no injury was done where the surface of the soil beneath the trees had been covered with even a very light mulch; little injury was done where the trees stood in fairly well-drained soil containing a moderate amount of fertility and humus; no injury was found where the trees were under the grass-mulch method of culture; no injury was observed in any case where the stems of the trees had been slightly banked or mounded with a few shovelfuls or forkfuls of soil, peat or manure.

Very few trees which within the past few years had been affected with leaf curl or infested with San Jose scale or borers remained alive or uninjured, and very few trees existing upon fertile or exhausted soil depleted of humus escaped uninjured.—Summary of Bulletin No. 157 of the Ohio Experiment Station.

Poultry Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Preparing for Prices

All classes of poultry fatten readily when given corn meal moistened with milk, and if bone meal and animal meal are added in small quantities the birds will then fatten more rapidly, because they will have all their wants supplied. Do not confine birds in coops, but put several together in a small yard with shelter, and feed three times a day. A fowl should be fat and in good condition for market in two weeks. The food should be given in troughs, the birds being allowed to eat as much as they will consume at each meal, that left over to be removed so as to allow only fresh and wholesome foods. A mess of chopped clover may be given with the noon meal. Sell just as soon as the fowls are fat, and one or two should be weighed every day, in order to observe the increase in weight.

Clean Dust Baths

Dust boxes are sometimes used as roosts by half-grown chicks, and the fine, dry dirt becomes foul. The yard also becomes very filthy. One can easily and quickly spade and pulverize a space of ground about three or four feet square after every rain to afford a dusting place for the hens. If dust boxes are used they should be emptied once a week and refilled with clean, dry dirt. If the hens can dust freely they will assist themselves in getting rid of lice, and the use of clean, dry dirt is cheap enough for all.

Manure and Odors

In the summer season the odors arising from the poultry house are exceedingly disagreeable. This cannot easily be avoided even when the house is daily cleaned, but the poultry manure can be so treated as not only to be of greater value, but also to lessen the disagreeable odor to a certain extent. The roosts should, of course, be so arranged that the droppings will fall on a platform. Keep the platform covered half an inch thick with well-sifted, fine dirt. First scatter the dirt, and then over it sprinkle a handful of kainite (German potash salts), which will arrest the escape of ammonia when decomposition begins. Twice or three times a week—or better, daily—sweep the platform with a broom. After it is clean, sprinkle the platform and floor with a solution of a tablespoonful of carbolic acid in a gallon of water, and then scatter the dry dirt on the platform. Ordinary dry land plaster may be added to the dirt with advantage, in the proportion of a peck of the land plaster to every bushel of the dirt.

Enemies of Chicks

Until a chick is well advanced in growth both the cat and the rat will endeavor to secure it, and the chick is helpless to escape if it is compelled to forage in tall weeds. Chicks should have a clear space, such as a newly mowed lawn, but even in the field the rule should be to cut down the tall weeds and grass where the fowls run. Nothing is so unsightly, and nothing so disagreeable to the hens in wet weather, as the weeds. If a shower occurs the chicks will invariably go into the weeds and become thoroughly wet. It may not be very disagreeable to them, but they are liable to take cold and have roup. A clean surface of short grass is always best for them. Cats are the most destructive enemies of chicks, even the cat that eats with them being no exception. But a wise cat never kills a chick where she can be observed. She will quietly go off in one direction, and come up in the rear after the chicks that cannot be seen because of both cat and chicks being hidden among the weeds and high grass.

Pest Hatcheries

When the days are very warm, and the hens go on the nest to lay, especially in a close poultry house, the temperature of the nest may reach one hundred and four degrees, which furnishes the ideal conditions for the propagation of lice. A nest should be comfortable, and its attractiveness is a great factor, inducing the hens to deposit their eggs where they can be most easily collected. The nest should be so arranged that the hen can walk in upon the eggs, and never so that she is compelled to fly up and then down on them, so as to incur a risk of injuring or breaking them. Some hens cannot fly at all, and high nests are useless to them, while others will not go on the nests if they are exposed to too much light. When hens lay in out-of-the-way places there is something wrong with the nest. If the nests are filthy, or lice have a hold in them, the hens will select a better place for their eggs. The nest should be examined and thoroughly cleaned twice a week. Hay, grass and straw in a nest should be chopped into short lengths. First put in a layer of dirt, then the chopped material. Sprinkle over this a handful each of tobacco dust and insect powder. Keep the poultry house cool, and if lice will persist in being present, spray the quarters, and if necessary burn the contents of the boxes and use new material.

The Poultry House

This is the time for planning the poultry house, as all arrangements should be made before the warm season passes. The kind of poultry house and the most suitable will depend upon the location of the poultry yard, the object in view, the number of fowls and the amount of money to be expended on the house, while the preferences of individuals differ. Many farmers and poultrymen prefer to have the front of the poultry house face the south, yet in winter the sun does not send the heat into such houses until late in the morning. A poultry house should face the southeast, and then the heat and light will enter as soon as the sun rises, warming the interior at a time when the fowls desire warmth the most, which is when they first come off the roost in the morning. In the winter the sun is in the south the greater portion of the day, and if the house faces the southeast it not only receives warmth early, but the sun will send rays of heat in the house until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Air spaces in the walls are excellent for keeping a house warm in winter and cool in summer, but it is cheaper to use tarred paper or any kind of roofing material of light character, which should be placed on the outside of the walls of the poultry house, and not on the inside, as is usually the method. The outside arrangement protects the wood against dampness, and also better serves to prevent the entrance of wind and cold. A new poultry house will show more dampness on the walls than will one built of seasoned lumber, especially during the wet season, which prevents the lumber from rapidly giving off its warmth, the consequence being that much of the moisture appears on the inside of the house, and on cold mornings the walls are covered with frost. Damp floors, if of earth, permit of evaporation, which also assists in dampening the walls. The presence of water fountains in the house allows moisture to be evaporated as well. Until the wood is seasoned (when it should be painted) there is no remedy for the dampness other than to leave the doors open during the day and have large windows for admitting plenty of sunlight. Applying linseed oil or paint on the inside walls will be of partial assistance against dampness, but the outside covering of tarred paper will fully serve to prevent rain or snow from entering. Every poultry house should have doors and windows open at night during the warm weather. The roofs of poultry houses are of necessity usually low, and during the day the houses become very warm inside. The heat is increased when the birds are on the roosts. With the animal heat, and the doors and windows closed, the fowls suffer on very warm nights. If the doors and windows are opened at night, and wire screens are used to keep out intruders, the houses will be much more comfortable.

A CUBAN CHICKEN HOUSE

The Guinea Fowl

Farm and Fireside has been requested to give an article on guineas, as they are favorites with farmers in some sections. The great objection to them is their wild nature, but the control of the flock depends upon the beginning made. The best plan is to buy eggs instead of fowls, and put the eggs under a hen (chicken). When the guinea eggs have been under the hen a week add two or three hens' eggs, and the chicks will hatch at the same time as the eggs of the guineas, as the latter require four weeks for incubation. The young chicks will obey the hen, and the young guineas will follow their example, with the result that the guineas will remain with the other fowls as they grow, and go into the poultry house to roost with the hens. It is claimed on behalf of the guinea that it costs nothing. It is the most active of all feathered foragers, and is capable of destroying many insects. They quickly notice strange persons or animals, will at once make sufficient alarm to warn their owner, and they can see the hawk long before he can reach the barnyard. The guinea hens are very prolific, and lay during the entire summer, but will hide their nests, attracting attention to them, however, by making noise, which assists the farmer to secure the eggs. They will stray off to any distance, and may consequently be captured by foxes or other animals, but they are usually hardy, self-supporting in summer, and will roost in the trees near the house if they do not go into the poultry house. The guinea may be said to be a semigame bird. Its flesh has a gamy flavor, and it is considered by some as a domesticated wild bird. Its eggs are rich, and the nests are usually well filled with eggs. The sexes are much alike in appearance, but the male is more masculine, and also more carunculated. There is an opportunity in some localities for establishing a trade in guineas by educating customers to the excellence of their flesh and the high quality of their eggs. Young guineas may be hatched as late as August, and are fed in the same manner as young turkeys. They feather rapidly, and soon begin to look out for themselves.

Inquiries Answered

Droopy Chicks.—R. D., Elkton, Md., "has a brood of late chicks which appear to be sleepy all the time; they droop, and are dying off rapidly." The cause is the large gray lice on the skin of the head and neck. A few drops of melted lard well rubbed in is an excellent remedy.

Scours.—S. C. G., Parkersburg, W. Va., desires "a remedy for bowel disease. The fowls appear to have diarrhea, and are weak and droopy." The remedy is to omit grain, and feed only a light meal once a day. Add a teaspoonful of tincture of nux vomica to each half gallon of the drinking water. The remedy should be handled carefully, as it is a poison.

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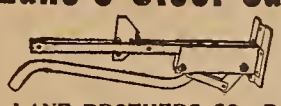

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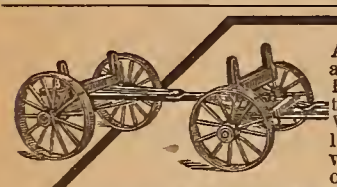

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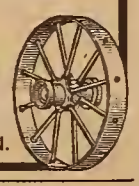

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Live Stock and Dairy

Watering Horses

THE question of watering horses is quite as important as that of feeding, as the horse needs water as much as food, and it is worth something to feed and water right.

In the first place, it is important that your horses have good water, but many do not. How much you lose by their not having it I will not attempt to say. You know that a man hard at work and drinking poor and bad water cannot stand it very long. Why should it not make the same difference with the horse? Impurities taken into the system are injurious, and to take them in by water is the worst way. At least, I believe that more cases of sickness are caused by bad water than by bad food. Every one knows that the horse and all other stock should have good water, and I will not argue that point now.

The question is, When should horses be given water? I see that the tests of the experiment stations show that water should be given either before or after feeding, and that it makes no difference which. I believe I would take the watering before feeding. As long as both methods are believed to be equally good a man can choose either, and I give my reasons for watering before feeding. I know it is not good for a man to take a large amount of water into his stomach after eating, and that is just what the horse will do, for he is very dry before eating, and after eating his dry feed he will naturally want and will drink too much water. And then, is it not cruel to make the horse eat his dry dinner when he comes in from the field all warm and thirsty? If the horse eats first, and then drinks, he will take so much water that he will be in misery for a time, and this is far from best for him. I say water before feeding, and not until at least two hours after. Many people eat hearty dinners, and then in a short time take a large drink of water, as they feel a little thirsty, and that retards digestion, and they feel worse for a time. Cold water taken into the stomach during digestion will retard it until the temperature rises to the right degree. You can water a horse at any time, only allow at least two hours after eating for digestion, and if you observe the same rule yourself you will enjoy better health. Don't think you have to drink every time you think of it.

A great many horses are ruined by watering when too hot, and it is the practice of many to just let them run to the watering trough as soon as they are unhitched. No matter how warm, they are allowed to help themselves. If the horse is warm, give a little, and allow him to rest until cool. A little water when warm is all right, but be careful not to give too much.

Another thing is that if you water after feeding the water will, as claimed by some, crowd the food out of the stomach before it is digested. At any rate, I know it puts the stomach out of order.

Do not give ice water, but pump the water just before you are ready to water the horses, and it will be about the right temperature. I believe in giving the best of care in feeding and watering. Oats are a good condimental stock food, and as good a ration as I expect to find for some time. Never try to think that you can make corn take the place of good oats. E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

◈

Fall Care of Cows

Late summer and fall are seasons very trying on the cows, and the dairyman who expects his cows to do profitable work next winter must see to it that they are kept in proper shape for later work.

Good dairy performance always depends upon good physical condition. The cow is a reservist, and does not make her milk out of her current supply of feed. This feed, it is true, is essential to maintain her normal condition of healthfulness and thrift, and of course contributes to the current milk production by replacing those wastes of tissue incident to milkmaking; but to suppose that the clover eaten to-day is transmuted into milk at once is an error. Just what and how close relations the milkmaking functions bear to the other bodily functions of the cow investigation has not yet revealed, but practical experience assures us that the former are most active when the latter are in normal condition and operation.

The cow that is pestered by heat and flies in the shortened and browned pasture, and forced to work at grazing for many hours at a time in order to satisfy the demands of her appetite, is not in a normal condition, because her physical exertion must be greatly in excess of what she needs for the mere maintenance of good health and working ability. Just how much bodily exercise a cow needs to keep her well supplied with good red blood and keep her digestion profitably active is not known. If it were known I am sure there would be wide variations, depending upon the individuals being considered. But of this I am very sure: The average cow in this country gets far more exercise during the season of pasture and much more exposure during the season of stabling than is necessary to either her health, her comfort or her profit to her owner.

The digestibility of grasses is lost rapidly as the grass nears and passes maturity. The cow that must secure her living by grazing on such grasses has not only to put forth extraordinary effort to gather the indurated stuff, but her digestive powers are overworked in reducing the available parts of such feed to a condition of assimilability. The digestible portions of such ripened grasses carry a surplus of carbohydrates and a deficit of protein. The cow may gain flesh from such feed if it be very abundant, that her labor in gathering it is not too great, but her milk flow fails.

When the supply of feed is short and difficult to get, the milk fails and the cow loses flesh. One or the other of these conditions usually characterizes the cow that goes into winter quarters from pasture unsupplemented by other feed.

Obviously, then, it is purely a sound business proposition that the cow intended for winter work shall not be allowed, by lack of nutritious feed, to enter upon that work "fall poor" or in any way under normal. W. F. McSPARRAN.

◈

Undulating Lands for Horses

English experts are advocates of the theory that undulating lands are decidedly best as grazing grounds for young horses. Apart from the question of the soil, which is in itself, of course, an important matter in the production of nutritious grasses, it is argued that undulating fields are necessary for full and proper muscle development. The perfect horse, or one pleasing in form, needs symmetrical development of all muscles, and the English experts are advocates of the theory that this development is not attained on level pastures; hence their favor for undulating pastures for the best development of all classes of horses. ANDREW STENSON.

◈

An Open Letter to the Farmers and Stockmen of the United States

As chairman of the committee on arrangements for the National Reciprocity Conference, to be held at Chicago August 16th and 17th, I am in receipt of many inquiries from farmers and stockmen as to why this matter assumes such prominence at this time, and as to the attitude the producing classes ought to assume in reference to this new movement, and in reply to such questions I submit the following statement:

In the first place, agriculture is the underlying basis of all American prosperity. When the farmer prospers every other legitimate industrial enterprise enjoys prosperity. The measure of the farmer's profit is the price commanded by his surplus product. In normal crop years a market has to be found for an enormous quantity of grain and provisions beyond the needs of domestic consumption. This huge surplus has to be sold abroad. Hence, the cultivation and safeguarding of our European outlet becomes one of the first duties of our government.

What brings the matter up in such urgent form at this particular time? The answer is that important changes have recently taken place, or are about to take place, in the tariff systems of nearly all of the nations of continental Europe, which have adopted, or have now under contemplation the adoption of, high protective tariff duties on imports. Moreover, Germany and France have already adopted a dual-tariff system, under which a maximum or general tariff is put upon all ordinary imports, and a minimum, separate or conventional tariff is applied to such nations as will enter into reciprocal trade relations, the difference between these two rates of duty running from fifteen to seventy-five per cent. That the application of the maximum rate to American wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, butter, cheese, eggs, flour, pork, lard, beef, cattle, horses, sheep, swine, fruits, etc., will have a disastrous effect upon the continental market for our farm products is so self-evident that even he who runs may read.

The new tariff system of Germany, which goes into effect during the first half of the year 1906, not only doubles many of the rates of duty upon our chief articles of export, but also, by the reciprocal treaties entered into by Germany with a number of European nations, will place us at a still greater disadvantage. The same condition will soon meet us in Austria-Hungary, where the proposed new tariff is expected shortly to be adopted. As an instance of the blighting effect of these new high-tariff rates of duty upon exports from the United States, it is sufficient to mention the article of cotton-seed oil, the duty upon which will be quadrupled, which will destroy our cotton-seed oil export to that country.

Russia raised her rates of duty on our exports by from fifty to one hundred per cent in 1901 in retaliation for the countervailing duty imposed by the United States on Russian sugar, and has now adopted a maximum tariff, which increases these retaliatory rates of duty, and which will no doubt entirely check our export trade with that country. France, after the passage of the McKinley Act, adopted a high protective maximum tariff and a minimum tariff, with the result that during the last six years our exports to France have shown no increase except in a few limited articles on which France gave the United States reductions in duties in exchange for certain slight reductions granted by the United States under Section 3 of the Dingley Act, and it is noteworthy that our exports to France covered by this reciprocal agreement have increased from 1898 to 1903 by forty-six per cent. Italy granted us a reduction under her minimum tariff on a limited number of exports with the same result as in the case of France—namely, that our exports of the few articles on which Italy grants us her minimum rates have shown a very large increase, whereas our exports of such articles as are subject to the maximum rates have not increased materially. In Switzerland, which republic has always been a good customer of the United States, we shall be subjected to the maximum rates of duty under the new Swiss tariff shortly to be put in force.

Europe is now combining to shut us out. When, therefore, I introduced at the January meeting of the National Live Stock Association a resolution calling upon that body to take hold of this problem as affecting the live-stock interests of the United States I believed that it was the most important single matter of national policy now before the farmers of America. If we can open the markets of the Old World to the fruits of our soil it should mean not less than one hundred million dollars per annum to our producers. Is this worth working for or is it not?

This is not an agitation for free trade or for an abandonment of the protective principle. It is simply an effort to correct the abuses that have grown up under existing laws, and to have our protective tariff so revised that it can be made an effective agency for gaining entrance for our food products into the markets of continental Europe. The Senate having declined to ratify the Kasson reciprocity treaties, it may work well to consider seriously the adoption of the dual-tariff plan mentioned above, as that now seems recognized as the most scientific modern method of applying the protective principle to international trade. I sincerely trust that agricultural America will wake up to the fact that a serious menace to our prosperity impends in the shape of the new European policy, and I appeal to all who have the interest of our producing classes at heart to coöperate in making the Chicago conference the starting point of an agitation which will be heard in the District of Columbia. This is a nonpartisan movement which in my judgment is entitled to the support of every man, of whatever shade of political belief, who is in any way interested in our export business. I have only assumed the chairmanship of the committee on arrangements because of my firm belief that the further prosperity of our agricultural states is seriously involved.

I trust, therefore, that every live-stock and agricultural association in the land, whether it be national, state or local in its character, will send delegates to this conference. All the leading bodies have already responded to the call. We must impress upon the government that those who live on the soil expect to have a hearing on this subject before it is too late. Respectfully submitted,

ALVIN H. SANDERS,
Chairman Committee on Arrangements,
Great Northern Building, Chicago.

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Live Stock and Dairy

Less Feed While Idle

THE horse not only requires less feed when idle than when at work, but is actually injured if the ration is not reduced on days of idleness. Some feeders of high standing reduce the feed of their work horses on Sundays and holidays, in the belief that even one day's feeding of a working ration while the horse is at rest is injurious. It is now the belief of all who have thoroughly studied the subject that idle horses are fed too heavily as a rule. But no fixed ration can be named, since the food requirements of individual horses differ so widely. Close observation will enable the feeder to adapt the quantity to the needs of each animal.

ANDREW STENSON.

The Hog in Greatest Demand

Prime heavy hogs include hogs between the weights of three hundred and fifty and five hundred pounds that are in prime condition. Years ago hogs of this type were numerous on the market, but fortunately this kind is gradually being replaced by one of lighter weight, the butcher hog, weighing from one hundred and eighty to three hundred and fifty pounds.

When we stop to consider that a hog when between six and seven months old will make a gain of fifty pounds in one month, and that during the last stages of feeding necessary to produce a prime heavy hog it requires from three to six months' time to produce a gain of fifty pounds in live weight, it is apparent that the most popular hog on the market today can be produced with more profit than could the hog that was most popular a few years ago. A hog that has been fed continuously from the time he was farrowed up until he weighs three hundred pounds and is about nine months old cannot be fed profitably beyond that stage. Often he can be sold with more profit at a lighter weight and a younger age than above mentioned.

The market at the present time also discriminates more severely against the hog that is overdone in condition. The hog that is in greatest demand is one that is smooth, symmetrical, compact, and evenly covered with a firm layer of flesh which has a large proportion of lean meat and not an excess of fat. This naturally suggests the question of bacon hogs.

There are two kinds of bacon hogs—the English bacon hog and the bacon hog of the United States. The English bacon hog of America is produced almost exclusively in Canada, and the product is sold principally in foreign markets. The bacon hog of the United States is of the fat, or lard, hog type, and is an intermediary between the fat, or lard, hog and the English bacon hog.

It has frequently been advocated that since Canada is so successfully producing the English bacon hog for the English market that the United States could also produce this hog with equal success. The demand, however, for this kind of hog is limited. If the United States, which produces three fifths of all the hogs in the world, were to make a radical change in the type of hog produced it would find sale for the same only at a discount. The fat, or lard, hog was in the past produced in the corn belt of the United States, because there was a demand for pork from such a hog as well as a means of producing him at a profit. While the tendency of the market at the present time is toward a lighter and leaner hog, the change must be made gradually and in harmony with the demands of the market.

The market demand for hogs is not uniform from season to season. In winter there is a greater demand for heavy hogs, while in summer the market demands a lighter hog. The winter season is the packing season, and the hog best adapted to this purpose is the heavy hog; therefore it is but natural that this kind of hog should be demanded by the market at this season of the year. The hogs slaughtered during the summer months are used principally for the fresh-meat trade, and the lighter hogs are best adapted to this purpose.

The supply of hogs on a market at the different seasons of the year does not conform to the demand. Most pigs are farrowed in the spring. By the time winter sets in many of them are ready to go to market in a finished condition, and many more are sent in unfinished for various reasons, such as lack of feed, lack of room, lack of thrift, and the need of money to meet pressing obligations. The result is that light hogs and pigs are forced upon the market in undue proportion during the fall and winter. How is it with the heavy hog? Pigs that were farrowed in the spring have not as yet had time to develop into heavy hogs, and fall pigs of the previous year which have not already been sold are not numerous enough to fill this gap. This causes a scarcity of heavy hogs in the late fall and early winter. In summer the conditions are reversed, giving more heavy hogs and fewer light ones. The hog that is sent to market in the summer usually is one that was farrowed in the spring or the fall of the preceding year and has developed into a heavy hog. Light hogs are scarce at this time, because most of the pigs are farrowed in the spring. These facts usually work together to make a narrow range in prices between heavy and light hogs during the summer months and a wider range during the winter months.

This variation in the supply of hogs from the normal demand also has a tendency to lower prices. If the hogs of a certain class on the market are not sufficient to supply the demand for that class of hogs, the demand must necessarily be filled by hogs of another class. These will not command the price that they would if they were sold within their own class, provided the different classes sell on the same level, nor will they bring as much as would the hogs whose places they are to take. It lowers the price, because the supply of hogs furnished is of a different character than is demanded by the trade. This has a depressing influence on the market, and the total receipts for hogs sold partly outside their classes are less than they would be if sold entirely within their classes.

M. STENSON.

SCENES OF MEADOW AND STREAM—No. 3

Remedy for Sucking Cow

I tried Mr. Stenson's remedy for a sucking heifer, but it proved a failure with me. Since then I have used beef tallow, simply rubbing it on the teats after each milking. I do not know that it will prove a cure, but it is a preventive, and a harmless one. A. MOORE.

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Hours run	1,200	Hours run	2,150
Pounds separated	1,080,000	Pounds separated	1,935,000
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Turns of bowl	1,152,000,000	Turns of bowl	1,864,000,000
Oil used	3 quarts	Oil used	5¾ quarts
Time oiling	About 4 min.	Time oiling	About 7 min.
Time adjusting	None	Time adjusting	10 min.
Repairs	None	Repairs	75 cents

After 24 weeks, the balls in the frictionless bearing supporting the bowl showed wear. This was natural, for each had rolled over 32,000 miles. Renewing balls cost only 75 cents and ten minutes adjusting, yet made this Tubular as good as new. All Tubulars are equally durable. Catalogue P-112 tells about them. Write for it today.

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For illustrated catalogue and information concerning The Western College, address

LILIAN WYCKOFF JOHNSON, Ph.D., President The Western College, Oxford, Ohio

Six Silver Teaspoons

French Gray Handles
Warranted for Ten Years

FREE This Set of Six Elegant Silver Spoons will be sent free and prepaid to any one who will send only SIX yearly subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at 25 cents each.

THE primary feature of this pattern, which we are now offering, is its extreme beauty of design. The great popularity of a floral pattern in the **French gray finish** among the users of high-grade silverware is well known, but the serious error of most manufacturers has been in seeking after ornamentation at the expense of simplicity and a natural design.

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Since the production of this pattern there has been established a reputation for artistic designs which has placed these goods in a class by themselves. Appreciating the fact that the American housewife to-day makes style the very first consideration in selecting goods for her home, we have met this demand by giving the very utmost attention to the artistic side of this silverware, for true art is the prime requisite in creating anything stylish or of lasting beauty.

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Now, in this latest pattern, the "Wild Rose," we feel that we have something even more beautiful than any design yet offered at such low prices. It has met with the most enthusiastic praise from expert judges, being pronounced equal to the best sterling in artistic design and the working out of a unitary conception. In it you have a representation of the growing wild rose carried out to the minutest detail, with back design to match the face, and the whole effect is that of the very best sterling silver. Sent prepaid.

Farm and Fireside one year and the Set of Six Spoons sent prepaid to any one for only $1.00

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In the Field

A Novel Plan for Seed Improvement

IT IS a gratifying fact that the improvement of seed has taken such a firm hold in the agricultural sections of the United States. We have had the railway seed-train specials, which have accomplished wonders in seed-corn improvement, much to the financial benefit of Western corn growers.

A novel and interesting contest relating to the seed improvement of wheat, oats and barley has been inaugurated by Hon. T. M. Patterson, United States senator from Colorado. It is to be conducted by the Colorado Experiment Station. Prizes amounting to two thousand five hundred dollars are to be awarded during the three years' competition to the boys and girls in the state who are under eighteen years of age. The ten annual prizes range from twenty-five dollars for the first, the amount for the others being gradually diminished until two dollars is the amount to be awarded to the tenth one. These prizes are for the best one hundred heads of fall and spring wheat, oats and barley, which are to be grown on one-acre plots.

The importance of this kind of work has already been shown by the increased yield to the acre in Canada and several of the Northern states. One of the objects of the Colorado tests is to ascertain whether the seed grown in the high altitude of Colorado is more suitable for seed in that state than that which is grown in localities that are much less elevated.

Colorado boys and girls who wish to try for the prizes should address Prof. W. H. Olin, Agricultural College, Fort Collins. It is confidently believed that the seed grown in Colorado will possess a vitality that is not inherent in seed grown in lower, warmer localities. Much too little attention has heretofore been given to seed breeding, by which hardiness, freedom from disease and increased productiveness can surely be attained.

W. M. K.

The Cowpea Crop

P. D. B., a subscriber in Tennessee, writes me thus: "I have seen your recommendation to farmers to use cowpeas for land enrichment. I have about seventy-five or eighty acres in cowpeas. Several of the best farmers here tell me that they have not found that the cowpeas benefited the land, except when the vines are plowed under—that in cutting off the hay the land is left poorer than before. They assure me that on land that had grown thin they had sown cowpeas, cutting hay, then following with corn, and making nothing; put it in cowpeas again two years in succession, then corn the third year, and still nothing—poorer than ever. This is contrary to all I have read, and I can scarcely believe it. What do you think about it?"

I can readily believe that what your neighbors say is correct. This is the day of legumes, and there is a frightful amount of flapdoodle getting into agricultural literature in reference to them. They are valuable both in farming and in feeding, but they cannot do impossible things. Since all the magazines and colored Sunday supplements and some of the sensational farm papers have so wonderfully exploited the bacteria of the soil and the marvels of Midas' touch they are to work for the farmers, some otherwise very sane people have gone somewhat daft on them.

Bacteria have wonderful and very extensive uses for the farmer, but they have well-defined limitations, also. They are not omnipotent. The enthusiasts talk of the nitrogen the bacteria catch from the air and store in the plant until many think that nitrogen is the only thing needful to produce good crops and make the land rich. Ordinarily it is the most important element, because when it must be supplied artificially it is the most expensive, but in this only is it most important. Potash and phosphoric acid are likewise essential. Without these being present in sufficient quantities and available for use an excess of nitrogen is a disadvantage in that the plant makes an unbalanced growth. In enriching land, maintaining a proper balance of soil elements is essential.

Now, the cowpea, being one of our most popular and valuable legumes, is supposed to do marvelous things for the soil; but assuming that it forms nodules on its roots, indicating the presence of nitrogen-gathering bacteria, it does not follow as incontrovertibly true that these bacteria get all the nitrogen the plant is using and storing from the free supply of the atmosphere. Actually it is not far wrong to suppose that very often they are merely working on and using the nitrogen already in the soil, just as the plant is using and appropriating such supplies of phosphorus, potassium, lime, etc., as it finds available or can make so. Assuming again that the root bacterium of the legume draws all its nitrogen from the air, it has not been announced that it "draws" or trails it down through the soil, leaving a train of ammoniacal enrichment as it goes; neither have I seen it claimed that the soil touching the bacteria is enriched from the simple contact.

The phosphoric acid and potash used by the legume or any other plant must come from the soil, and therefore no circumstance of the growth of the legume—at least, so far as we are at present aware—leads us to conclude that its mere growth has added anything to the soil's fertility, but, on the other hand, has abstracted very sensibly from the available supply of that fertility, holding what it has used organized in its plant structure. It seems to be true that leguminous plants having root bacteria store larger quantities of nitrogen in their organisms than those from which the bacteria are absent, so that, all other growth circumstances being equal, the inoculated plant carries more fertilizing and feeding value than the plant not so affected; therefore even in cases—and they are numerous—in which the inoculation of legumes fails to produce visible results in better growth, the inoculation is worth working for, because it enriches the plant.

Hence, to come back to an application of this rather extended dissertation on legumes, unless all the plant is returned to the soil, the soil must be impoverished, as the roots and stubble alone cannot return as much as the whole plant took away. I will not say that the nitrogen supply may not be well maintained, but unless furnished artificially the mineral elements must be reduced.

In my growing of legumes I fertilize with phosphoric acid, potash and animal manures. When I cut them for hay the hay is fed on the farm, thus being practically returned to the land. I think there is no doubt that the correspondent can improve his land with cowpeas even when using the vines for hay by returning the resulting manure to the land and fertilizing moderately with the minerals I have mentioned. I believe, further, that by the use of the minerals and the practice of good cultivation he can do it even by selling the hay if he uses a sensible crop rotation.

W. F. McSparran.

Farm Life Among the Cubans

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

paralyzed, and with those black eyes looking at me I should have replied in the affirmative if she had asked me if I spoke Chinese. She was a charming conversationalist, and her escort looked upon her admiringly as we talked in English, although he could not understand a word of what we were saying. I afterward learned that she spoke French equally well, and she had certainly visited the most important points of interest in the United States, besides having traveled extensively in Europe; and as she rode away, after giving me a cordial invitation to come and see them, I could not but admit that there must have been enormous profits in farming in Cuba in former times to enable the planters to give their children such excellent advantages and education.

Breakfast over, the manager of the place, Don Eduardo, took me in hand for a tour of the farm, which consisted of more than three hundred acres, all in one tract and with only the outer boundary fenced; and such a diversity of land and crops I don't believe I ever saw on any single farm. He had a complete and well-equipped dairy barn containing some splendid Jersey milkers, his horses were mostly American, a splendid windmill with tank furnished water that was piped into the house and barn, and in fact he was what we would call an up-to-date, wide-awake farmer. While the chicken house was built on the lines of other native buildings, with its palm-thatched roof, it contained some White Leghorns that were as purely bred as any to be found in many of the yards of our American fanciers. Royal palms and massive tamarind trees provided excellent shade in his barnyard, and his stock was all in choice condition. He had been in the United States but once in his life, and that for a few months only, but he certainly remembered every feature of American farming that he saw.

The many different kinds of crops and the amount that can be raised in Cuba is something marvelous, but when one considers that it is simply plant and harvest all the time without stopping for seasons it is not to be wondered at. The sugar cane at Las Acanas was planted in the corner of the farm nearest to the sugar mill that could be seen some distance beyond, and the amount of transportation to be saved by such selection of ground is no small item. There were native fruits of all kinds growing in a little tropical forest on a part of the place, through which there ran a stream of never-failing water, and the spot we were passing looked such a charming bit of Nature that I had to stop long enough to take a snap shot of the scene.

Passing along through the mango groves, we came out upon a pretty sight of twenty thousand dozen pineapple plants growing in one block. The plants were in fine condition, and the pines, as they are called, were almost ready for the market. The price he was to receive for his crop was forty cents Spanish money a dozen, equivalent to thirty-two cents American money, and this for the fruit as it was in the field. As it requires about one and one half years before the plant produces its fruit, and considering that the plant dies after producing its single pine, leaving as a legacy about a dozen "little children," as the shoots are called, clustered around the base of the parent plant to be set out for the next crop, I asked him if it really paid for the tying up of the land for that length of time, the labor of getting the ground ready and setting out the plants, fighting the weeds, cultivation, etc. In reply he informed me that he could afford to sell them at one half that price and still not be loser; that the leaves of the plant soon become so thick that they smother out the weeds, and the plants require no more attention until harvest time, when the men go into the field with their machetes, and soon slash a pathway sufficient to enable them to get at the fruit and detach such of the "little children" as might be desired to set out. Don Eduardo is quite an enthusiast in the matter of pineapple culture, and it was not difficult to get him to pose for me among his favorites long enough to snap my kodak again.

A very useful, as well as ornamental, tree on the Cuban farms is the royal palm. The seeds are relished by swine, the leaves are used for making the thatched roofs of the houses, the broad base of the leaf takes the place of our weatherboarding for the sides of the houses, and also makes excellent packing cases where lightness and strength are desired; and when, after a long time, the tree dies, the trunk is useful for many purposes, as the outer surface of the trunk is very hard and durable, although the interior is of a spongy nature. Then another income from this tree takes place when Palm Sunday arrives. The churches are lavishly decorated, and the children carry palm branches in their hands in processions through the streets, some of the branches being plaited and twisted into artistic shapes, sometimes having inscriptions carved thereupon, all of which means some revenue to the country boy. In estimating the value of a farm each full-grown palm tree is reckoned at one centen, equivalent to four dollars and eighty cents in United States currency.

As above stated, the manager of this particular plantation is an ardent admirer of the Yankee ways and accomplishments, and his accounts of the way some of his native help took to the American tools and equipments were amusing. He stated that his next venture would be to introduce the disk plow and Kentucky mules to take the place of the slow-going oxen and the native wooden plow, which have been in vogue for centuries. I should like to be there upon the opening day of that event, as it will surely be interesting and laughable. The natives are good workers, and when they become attached to a place and surroundings they are not inclined to leave their employers even if tempted with offers of more salary. They have none of our winter blasts to contend with, and are surrounded by the most smiling moods of Nature day in and day out. It is no wonder that they are happy all the time. The leaf which falls to the ground is not seared and colorless, as are ours, but is still green when Nature sends forth the new leaf once a year; it simply gives way, according to the laws of Nature, and makes room for the younger generation. The air is as full of the fragrance of flowers in January as it is in June, and the busy bee need never be idle because of a lack of material to work upon.

Cuba will surely become one of the greatest little realms of agriculture that the world can produce, and now that the island has been relieved of its burdensome, life-sapping taxation of Spanish rule of the past centuries, nevermore to return, the outlook for the Cuban farmer is cheery indeed. The Secretary of Agriculture in the cabinet of General Wood, the recent military governor of the island, was a Cuban gentleman who lived a good portion of his life in Ohio, and now President Palma, who spent about twenty years in one of the richest farming valleys of the state of New York, will no doubt be a true champion of the advancement of the island's interests in that direction, as in all others.

The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

Answers to Inquiries About Educational Work

ORDER all books through me. On all orders that include several books I can get a discount of twenty per cent, except on net works and on Brooks' "Agriculture." To secure the twenty per cent, six copies must be ordered at once.

A good way to carry on the educational work is as follows: Let some member of the class taking up the work be prepared with paper or talk to handle some phase of the topic under consideration for that lesson. This will insure something for both sisters and brothers at each meeting. Then let any one who desires, whether a member of the class or not, take part in the discussion. This will provide for the systematic study which has so long been demanded by the grange, and also leave time for the discussion of the lecturer's topics provided by national and state lecturers.

To secure credit for work done, names of the class must be forwarded to me under seal and signature of the master and secretary of the grange.

Grange Reunion at Ohio State Fair

The grange reunion at the Ohio State Fair Tuesday and Wednesday promises to attract many Patrons from all over the state. Each year this becomes the mecca for Patrons who meet to greet one another and renew pleasant associations of the past and cement the ties of friendship. Brother Nash, of Stark County, will be in attendance both days, which insures all a pleasant welcome. A reception committee will be on hand at each session to look after the comfort of guests and direct visitors to points of interest on the grounds. Every one is invited to visit the grange hall, whether members of the grange or not. The State Board of Agriculture gave the grange fine quarters in the elegant administration building, and Secretary Miller has had them fitted and equipped with toilet arrangements until they are among the most pleasant places on the grounds. A visit to the state fair that does not include the grange hall is a loss.

State Master Derthick has secured State Master Ladd, of Massachusetts, for both days of the fair. Doctor Thompson is expected to be present, also, and make an address. Other prominent Patrons will make brief addresses.

Be Something, Do Something

Field meetings are on. Let there be no unseemly jealousy because John is invited to speak and Jennie to sing, and you are not. Be something in your own sphere. Make those about you so happy that you will win their warm feelings even if you are not on a committee. You have a right far above that delegated to any committee—the right to do and be something of good in this world. Make every one about you happy; win friends for the grange through your dignified and thoughtful behavior, and send them away saying that the grange has done wonders for you in bringing out the best in you.

There is work enough for all to do, each in his own place. If there is no place, create one for your own particular talents. He or she who waits to be asked to do something is an imitator and a servitor. Do that which seems to you true and lovely in your own best moments, and rest assured it will find response in the hearts of the people. A common instinct binds all together, and what is good to you is good to those who aspire to higher, better things. All cannot work in the same way, and all cannot serve in prominent places, but each can create a prominent place. All can win the gratitude of the people and the approval of one's own conscience by doing what is needed to be done in a quiet, unobtrusive way.

Arbitration Versus Legislation

Two years ago a committee from the Shippers' Association and the transportation companies of Ohio met and arranged a schedule of rates to be in existence one year. The terms expired several months ago, and another meeting was held last month to arrange for satisfactory rates. It was deemed better for the parties concerned to get together and settle their differences among themselves rather than to indulge in the game of legislation and maintain a lobby to secure laws favorable to each class. This is the ideal way if it can be accomplished. The fight before the legislatures is a scramble for legal rights, and the winning side does not always have justice with it. But there are many difficulties. If the smaller shippers could be adequately represented, all classes would have nearer justice. But transportation rates have been exorbitant during the last two years despite the "agreement." Any agreement between a common carrier and a few large concerns that freezes out competition from the smaller ones is worse than none at all for the great mass who must at last pay the freight. Such agreement also makes it more difficult to secure remedial legislation for unjust freight rates. If there are to be conferences between the transportation companies and shippers, let the small shipper have his voice with the rest. If not, then we will have to maintain the old plan of going before the legislature to secure just laws. But the meeting of the people most concerned is the ideal way, and will prevail in the end, when it is seen that the best business principle is that which "lives and lets live."

Woman's Work in the Grange

While woman's work in the grange must always be of importance, it is doubly so now that there is so much attention being paid to pure-food legislation. She, more than any other, deals with foods and is responsible for the health of the family. Likewise is she interested in the proposed sanitary measures that the board of health is to bring before the legislature this year. To her more than to any other does the question appeal, for it deals with her work of every day. In some states there is a woman's work committee, and there should be such a committee in every state and in every subordinate grange. In New York a great deal of attention is given to health and sanitary matters, and the women are intensely interested. The committee has for distribution a large quantity of valuable literature. All are watching with interest the study of sanitary matters by the women of Ohio. It means a great deal to the health and well-being of a people when the women on the farms, the homes from which go forth the leaders of all occupations, give earnest heed to that which will make strong bodies tenanted by well-balanced minds. The technical side of a woman's education becomes of the greatest importance when she assumes the care of a household.

I am collecting leaflets for distribution to the classes taking up the study of sanitation that will be valuable for use with the outline suggested in the course of study. The state board of health will have a special bulletin prepared. This will be sent from this office to each lecturer, to each student and to inquirers.

The Press as a Judge of Public Demands

It has been said so often and with such vigor by the daily press that it printed what the people demanded—that it was not in the business of printing for its health. The public shamefacedly read its heavily leaded columns of scandal with a feeling of disgust that their kind should demand such mental pabulum. Several attempts were made to publish a strictly clean paper, and the disastrous financial results strengthened the notions of the printers and public that a moral paper was not demanded by the people. The failures of other publications were not heralded, but such a vindication of the judgment of the publishers was, and the public half believed it. Occasionally this notion gets a black eye. After a time there will be sufficient weight of evidence to waken all to the fact that what the busy man and woman cares to read is what is tucked away in some obscure corner of the paper; that heavy headlines are usually skipped; that people are relying on their own judgment as to what is desirable, and not on that of the one who makes up the paper. One such example is that of the Nan Patterson case, which rivaled in space the war in the Far East, and wholly concealed matters of greater interest. A theater manager, relying on the free advertising given her, engaged her at a fabulous salary to go on the stage. The women went at first, and were disgusted, quit the playhouse in scorn, and Nan's career was ended. The public conscience would not tolerate her.

I would like to see the experiment of a clean, wholesome paper, devoid of such scandals as are widely published, undertaken by shrewd, experienced newspaper men, and not by an amateur. Not a paper of the "goody-goody" type, however—no sensible person wants that—but full of the news that people like to read. That it would find a ready public is evidenced by the wide circulation of high-priced weeklies and monthlies that discuss matters of public interest in a conservative and high-minded way.

COMPLETE fertilizers contain the three essential ingredients—POTASH, phosphoric acid, nitrogen—and they must be in the right proportions to suit the different crops.

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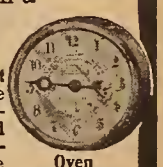

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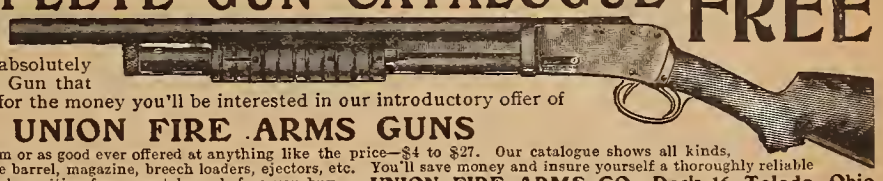

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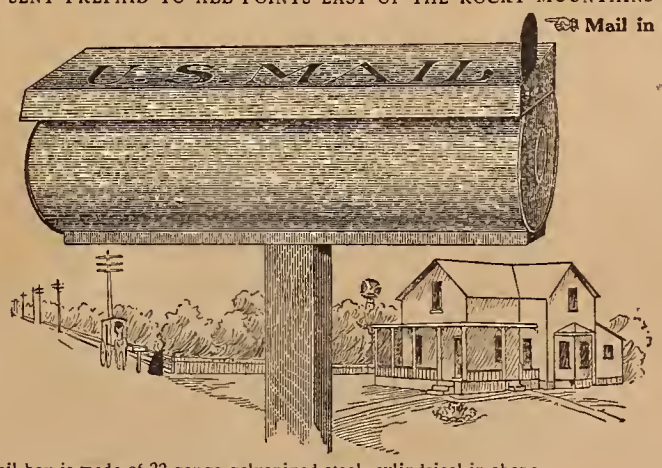

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A Page of Pokes

By GEO. F. BURBA

WEEDS—just plain, ordinary, everyday weeds—they are a funny part of Nature's business. They are sort of like boys, too, when you come to think about it. First they are always around in the way where they are not wanted—and just let them find out that you don't want them, and you can't drive them away. They are ragged and careless and run-down like, and frazzled out at the knees—both weeds and boys are—and neglected and pushed aside and trampled upon, but they bob up serenely and salute you with a pleasant smile every time you pass along.

You've got to be mighty particular with a plant that's some account, just as with a girl; but with weeds it's different. Any kind of soil, any kind of fence corner, sunshine or shade, flood or drought, you'll find your weeds doing pretty well. They just seem to grow and grow as if they did not have anything else to do. The ground is never too soft or too hard, too rich or too poor for weeds. Pull them up and throw them over the fence, and they take root and grow on the other side, and more weeds come up out of the hole where they were pulled up. Seems like you can start down a fence row to-day cutting weeds, and to-morrow they'll be ready to cut again.

Take an old dock, for instance—one that has sprung up by the well. Nobody planted it there; nobody will own it—it's an orphan. The ground is tramped hard, and everybody walks over the thing. Every fellow who passes gives it a kick and wipes his muddy feet upon it. An armful of leaves have been broken off of it the past month. But there it is, grinning at you when you go for a drink, holding up its leaves for a little moisture like a beggar asking for bread; green, flourishing, in a good humor, ready to be pulled up when a rain comes and you think about it.

Weeds—what are they for, anyway? Just to worry a fellow? Just to make trouble? Maybe, and maybe not. Possibly they are a part of the great plan of the Creator. Without them probably there would be no soil for the useful things to grow in. Perhaps they are the friends of lazy people, caring for the soil when it is not devoted to the tenderer weeds that are used for foods. Or there may be some subtler reason for their being. There may have been a time in the history of the world when all vegetation was weeds, and the plants that are not now called weeds may be only those that told their secret first.

After weeds come vegetables and grains, as after boys come men. It takes a lot of time and patience and trouble to make a vegetable out of a weed and a man out of a boy. But as the sunburned, freckled, graceless boy develops into a wise, strong man in a few years, so may the despised weed of to-day become a table delicacy in a century or two, which is not long in the history of the world.

◈

A story is not funny if it has to be explained after it is told.

◈

Every man is working for himself when he is working at all.

◈

Some people carry watches to see if other people's clocks are right.

◈

Nobody ever heard of the top coming off of a pepper box that was empty.

◈

What constitutes a fool is not being able to know a good thing when he sees it.

◈

Some people make the conditions of a favor so onerous that it takes away the goodness of the deed.

◈

The mother of six boys has just as hard a time finding one to go to the grocery as the mother of one boy.

◈

It is mighty hard to convince a woman that a man is untruthful if he tells her that which she wants to believe.

◈

When a man goes at anything with a determination to do it, he is surprised to see how easily it can be accomplished.

◈

What do you suppose would be the result if every married man were to say to his wife some fine morning, "My dear, I have decided to stay home with you all day to-day?"

◈

NOW, it so happened in ancient times that when Sirius, the Dog Star, arose with the sun, the days were hot and sultry, and health was not good, and men were listless, and little children were restless. It also further happened away back there that the people were always looking about for something to which to attribute all uncomfortable things, and seeing the Dog Star in the morning, the astronomers of old gave out the information that that was what caused the trouble—old Sirius. And they dubbed the days "dog days," and they stayed dubbed.

The ancients—peace be to their ashes, for it is good fertilizer—were much handier in finding reasons than in curing snake bite, and many an old fellow probably wabbled in late at night after watching the stars to find out why he had the toothache. They were a great people, and if it hadn't been for them of course we wouldn't be here these "dog days;" but they were away off in a good many of their calculations.

Inasmuch as the ancients were not diversified farmers, they did not fully appreciate their "dog days." With them the evil quite overcame the good. With us, however, it is different—very. We have so much to do, and raise so many things, that we couldn't get along even without "dog days." It is along about this time of year that the hardness crawls up the back of the cornstalk and creeps into the grain. It is along about now that the fairies prepare their powder for making the cotton white. It is during these "dog days" that part of the earth lies down and pants and rests and fits itself for next year's crops. Now is when the flavor crawls out on the vine to the bunches of the grapes and the odor steals through the stems of the apples and hides there till the winter time releases it. The ragweeds and the daisies do not despise the "dog days," and the pumpkins swell up with pride as they listen to the swishing of the rusty leaves.

If "dog days" bring misery to the few, they bring peace and plenty to the many. If the cows and horses have to hunt the shade and fight the flies and drink from impoverished brooks water that does not sparkle, they may know that out in the fields are maturing golden grains that will carry them through until the grass is green next spring and the water bubbles in the watercourses. If we were ordered to shorten up the year we would not cut out the "dog days."

◈

There is angel's food at every love feast.

◈

Many a woman brings wrinkles trying to keep them away.

◈

It's the knot in the log that makes the curliest piece of plank.

◈

It isn't necessary to have perfumed paper to write a love letter on.

◈

You have never heard anybody knocking a fellow who wasn't getting on pretty well.

◈

Any man can get rich buying feathers by the pound and selling them by the pint.

◈

Ever notice how many people there are who seem to be getting along pretty well?

◈

Many a man has gotten into trouble saying things when he didn't have anything to say.

◈

Some day the world will produce a man great enough to say, "Yes, I was at home, but I did not care to see you."

◈

When a man starts on a downward path he meets a lot of people, which goes to show that the majority are on the way up.

◈

Woman, having established her reputation as being able to buy more for a dollar than a man, is expected by her husband to do so and to buy it more seldom.

◈

The worst feature about hot weather stories is that they all sound alike. Almost everybody has an exclusive story about cold weather, but it takes a genius to spring anything new about how hot he has seen it.

◈

THERE are fewer kinds of fools on the farm than anywhere else, but there is one kind that is about as big as any, although it must be said that he doesn't stay there. That is the fellow who has lived all of his life—forty years or more—upon a farm, and who gets an insane streak in his head someway that he can make more money in town and make it easier. Sometimes it is a grocery that attracts him, or a boarding house, or a livery stable; but whatever it is that gets under his hide, it keeps gnawing at him, and if he isn't mighty careful it will eat through and win out.

Every little town has its once-prosperous farmer who sits around and whittles pine boxes, and who looks longingly at his old neighbor when he comes to town. There isn't anything in town for the man who has spent the best years of his life on a farm, and there isn't anything in the country for the man who has spent the best years of his life in town, unless they have money enough to live on. And even then there isn't satisfaction; and, after all, there is but one thing in life worth talking about, and that is satisfaction—peace that comes from being contented.

NOW comes a woman clamoring for separate schools in which girls shall be taught the art of becoming good wives—that is, this dear, deluded soul, probably odoriferous from high-priced perfume, thinks that the average girl when she marries is wholly ignorant of the duties of a wife and housekeeper. Verily, this dear, deluded one must have been brought up in a lumber camp or a cheese factory. Had she been brought up in a home she would know that along with the first marriage of record such a school was established, and that it still has a branch beneath every roof that shelters a mother—a school that takes charge of the tiny babe, and teaches it every day of its life lessons more valuable than can be taught in any seminary of learning.

There are too many things besides homes growing up in this country. What some of these would-be reformers need is a good healthy pair of twins to look after and buttons to sew on and socks to darn while they are resting, and a manly man to make a living for the whole outfit and to love. That's about all they need to enable them to understand that there isn't anything else needed.

Every girl ought to make a little better wife than her mother without any outside instruction. That is the way the world progresses. She has the daily experience of her mother and a wider range of vision than her mother had at her age. People can see further to-day than ever before. They have thousands of years of history to look back upon. They meet more people, read more, go more, live better, and consequently know more—about some things, and about some things they don't.

Right in the beginning, without these thousands of years of history, somebody told the first wife how to be a good wife, how to raise her children, and He has been telling wives ever since. If a woman doesn't make a good wife it is because she doesn't listen to the small voice of Nature. And half the time when she doesn't listen it is because the noise of the world deadens her hearing. That is the chiefest reason why the girls out on the farm make the best wives—there is less noise, fewer luring sounds to lead them astray, more time spent within the sacred confines of the home. Out there is where a girl grows up under the influence of a mother more than anywhere else. Out there is where women mature under one roof's protection. Out there is where a dwelling is a home, where the head of the house is the great protector, where the boys are not ashamed to go to church with their sisters, where the mother's nerves are not racked and wrecked by the everlasting craze for dress, where the members of the family are comrades and companions every hour of the day and night. Out there is where they need no school to teach a girl how to be a good wife if some worthy young fellow comes along and gives her an invitation to take charge of his home.

◈

The man who is always running around never gets very far.

◈

Have you ever figured out just how you will look when you are old?

◈

Circumstances have had to act as a foundation for a good many lies.

◈

The thief knows the value of a reputation for honesty; it is in demand with him.

◈

Every man with a good pair of legs can answer his own prayers about being delivered from temptations.

◈

A woman loses faith in mankind when she tries to mend a plate with glue a druggist has warranted to stick.

◈

There is a market for anything new, whether it is something to wear, something to drink or something to read.

◈

A man looks at a pair of new shoes about as many times the first day as he does all the rest of their natural existence.

◈

If a man could attract as much attention in proportion to his size as a fly can, there would be no use for more than half a dozen men on earth at one time.

◈

The old family horse can get scared at a hog humped up in a fence corner, and run away and cripple three children and break the old man's leg and the hired man's shoulder, and it will not get as much newspaper space as an automobile that butts against a telephone pole and spills a quart of gasolene.

◈

As Henry always said: "You can do so much for some people that they get mad at you when you stop doing."

Around the Fireside

The Old Days on the Farm

"I MADE nineteen hundred pounds of butter the first year after I was married, and I was only nineteen years old—made it in an old stone churn with a wooden dasher, and sold some of it for as low as ten cents a pound," said one of a company of old ladies sitting around a quilt in a New England farmhouse.

"Dear, dear, those old stone churns!" said another lady. "What backache producers they were when one was all tired out! I'm thankful the creamery has driven them to the attics, where they keep company with the spinning wheel."

"And with the candle molds," said another old lady. "I was almost grown before I ever saw a kerosene lamp, and I remember perfectly well the first time I ever saw a match. My father had been to town to sell a wagonload of produce, and he brought home about a dozen matches, and in the evening all the neighbors were invited in to see him strike three or four of them. Some folks thought them too dangerous to have around the house. We didn't have a candle mold at our house; we dipped all our candles. Some folks used to call it 'dippin' taller.' The whole house would smell of it on the days we 'dipped taller.'"

"Then there was the old rag-carpet loom," said the old lady who had first spoken. "I made the first yard of carpet I ever had. I cut and sewed the rags and wove the carpet with my own hands. Hard work it was sitting at the old loom beating the rags up in the warp with the bar. Do any of you remember old 'Coloring Ann,' as we used to call her? I remember her very well. She used to go around from farm to farm coloring carpet chain or linsey-woolsey or jeans or anything the farmer folk wanted colored. Had a tongue loose at both ends and fastened in the middle. We always expected to hear, and did hear, the news for miles around whenever 'Coloring Ann' came around. Sometimes she would boil soap for us.

"Not many folks boil their own soap nowadays, but when I was a girl no one ever thought of buying a bar of soap. We always had an ash leach dripping, and every scrap of fat was saved for soap.

"And now quiltmaking has gone out! When I was a girl it was thought to be something of a reflection on a girl if she didn't have about fifteen quilts she had pieced and quilted. I had sixteen, and I began to piece some of them when I was six years old. I used to have a regular stint of so many blocks a day of patchwork. I had one quilt with three thousand scraps in it. It took the blue ribbon three years in succession at our county fair. There was some beautiful quilting on that quilt. I had it quilted in a feather-and-herringbone pattern. Nobody could set neater, finer stitches than my mother, and she quilted all the feathers and herringbones herself.

"Then, one hardly ever hears of any one doing any pig work now. Why, when I was a child at home my father used to kill six great fat hogs just for our own use, and we had only six in the family! We used to butcher along in November, and it was such a great event that we children were allowed to stay at home from school that day. Then in the evening the neighbors used to come in and help make and stuff the 'sassingers,' as some folks called them. We made a regular frolic of that part of the pig work, and mighty greasy work it was. We used to put up a thirty-gallon oaken cask of lard for our own use, and now some folks never use lard or pork on their farms, unless it is a little smoked ham. Customs change.

"I should think they do. Who ever hears of a woodchopping now? In my young days woodchoppings were common. Sometimes a family would have a woodchopping and a quilting the same day. The women would quilt out a quilt, and the men would turn in and cut and saw and split enough wood to last a family a year. Then there would be a big dinner at noon, a good supper at night and a frolic in the evening, with no end of apples and cider and doughnuts and pie passed around. There would be games, or perhaps a dance, and every one had a good time. I don't think that farmer folks are as sociable as they used to be. They don't visit back and forth as much as they used to. We never thought anything of it if half a dozen people came to spend the day without sending us word that they were coming.

"I think that farmer folks used to be better prepared for entertaining company unexpectedly than they are now. I know my mother always planned it so that she had pound cake and pies and other things on hand in case we had company unexpectedly, and we never thought anything of hitching up and driving three or four miles to spend the evening with our friends.

"I know how we used to go that far and farther to attend a singing school or a spelling school. My, what good songs we used to have, and how folks would turn out to a spelling bee! One school would challenge another to a spelling match, and they would see which school could spell the other down. I can see the old schoolhouse now, lighted with tallow candles, and all the horses hitched to the trees outside and the schoolhouse full of people. I know that it was considered quite a privilege to choose sides for the spelling match. And how the boys and girls would study their old blue-covered spelling books! One hardly ever hears of a spelling school nowadays.

"No, nor of a country singing school. And the rural free delivery and the telephone and other things have made the farming folk a good deal less dependent on each other than they used to be. We used to bring out each other's mail and do little errands for each other when we went to town. Yes, and used to help each other more in times of sickness. No one ever heard of such a thing as a trained nurse in the country when I was a girl in my home. No matter how sick folks would be, they were nursed by some member of the family or by some old lady in the neighborhood. And she was always sure to be on hand when children were born.

"And the tailoress has disappeared, too. I remember just as well how a tailoress named Jenny Spence used to come to our house and stay two weeks at a time, making up clothing for the men and boys. Very few people thought of buying ready-made clothing in those days. Jenny Spence made the clothing for all our men folks, and her tongue would run as fast as her needle. She was as good as a newspaper to fetch and carry news. But times have changed dreadfully." H.

"GRANDMA SITS KNITTING CLOSE BY THE FIRESIDE"

"Tales of a Wayside Inn"

EVERY reader of Longfellow's poetry must remember his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," but some of them may not know that the "Wayside Inn" to which the gentle poet referred was a very real hostelry, and that it is still standing, with the latchstring still hanging out for the wayfarer who would tarry there for a season.

The real name of the inn in the long-ago days when it was young was the "Red Horse Tavern," and it stands in the old town of Sudbury, thirty miles from Boston. It is one of the oldest inns now standing in our country, and could it be given speech it could tell many an interesting tale of those who have found rest and good cheer beneath its roof. In the old days the "Red Horse" was the most popular inn on the postroad between Boston and the Connecticut River. The stagecoach was the chief mode of transportation in those days, and travelers who left Boston in the morning dined at noon at the "Red Horse," where a good dinner was ready for them, with a royal welcome from Mine Host Howe. Generations of Howes have been hosts of the old tavern. On a signboard still there reads:

"D. H., 1686.
E. H., 1746.
A. HOWE, 1796."

The "Red Horse" was built about the year 1680, and for one hundred and fifty years it was continuously an inn, kept all that time by successive generations of Howes. It was not until the year 1860 that its doors were closed as an inn, and within a few years it has been put in repair, furnished in part as it was originally, and is again a wayside inn and summer resort "beautiful for situation." During a part of the time that the inn was kept by the various members of the Howe family the stagecoach left Boston at the witching hour of three in the morning, and reached the "Red Horse" in time for breakfast. Longfellow relates that his first visit to the inn he has immortalized in verse was made under these circumstances. He must have been in anything but a poetical frame of mind when he reached the inn after the wearisome ride in the lumbering old coach in the darkness if the trip was taken in the winter months.

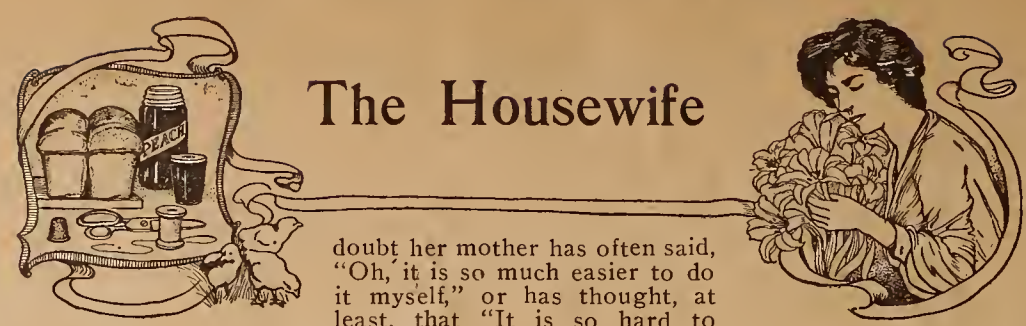
The old inn, so quiet and peaceful in its present environment, was once the center of stirring events. On that nineteenth of April when the famous Battle of Lexington was fought the minute men marching from Worcester, with Timothy Bigelow at their head, stopped here for a brief rest before going on their way. Sudbury came near being wiped out of existence in the days of King Philip's War in 1676, and there is a monument to tell the sorrowful story of the "Sudbury Fight" and of the soldiers who lost their lives in that time of death and carnage.

Many of the most famous men and women of bygone years have been guests at the "Wayside Inn" when the sign of the red horse hung before its open door and Mine Host Howe gave a cheery greeting to all who came to share the comfort of his hostelry, which is "as ancient as any in the land may be."

Time does not lessen the tourists' interest in the old hostelry and its historic surroundings, and each year hundreds and hundreds make special trips to the Inn, now famous in literature and history.

MORRIS WADE.

THE "WAYSIDE INN"



The Housewife

Who is the Selfish One?

It is surprising how often we hear the remark that this little boy or that little girl is a "spoilt" child. We call them peevish, "whiney," contrary, and generally selfish. To be sure, they often are all these and more. I have seen bright, pretty children allowed to do things that would spoil the morals of a man or woman. But let us, as mothers, just sit down for a few minutes and search our hearts, and see if the word "selfish" is not often misplaced. Should it not be branded upon ourselves instead of the child?

How much easier it is to just do a thing ourselves than it is to say to a complaining child, "You must," then follow the command with a watchful eye and a firm determination that he shall do his little work and do it now. It is not necessary to nag, it is not necessary to scold; but we must keep a firm hand on the reins, and if necessary teach ourselves a new self-command, which will benefit us, and, most of all, benefit our children.

What true mother does not believe that the best of our lives should be given to our children? How many mothers there are who seldom give up their own pleasure or their own planned work to make their children accomplish a given task. Let me illustrate: Two little boys have tired of playing with their blocks, and mamma says, "Boys, now pick up your blocks and put them away." The children demur a little, pick up a few, say they are "too tired" or something similar, and finally leave them there on the floor. Shall the mother pick them up? Fully one half the mothers will, I believe. But is it right? No—you will all agree with me there—but "it is so much easier." Yes, it is easier, I'll admit.

A little boy comes home from school knowing full well that he is expected to get in the night wood, but he goes away with the other boys and plays until dark, and the mother, thinking to save a little unpleasantness when father finds that his son has shirked, brings it in herself. Mary has been told half a dozen times to wash those dishes, but she is so interested in her book that she has not moved. She knows, although she probably would not admit it, that mother will do them if she waits long enough. Mrs. Blank tells her little boy, who loves a hammer and nails, "Stop tearing that box to pieces." She speaks as though she means it, and for the moment he stops; but he watches her furtively, and soon, seeing she is paying no attention to him, he begins his work of destruction again. The mother is so engrossed in her own thoughts and work that she does not notice, or if she does it is only to cry out, in an irritated tone, "Didn't I tell you to stop doing that?" Later, when she sees the box broken and torn in pieces, she says to herself, "There! I wanted that box for my plants. Oh, that provoking boy! Will he never learn to mind?" No, he will not until we learn to be better commanders. We must keep our eyes and ears open. We must know what is going on, and we must be obeyed.

"Oh," some one will say, "the age of spanking and ordering a child is past. We must study their natures, and teach them by love. A child does not see things as we do, and they have wills of their own, which should be allowed to develop if they are to get on in the world."

A few months ago I saw a child whose will was so developed. We were at a grange meeting which was held over a store. The wife of the merchant who lived next door was there with her two children. The hour was getting late, and the mother told them to run downstairs and go to bed. Of course they objected, but they were finally sent downstairs. A few minutes later the little girl, a bright child, came rushing back to speak to her mother, who was talking to a friend whom she had not seen for some time. The child would not wait until the mother had finished, and when the parent's hand was placed gently over her mouth for a moment she flew into a rage, and slapped and kicked at her mother amid a perfect torrent of tears and angry yells. I do not pretend to say what the mother should have done. We all have our theories. What I do say is this: The child should never have been allowed to come to a point in her existence where such a thing would have seemed possible. I pitied that woman from the bottom of my heart. Oh, what a shame she must have felt! I do not know the home life of that child, but I have no doubt her mother has often said, "Oh, it is so much easier to do it myself," or has thought, at least, that "It is so hard to make Carrie mind."

DUTCH CAP

It is hard. One of the hardest jobs a woman can undertake is the right management of a bright, healthy, strong, self-willed child, and do it in a kind, firm manner which never changes. We can enter into their pleasure and fun just as well, but we must have them know that "when mamma looks like that she means it."

I had an uncle who was a very good hand to break colts. He did not believe in pounding and whipping, but in kindness. However, he said that in every colt's life there came a time when he must know who was master. Sometimes he then found two or three sharp cracks with a whip to be most beneficial. Children are like colts. They will take advantage every time if you don't look out. Many should never be whipped, but there are times when a good sharp, short spanking (which has not been threatened too often before) makes a child feel that he has come up against something pretty sudden and pretty hard. It makes him think, and that is good for the child.

But we will need to study our child and be very wise about this kind of treatment. If it is possible, let us never punish a child while we are angry. We do not wish to leave in our child's mind a memory of a harsh or cruel mother—far from it. I would rather my child would never obey me than to have him go through life with such a memory. But did you ever hear a man say that his mother whipped him cruelly when a child. No, I think not. If they speak of such occurrences it is always with the assurance that they needed it and did not get whipped half as hard as they deserved.

But that is enough about spankings. I did not intend to mention it, but I hear so much about governing children without any such punishment, and so often see the children of those who advocate it most strongly running perfectly wild and making themselves regular little neighborhood pests. It is then that I am almost inclined to agree with the lady who wrote, "Just as sure as 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,' the hand that spanks the baby could reform it if it would."

We must learn not to mind the little things; to be tolerant of our children's noise and mischief. Children have rights, and we must respect them; but we have rights, also, and they should be taught to respect them. The mother who does not compel her child to obey is only laying up future trouble for her child, and oh, so much worry for herself!

We love our children with an overwhelming tender love. We do not like to see them deprived of a pleasure or made to suffer their real little heartaches, and that is one of the reasons why the needed punishment (which should be a spanking only as a last resort) is so often neglected. Mothers, are we not selfish, then? Is it not our own feelings we are sparing, as well as the child's? Shall we teach our children to look for the easy places in this life? Shall we not rather teach them that there are things every day in our lives as men and women that we must overcome if we would succeed? Let us teach them to meet each little duty bravely and to do their work quickly and well. Let us show them that this old world needs the boys and girls with grit and determination—the boys and girls who accomplish things. Mothers, let us remember that it is not the "easy way" that makes such boys and girls. They must learn how to take a hard knock well and be ready to get up and fight again.

I have heard it said that in our grandmothers' time children suffered from lack of attention, but that now they suffer from overattention. Perhaps this is so, but the overattention does not seem to make our children behave so nicely as the old way—at least, that is what our grandmothers tell us.

Here is another thought: Notice the children in a small family, and compare them with those in a large one. In nine cases out of ten those in the large family are by far the best behaved. I wonder why.

Above all, let us not dare to take the responsibility of guiding and directing a child's life without asking the Master's help. We will need something more than mother love and wisdom many times, for mother love is of the earth—earthy—and oftentimes it is not wise.

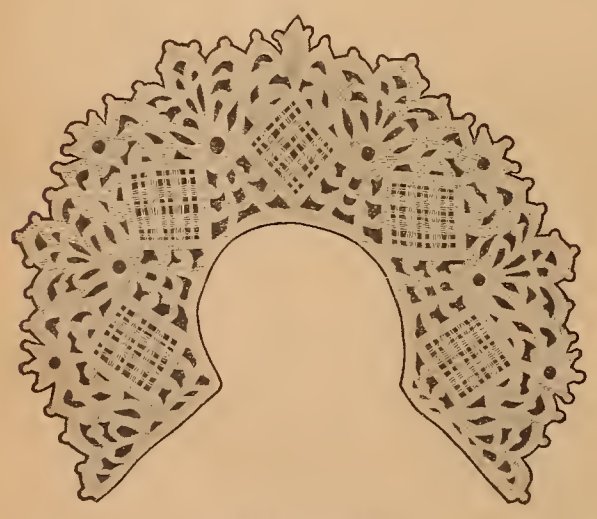
We would all like to see our children grow up and occupy positions of power and good in their communities, but we should remember that "He who would be obeyed must first learn to obey."

There are several reasons why women fail as mothers. We—at least, most of us—have not as yet come to look upon motherhood as one of the noblest of the professions. It is the noblest, and we should put our whole souls into it. The farm is just the place for boys and girls, and they are the most precious crop we grow.

Another reason why we fail: We are overtender, or are love-blind, or we may be thoughtless.

But, do you know, I believe a great number of us fail not from any of these reasons, but from pure selfishness and because we are too lazy to overcome the will of the child even when it is for his own good.

Pearl White McCowan.



CAPE COLLAR

A Handsome Cape Collar

Roman embroidery has stood in fine favor for fancy collars and band trimmings, table covers, etc., for some time, but its popularity seems constantly on the increase rather than otherwise. This is largely due to the fact that striking and handsome effects are obtainable with a small amount of labor, compared with that required for most styles of decorative needlework.

The work is most durable when carried out on a good quality of satin damask or twill linen. For collars and the like any good linen will answer. Silk or pongee is frequently used for coat collars and lapels, and is very beautiful indeed. The working thread must correspond to the material, being either silk or linen. In the shoulder collar shown a fine quality of tan-colored linen forms the background, while the floss is a medium grade of linen of the same shade.

The design is first stamped on the material, and all the outlines of the design are then buttonholed, either plain or over a tiny cord, to give added weight and richness. The buttonholing must be done in such a way that all places to be cut out will be protected from raveling. It is best to shrink the cord if one is used under the buttonholing. Now such spaces as are to be filled in are supplied with fancy lace stitches, such as spider webs, twisted bars, herringbone and similar stitches, only the most simple ones being utilized.

When all the stitches are in place the linen is cut away beneath the lace stitches along the buttonholed edges. If one cares to put additional work on the piece, fancy darning stitches, French knots, groups of back stitches and the various brier stitches are placed on the portions of linen that are left. This adds greatly to the appearance of the article.

Mae Y. Mahaffy.

Gymnastics for Women

There seems to be a settled conviction that gymnastics are good for our women folks, but the expense of rowing machines, lifting weights and the costly folderol of the gymnasium is a great obstacle. It is a source of real thankfulness that a scheme of gymnastics has been worked out which gets around the obstacle of expense. The kitchen gymnasium has come. By very simple rules the ordinary implements of the fricassee department are made the means of feminine strength, beauty and grace. The potato masher, for instance, is used as an Indian club, and answers the purpose admirably. With a potato masher in each hand the ordinary woman ceases to be a negligible household ornament and becomes formidable. A pair of flatirons make a perfect set of dumb-bells. With these a woman can change a weak back into a pillar of strength—a regular steel pier of muscularity. The rolling-pin can be annexed to a breathing exercise with wonderful results. The kitchen towel lends itself to many beneficial exercises. Dampen it, and go after the audible but for the moment unlocated mosquito. This exercise will put roses in the cheeks and fire in the eyes of the run-down woman. The kitchen chairs come in for the more difficult gymnastic work. With head on one chair, feet on another, and a tub held lightly on the chest, the whole vasomotor tract can be developed and strengthened. Manifold are the exercises that can be performed with the coal scuttle, the stove lifter and poker and the dishpan. The kitchen gymnasium means an economy that will appeal strongly to womankind. A very simple yet effective exercise is made possible also by the ice chest, a small pair of tongs and a hundred-pound cake of ice. A broom is likewise a gymnastic gem of the purest ray serene.—Judge.

Bedroom Slippers

A novelty in a bedroom slipper is the heelless one, which is more of a sandal. Those in the illustration are worked in cross stitch with Roman floss in two shades of old rose on heavy canvas, lined with silk the same shade, and after the worked piece is sewn to the fleece-lined slipper sole the top is finished with a box-plaited quilling of satin ribbon one inch wide the shade of the floss.

H. E.

BEDROOM SLIPPERS

Dutch Cap for Infant

This quaint little cap can be made in several ways. For cool weather it can be made of Bengaline or taffeta silk perfectly plain—just finished with a very small cord around the small crown and the turned-back piece, and developed in bands of white lawn alternated with Valenciennes insertion, and edged with Valenciennes. The cap illustrated is of white ribbon one inch wide joined with lace insertion for the crown and the turn back, the body part of the bonnet being of white taffeta. Finish with ties of ribbon or hemstitched lawn.

Heister Elliott.

Supplement to FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio, August 15, 1905.

AT THE COUNTY FAIR

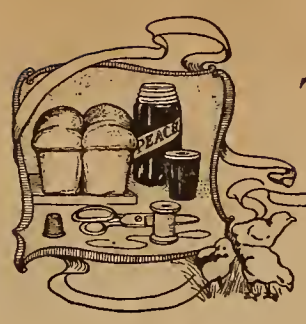
FREE This is one of not less than six exquisite picture supplements which will be given free with FARM AND FIRESIDE during the next few months. Do not allow your subscription to expire and thereby miss these elegant art supplements, twelve pictures in all.

Supplement to FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio, August 15, 1905.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

FREE This is one of not less than six exquisite picture supplements which will be given free with FARM AND FIRESIDE during the next few months. Do not allow your subscription to expire and thereby miss these elegant art supplements, twelve pictures in all.

The Housewife



"His" Folks

If most brides were to frankly say whether or not they were perfectly and entirely happy, the majority would give this answer: "I would be if it were not for my husband's relatives." This does not imply that there has been trouble, or that anything unpleasant has happened on the surface, but simply that the young woman feels that she is being looked over and judged by people who are seldom impartial in their decisions. It is hard for the fond mother to realize that any girl on earth is good enough for her son, and when admiring sisters and aunts bear her out in this opinion the poor young wife is not likely to get justice. Perhaps in her own home she has been the petted darling, and it is hard to be received in the tolerant manner many mothers assume when their sons bring brides home.

"I'm going to give you a little good advice, Mary Ellen," said an old lady to her niece not long ago. "You'll most likely find everything sugar and molasses till you have to deal with his folks. His ma thinks he's better than perfection, and she's bound to be cool to you. But don't let that worry you. She'll get over it in time, and own that John was lucky to get such a good wife. I've seen silly young things cry their eyes out over the tears their husband's relations shed at the ceremony, but they knew better later in life. Maybe some day you'll have boys of your own, and have cold chills creeping up your back every time you see them look at a girl, and then you can sympathize with his ma. You just go serenely on in your own way, and things will come out all right in time."

And the old lady was more than half right. The bride who is sweet and cheerful to her new relatives, who listens without impatience to the long lectures about the things the groom likes or detests, who allows her mother-in-law to monopolize the young husband when she visits the couple the first few times, who does not argue over nonessentials, and who really makes a happy home for the young man in spite of the doleful misgivings of the jealous mother, will win her way even to that lady's heart in due time. All her life the elderly woman may have rebelled against the "things mother used to make" in her own home, but she simply cannot be happy unless her son passes his cup a second time when she makes the coffee and praises her biscuits more than his wife's. If in addition to these delicate compliments he tells his wife to "have mother give you her recipe" for this or that dish, the mother-in-law is almost ready to forgive her boy for getting married. Happy the wife who can control her feelings and look upon the delight of her husband's mother without a pang. In that case the way to the cold heart is as plain as day, and the young woman will have no trouble in finding a permanent place therein.

Some brides make the mistake of going to the extreme and quoting their new relatives on all occasions. Especially is this the case where the husband's family is richer or more prominent socially than the bride's. To hear some young matrons talk one would think all wisdom had its source in the opinions and methods of "his" mother. The mother of the bride is ignored and given a back seat whenever "Mamma So and So" is in the house, and old friends find themselves wearied with accounts of the doings of that wonderful woman. A simple, friendly, dignified manner is best, for all parties soon tire of the gushing affectation before very many months have passed. Be loyal to your own family, young woman, even if your new relatives do have a few more dollars or a higher position in the social world. The mother-in-law is apt to be suspicious when the old love is off so quickly for the new, and will refuse to make much over a fickle girl who can forget the devotion lavished upon her from birth by her own mother.

If "his" folks are really unreasonable and cranky, do not advertise that fact to the world. Even if the groom's mother weeps in public, and tells all her friends that her son has been caught in the net of a designing young person, it is well to preserve a dignified silence. In time she will realize the foolishness of her position, and make the necessary advances, and then you will have no cause for regret. The world at large will think vastly more of you if you ignore the family skeleton, and a one-sided feud soon passes out of existence. A mutual agreement never to criticise each other's relatives is one of the best compacts husband and wife can form and stick to all their wedded life. It is one thing to know in our own hearts the failings of our family, and quite another to hear some other person speak of them, even if that person be the "best beloved."

All over the country are dear, delightful mothers-in-law who take the happy brides to their hearts unreservedly and smother all jealousy at seeing the cherished son devoted to—well, not a stranger, but yet not the doting mother. So let us hope all the June brides have had this happy experience. If "his" folks are loving and kind, the bride will do well to reciprocate, and start her little kingdom secure in all domestic peace and tranquillity. The dread of the new relatives is only natural, but it should never be allowed to cloud the perfect happiness that is the birthright of every bride. Hilda Richmond.

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Ways to Prepare Liver

A very appetizing part of a beef is the liver, and it may be prepared in so many ways that even for a small family a beef liver may be purchased entire and eaten before it grows tiresome. I have tried all sorts of ways of serving it, partly because it is cheap and I have to be careful of my finances, and partly because it is such nice tender meat and we are very fond of it. We like it in any way save simply boiled; in that case it is too dry to be very palatable. As a foundation for several made dishes of the liver, however, it is first plain boiled.

My first way to fix it is to fry slices, which are cut very thin and fried quickly in plenty of grease, of which a brown gravy is then made.

A variation of the plain fried liver, and a good way to use up the tags that are left on the end parts, is to run all such pieces through a meat chopper, mix in salt to suit the taste, and pepper if desired, also a teaspoonful of flour to about half a cupful of the minced meat. Then form into little pats, roll in flour, and fry. A variation of this is to mix with half as much bread crumbs as you have meat, bind together with a beaten egg, or with a little flour and water stirred into a paste. Roll into balls, and fry brown in deep fat. I have also put a few potatoes through the chopper, using raw ones, mixed them in, and fried in the usual manner of making croquettes. Another way is to take the boiled meat, mince, and treat as for ordinary croquettes.

Boiled liver coarsely chopped up and covered with a milk gravy makes a dish that goes nicely with bread or boiled potatoes. A nice sandwich is prepared by adding to finely minced boiled liver some sort of salad dressing and spices to suit the taste—in somewhat the manner of deviled meats. Another nice filling is with the finely minced meat and half as much each of minced boiled egg and minced pickle. Put the pickle through the chopper first, and follow at once with the meat and egg, as it will not do to leave the vinegar on the metal. Minced boiled liver may be turned into a frying pan, lightly buttered, and when piping hot through it will be brown crusted on the bottom, "à la omelet." This is nice with mashed potato.

Baked liver is a novelty with some, but it is far superior to the boiled article, as it keeps juicy if rightly handled. If you have no roaster, be sure to keep the pan in which it is roasting well covered. A few long-sliced raw potatoes may be placed around the liver in the baking pan, and by the time the potatoes are thoroughly done the meat will be likely to be ready for the table, also.

As a hash, with cold chopped potatoes, this meat may be used successfully. A little left, finely minced, may be used with codfish for balls. In fact, there is no use ever to throw away a scrap of it. Calf liver is nice, but seems flatter in taste than that of the more mature animal. Hog liver is relished by some, also, but I do not consider any other variety equal to the beef.

I have left for the last a most novel way of serving this part of the animal, and one that is solely my own invention. I call it "liver hearts." To make them, cut from the thickest part of the liver crosswise slices, which will be a sort of long oval. Skewer these into cornucopia shape, fill with any desired dressing, then turn over the flap and skewer it down in place. Roast these (it will not take over fifteen minutes in a hot oven), take out the skewers, and serve on a hot platter. They will keep their shape beautifully, and are really a handsome dish for the table. If rightly done they will be crisp on the outside, with a delicious brown taste, and the inner part of the meat and dressing will be steamingly tender. A gravy may be made of the liquor left in the pan. A white gravy is best with these.

May Myrtle French.

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Crocheted Beadings

NO. 1

Make a chain for the desired length.

First row—Make 1 tr in fifth st from hook, *ch 2, miss 2, 1 tr in next; repeat from * to end of row.

Second row — Ch 5, *throw thread over hook twice, hook in next tr, draw thread through 2 st on hook, throw over, insert hook in next tr, throw over and work off loops by twos, ch 2, 1 tr over 2 tr just made in the place where they come together, ch 2; repeat from *.

Third row—Ch 5, 1 tr on second tr of previous row, then repeat from * in first row.

Fourth row—Same as second row.

Fifth row—Same as third row.

NO. 2

Make a chain of eighteen stitches.

First row—Make 1 tr in fourth st from hook, 1 tr in next st, ch 2, miss 2, 7 tr in next 7 st, ch 2, miss 2, 2 tr in next 2 st, turn.

Second row—Ch 3 for a tr, 4 tr in 4 st, ch 8, miss 8, 5 tr in 5 st, turn.

Third row—Ch 3, 1 tr on second tr, ch 2, miss 2, 7 tr in 7 st, ch 2, miss 2, 2 tr in 2 st.

Repeat from second row to desired length.

NO. 3

Chain eighteen stitches.

First row—Make 1 tr in fourth st from hook, 6 tr in next 6 st, ch 2, miss 2, 7 tr in 7 st.

Second row—Ch 3 for a tr, 3 tr in 3 st, *ch 2, miss 2, 1 tr in next; repeat from * twice, 3 tr in last 3 st.

Third row—Ch 3, 6 tr in 6 st, ch 2, miss 2, 7 tr in 7 st.

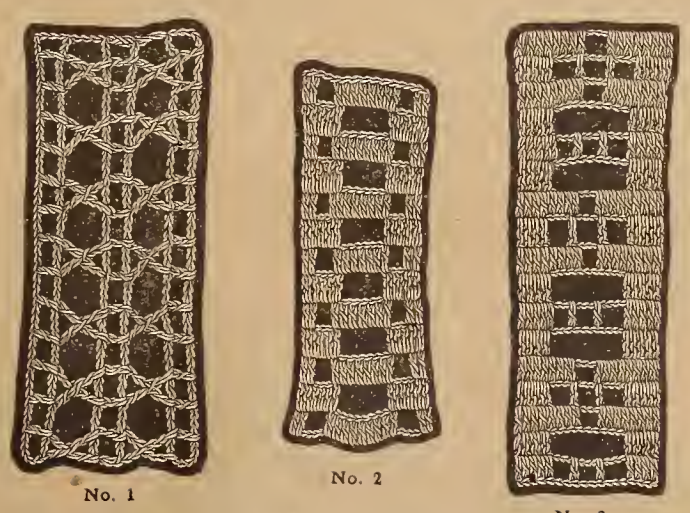
Fourth row—Ch 3, 3 tr in 3 st, ch 8, miss 8, 4 tr in 4 tr.

Fifth row—Same as second row.

Sixth row—Same as fourth row.

Seventh row—Ch 3, 6 tr in 6 st, ch 2, miss 2, 7 tr in 7 st.

Repeat from second row to the length desired. Mrs. J. R. Mackintosh.



No. 1 No. 2 No. 3

CROCHETED BEADINGS

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Infants' Sandals

These simple, light and comfortable coverings for the tender little feet of the infant are always acceptable as a gift. They are made of white fleece-lined piqué, each part being bound with bias India linen stitched neatly on the machine, then overcast together. The instep is ornamented with a small bow resembling a butterfly, which is made by binding two pieces of Hamburg together to look like wings and placing a small pearl button in the center. The sandal is held on the foot by means of a button and buttonhole in the ankle straps. H. E.

INFANTS' SANDALS

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A Plea for the Country Kitchen

I do not speak too strongly when I say there is a feeling of profound dissatisfaction growing up with the modern country house, and, above all, with the foreigner in the kitchen. What really can be done about it? Can we go back to the old-time kitchen of our grandmothers? Nature never moves backward. How shall we, then, move forward to something better? Let the family room remain for music, games and reading.

Yet the kitchen need not be the alien affair that it is at present. Mothers must first of all learn to honor housekeeping and cooking. By cooking I do not mean mere frying and boiling, but all that marvelous work that makes a true kitchen a laboratory and the housewife a chemist. By housekeeping I mean the noble art of making a soul home—yes, and a body home, too—out of rectangular rooms.

We must first make the woman. Some women can make a home out of a hut. This is the most magnificent power of right womanhood. For such a woman work is not an end, but a means. It is not in itself so wearing, while it loses its associated unpleasantness. The real housekeeper is achieving ideals. The modern kitchen will become a right sort of kitchen when the mother once more begins to spend there the best part of her imaginative and creative force.

In the kitchen there is also room for the inventive skill of the husband. While the wife and mother exalts cooking into creating, the husband should see to it that this room, above all others, is the most expressive of convenience. There should be seats, which constitute lockers. Broad window seats should serve for a few choice plants—generally those of a home-grown sort. A kneading table should swing on hinges, that will let it hang on the wall when out of use. A lamp shelf should be used for nothing else, for the smell of kerosene should be carefully debarred from those products that enter into food. A closet should never be lacking, where brooms, mops and ironing board may be stored. The dining room should be adjacent, and between the two there should be an open way, with shelves for passing through food. The closet that contains dishes for use in the kitchen should open down to the middle of the wall, while from there to the floor it should open from the dining room, to contain those dishes and utensils which the housekeeper more treasures.

I would in all cases, however, restore the old fireplace, and where this cannot be duplicated elsewhere about the house I would insist upon a free gathering of the family in the kitchen during the long evenings of winter. Let the young people have simplicity with refinement. Let them parch corn over the coals, as of old—it is just as good as it used to be, if not so aristocratic. Crack nuts and jokes, laugh and drive away care. Modern life needs something of this sort—a fusion of the family in modest fun. —E. P. Powell, in The Country Calendar.

◈

Tested Recipes

Snow Pudding.—One pint of boiling water, three good-sized tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, moisten the cornstarch with a little cold water, then stir it into the boiling water; while still boiling add one tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt and the beaten whites of the three eggs; let boil a few minutes, then pour into a mold to cool. For sauce, make a common custard of the yolks of the three eggs and a scant pint of milk, and sweeten and flavor to taste.

Tomato Syrup.—Cook ripe tomatoes until done, then strain off all the juice; to every gallon of juice add four cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of syrup; let boil fifty minutes, or longer until thick enough.

Mrs. J. R. Mackintosh.

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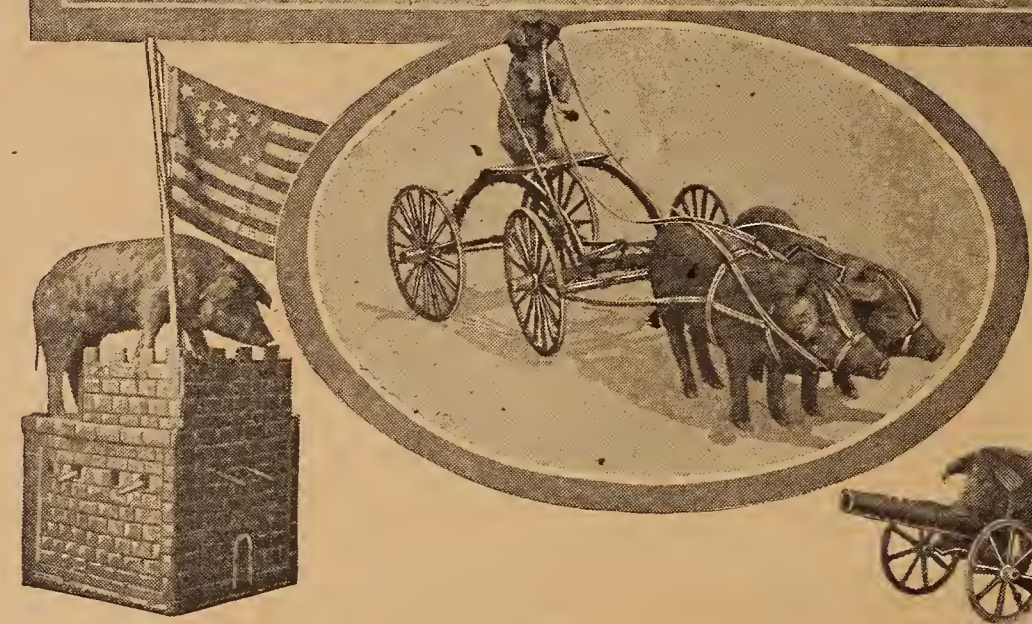
The Greatest in the World

Farm and Fireside is now, thanks to its good friends, the greatest twice-a-month farm and family journal in the world, but it deserves a full million subscribers. If every reader will send in just one new subscription, the million mark will be quickly reached. Please be so kind as to let us hear from you with a new subscription—that of your neighbor—to this great farm and family journal.

The Young People's Department

Art of Training Domestic Animals—How an Indiana Man Succeeded

By C. M. GINTHER



EDWARD S. HOLDER, a horseman of Cambridge City, Ind., has succeeded in training a group of ten hogs to perform a number of tricks and execute a simple drill. The "educated hog" has been known to fame for many years, but no man before Mr. Holder has ever succeeded in training a group of hogs to work in harmony. These are not the sleek and petted kind seen at agricultural fairs, and their pedigrees cannot be furnished. They are the razorback variety, and were grown to maturity before they were purchased by Mr. Holder. They were taken from widely separated parts of the country. Two were found running wild in the swamps of Mississippi, two were purchased of a drover who had loaded a herd on a steamboat bound for Louisville, Ky., five were surrounded and captured in a Southern town after they had acted as scavengers for the town, as is the custom in many of the smaller places throughout the South, and the last one of the ten was a precocious pig owned by a boy who had taught the animal to do a number of tricks. They were the kind that are brought up with a dog on each ear, hated, abused and starved by their owners, and returning the sentiment in full measure. No more repulsive-looking brutes can be found in any jungle, and no more vicious or really dangerous animal can be found running at large in settled communities, than these razorback hogs.

When this collection of promising animals was let loose in a lot together a battle royal ensued, and the victor has ever since been the leader; then their education commenced, and they entered upon a new life. The abuse they had known was a thing of the past, and, certainly to their amazement, they found a man who never cast a stone at them, and whose voice was always kind and reassuring. Their response was so complete and confiding that the progress they made more than satisfied their eccentric owner. By degrees, and slowly, very slowly, these reputedly brainless animals advanced along the course of training laid out for them. At first they were taken one at a time, and petted and coaxed for days, until each learned to come when its name was spoken. To the average man this alone would be an insurmountable task, but for Mr. Holder's purpose this was merely a necessary preliminary step. That Mr. Holder is no ordinary man is proved by what he has accomplished.

It would be impossible to describe the means employed in training these animals. The methods are not in any sense a system, for the course must vary with each individual, according to the characteristics and natural temperament of the animal. One of the remarkable statements made by Mr. Holder is that any group of animals possesses as great a variety of temperament as an equal number of persons, and when the trainer undertakes to teach the different members of the group he must first ascertain the mental peculiarities possessed by the animal. In no two cases are they exactly alike. Herein Mr. Holder claims is to be found his success as a trainer of domestic animals. It is repeated and persistent effort that brings success, and a never-ending application of the commands usually uttered when a particular act is to be accomplished. It is the theory of Mr. Holder that the animal merely learns to associate the sound of the words with the physical movements it has learned when they are uttered, and has no comprehension of the intent of the performance. He qualifies this slightly in the case of the group performing together. He says he has often observed a keenness to do certain parts of the drill. The hog that pulls the string which fires the cannon in the battle scene approaches this task with every show of pleasure, and the one that handles the ropes which raise and lower the respective flags after the surrender has never been known to make a mistake as to time or detail.

It is a scene in which amusement is lost in wonder when these ten ugly hogs divide into two parties, the one going behind intrenchments over which waves a Spanish flag, the other five retiring to approach cautiously. Guns are fired by both sides, a rush is made, and the defenses are taken. Some of the hogs are seen lying on the ground as if wounded or dead; the Spanish flag is carefully lowered, and the Stars and Stripes is raised triumphantly. This is but one of many performances executed by the entire group. The individual acts are so numerous that they cannot all be enumerated. One may be mentioned, for the reason that Mr. Holder spent not less than six months in teaching the animal to do it. That is the kneeling act, when the animal is told to say prayers. The hog was chosen for this act because it appeared to possess more than the usual amount of "sense." Week in and week out the weary lesson was repeated, with a patience that fairly passes understanding, and finally it was learned. The rocking-chair act and seeking the handkerchief were comparatively simple stunts compared with the kneeling trick, and Mr. Holder can offer no explanation as to why it should be so.

Besides the ten hogs Mr. Holder has trained, he has also a group of eight steers, four of them milk white and four coal black. These were not selected from the lowest bovine ranks, but are well bred and well brought up. They are handsome cattle, fat, sleek and amiable. They drill singly, by twos, fours and in company. They divide, countermarch, retreat, advance, double-quick, charge, feign death, kneel, form pyramids and do a sham battle. They do not appear unwieldy nor ungraceful, notwithstanding they are weighty. These steers are excellent workers in harness. They can be driven singly, in pairs, fours and eights. One is a fast trotter, and can actually draw a buggy a mile in less than three minutes.

Horses, ponies, dogs, cats, and even birds, acknowledge Mr. Holder's power over them. It is his fad. Other men indulge their propensities in various directions, but this man likes to train animals; he has a passion for it, and every moment he has to spare is devoted to this pleasure. Mr. Holder describes the hog as an animal with a very strong memory, and in proof of this declares that all of his other animals forget their lessons if not kept in close training day by day, but the hogs never forget.

"LIZ"—A GOOSE THAT UNDERSTANDS

A Goose that Understands

Most farmers make use of geese for their feathers and grease, but here is a bird whose owner uses her to entertain company. "Liz" is the name of this friendly creature, and she is owned by Mrs. E. E. Summers, who farms and takes summer boarders up at Long Lake, on the Madison line of the St. Paul road. By this time she numbers more Chicago people among her friends than most specimens of her kind.

"Liz" has a queer disposition to "talk," and it was this quality that saved her neck, for she was originally imported for the purpose of supplying a feast for a number of Chicago hunters. When the coop in which "Liz" and the other birds were imprisoned arrived at Widow Summers', "Liz" stuck her head between the slats, and rattled off such a queer lot of goose gibberish that her owner was moved to preserve her. All the others were eaten by the hungry Chicago crowd that sat at the table.

People who know "Liz" say they believe she knows what is said to her. Anyway, she comes at their call, talking all the time, as though she was pleased to obey orders. When the fishermen begin to arrive at the place "Liz" is in her element. She follows the Izaak Waltons about the place, and stays with them when they stretch out on the grass for a snooze or take a turn in the swing. She will do more. She follows them out on the lake, and when a big bass or pickerel is safely landed "Liz" sets up such a strange fuss that the fishers declare that they know that she feels the lucky sensation in angling.

"Liz" is now about six years old, and she seems to get wiser every year. She will have nothing to do with the women boarders; indeed, she is known to have taken a sudden tweak at their tapered fingers if they are allowed to get within her reach. Widow Summers could not be induced to part with her at any price.

J. L. GRAFF.

Jewish Schoolboy in Russia

You boys who grumble about school should read the following facts concerning the Jewish schoolboy's thorny path to knowledge in Russia:

Seventy years ago wealthy families in Russia engaged private tutors for their girls, and only the boys were sent to school. One school was attended by about twelve boys, ranging from five or six years to sixteen. They gather at the teacher's residence, where a room was fitted for the purpose with two typical wooden benches. The boys would leave home at eight o'clock in the morning, carrying a Hebrew Bible or a Talmud.

Once there, they went through a most exact drill, consisting mainly of memorizing and translating the text into Mamalushen, or the mother tongue of the district. A little time would be allowed for recess, varying in length and frequency according to the teacher's temperament.

Those who could afford it took advantage of the extra time to go to the writing master's house, where they would practice Hebrew script on paper with quill pens. No doubt they inked their fingers and spoiled their "nibs," just as American boys did long ago. Those whose parents possessed fewer roubles spent their recess playing marbles with nuts or beans, while others would form balls of mill-ends of wool. The more studious would teach one another mathematics from a much-prized book, and would solve their problems on the stone walls of the house, using white chalk, which came in round balls and was broken in pieces, the resulting sharp edges serving to write with. They must all have looked very picturesque in their caps, blouses and knee trousers and winter boots of leather.

The younger boys returned home about six o'clock in the evening, the others remaining until ten. Those who remained late returned home for two meals during the day, and generally lunched before going to bed. The Russian winters were so cold and the streets so muddy that the schoolmaster employed a man to carry the boys home on his back one by one. Of course, it was very dark at night if the moon did not shine, and the man generally carried a square candle lantern, not "to find an honest man," but to return an honest boy.

The Shopping Puzzle

Six Articles to be Found in a Dry-Goods Store are Represented by the Pictures Below

Answers to Puzzle in the August 1st Issue—Polo, Curling, Croquet, Cricket, Tennis, Baseball

Salaries of the Great Potentates

The manner of paying the salaries of the great rulers of the world is interesting. Some evidently have no little trouble in the collection.

President Roosevelt receives a semimonthly check from the treasury department for one twenty-fourth of fifty thousand dollars, and certain expenses are allowed in addition.

King Edward has but four pay days a year, receiving a check from the paymaster general, who obtains a voucher from the keeper of the privy purse.

Emperor William is paid by a check bearing no less than seven signatures in addition to his own indorsement, this formality being gone through with twice yearly.

The Emperor of Austria is another monarch whose pay days are semiannual affairs, but before he can obtain the money he must present himself in person at the state treasury. Here three important officials receive him, one of them reading him a lecture upon the importance of performing his duties properly. He is then asked if the sum is sufficient for his wants, and on replying in the affirmative, he is permitted to sign a receipt, and the money is turned over to his private account. What would happen if he declared the sum to be insufficient is not known; possibly it would mean a second lecture upon the sin of extravagance.

It is not deemed proper that the King of Portugal should concern himself with mere money matters. Instead, he is compelled to pay three pursekeepers fifteen hundred dollars a year each for drawing the money for him. Established custom prevents the abolition of these officers; though the present king is said to object seriously to this expense.

But two monarchs have unlimited credit. The Czar of All the Russias is absolute in his domain, and this autocracy extends to the imperial treasury, though under the constitution he is entitled to only one seventh of the revenues. In point of fact, he seldom draws to the full amount.

The Sultan of Turkey simply tells his grand vizier to procure a certain sum. Should it not be forthcoming, there is a vacancy in the sultan's household and a death in the vizier's family.

Watterson's Tribute to John Paul Jones

Col. Henry Watterson, at a farewell banquet given Gen. Horace Porter, the retiring ambassador to France, paid a splendid tribute to the Father of the American Navy, John Paul Jones. Colonel Watterson said, in part:

"It was the hands of Paul Jones which first loosened from a pennant the flag we adore, and which carried this flag, a 'meteor of the ocean air,' defiant and triumphant into English waters, into the Irish Sea and the North Sea—yea, into St. George's channel—not merely bearding the lion in his den, but coming away stuffed with indisputable trophies, with actual and visible fragments of his mane and tail. I do not wonder that they called him a pirate; but if Paul Jones was a pirate, George Washington was a highwayman and Ben Franklin a lobster.

"'If Paul Jones were alive,' said Napoleon to Berthier when Nelson was making havoc with French shipping, 'if Paul Jones were alive France would have an admiral.' In truth, if Paul Jones had lived France might have been spared Trafalgar and England looked in vain for Nelson.

"It is Horace Porter who snatches from fiction and gives back to history one among the rarest, but most neglected, of her progeny.

"It matters little where John Paul Jones shall repose, but wherever it be, whether upon the heights of Arlington, or down by the margin of the majestic Chesapeake, making holy ground, marking the site of an endless pilgrimage for those that worship pure manhood and love true men, establishing yet another shrine of American valor and glory; for this our first of fighting sailors, and our greatest, this John Paul Jones, late of Kirkbean, in Scotland, later of Fredericksburg, in Virginia, latest of all, and now and forever, of America and the Ages, was the blooded progenitor of Decatur and Farragut and Dewey, the father and founder of our incomparable navy!"

Tongue a Substitute for Hands

A very remarkable case in which the tongue was substituted for the hands, and this in a satisfactory manner, is reported by Doctor Rubenstein in the "Deutsche Medizinischen Wochenschrift." The patient was a young girl born in 1880, but who died about a year ago. It seems that in the seventh year of her life the girl was attacked with an inflammation of the brain, which left all the members of the body completely paralyzed. She succeeded, however, in gradually making her one movable member, the tongue, do service for the other useless members.

The marvelous dexterity which the girl attained is evident from the following report: The girl was able by means of her tongue to eat without difficulty, to write, and to perform many feats of manual labor. She took a piece of thread in her mouth, and made a knot in it with her tongue; she wound yarn from a skein onto a ball, cut cloth for doll dresses with a pair of shears, and threaded her own needle. The last feat was accomplished by sticking the needle in the cloth with the lips, and then with lips and tongue placing the thread accurately in the needle's eye. In sewing, she used her arms to hold down her work, and the needle was managed with tongue and lips. The work performed by the girl was extremely neat, while her speed was remarkable. This is indicated by the fact that the girl completed in three weeks a runner sixty inches long covered with variegated silk designs. During the girl's life the tongue changed its form very materially, and became very long and sharp.

The Drinking World

In the consumption of coffee the United States leads the world. Great Britain and her colonies drink the most tea. Germany leads in the consumption of beer, Russia in the consumption of whisky and other distilled spirits, and France in the consumption of wines. The United States consumed in 1904 some nine hundred and sixty-one million pounds of coffee, as against three hundred and ninety-seven million for Germany, one hundred and sixty-eight million for France, one hundred and eight million for Austria, and so on down to twenty-nine million five hundred thousand pounds for the United Kingdom, which stands seventh.

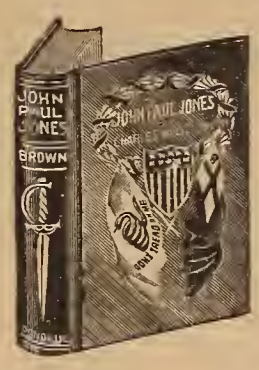
John Paul Jones

HE OF NAVAL FAME

A Character *of the* Revolution
Founder *of the* U. S. Navy

Nearly 300 Pages

5⅝ by 7⅞ inches



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The Greatest Admiral *of* Them All

(His remains have just been removed from France to the United States. You have, no doubt, read all about it in the newspapers.)

His Life and Heroic Deeds Graphically Told

The most popular and widely selling book of the hour

His wonderful deeds of valor and heroism read like fiction

AMERICAN history gleams with the brilliant achievements of her adopted sons. No historian ever wearies in telling of the glorious deeds and self-sacrifices of Lafayette, De Kalb, Pulaski, Kosciusko, De Grasse, Rochambeau, Steuben, St. Clair and D'Estaing, whose deeds of heroism, great privations and unceasing devotion to the cause of liberty will never be forgotten by their countrymen on this side of the Atlantic.

¶ Of all the revolutionary patriots, however, who crossed the ocean to offer their fortunes, and their lives if necessary, that the spirit of freedom might not perish from the face of the earth, there is no name deserving of higher veneration than that of John Paul Jones; and while his name and office are familiar to millions of the youth of our land, yet it is a lamentable fact that many of them know scarcely anything of the early history, the trials and disappointments he experienced in the organization of the American navy, or the last years of the life of this remarkable man.

¶ The everlasting gratitude of admiring millions of American freemen should be, and is, a sufficient recognition even for the greatest sacrifice. Nathan Hale regretted that he had but one life to give to his country, and he gave even that without hope or expectation of reward, or that his name would live in the hearts of his compatriots even until the close of the struggle that meant liberty or greater enslavement to those who survived.

¶ So it was with Paul Jones; this same feeling manifested itself in his every thought, word and action. It was his constant desire "to go in harm's way," and the heartburnings of this brave man can readily be imagined when we read of the trials and disappointments he endured until the end of the war, when his services were no longer required, and he returned over the seas to fight oppression under other flags than ours.

¶ Though dissensions arose continually and caused him much apprehension as to the appreciation in which his services were held, yet he had the fortitude and great good sense to submit to the commands of his superiors and ask the Congress to sit in judgment concerning his conduct, while never for a moment permitting the service or the cause for which he was fighting to suffer by any word or act or neglect of his. Even if Captain Jones had not been the leading spirit in the formation of our navy, even if he had not worked miracles in naval warfare, the Congress was not jealous of his successes, but rather proud of his achievements, and showed its appreciation by never restricting his operations, nor criticising his plans, either before or after an engagement. Congress realized that if ever the yoke of British tyranny was to be thrown off and the colonies let loose from the fetters that bound them to the despotism of George the Third, that time had come, and neither Washington nor the Marine Committee nor the Congress would permit petty jealousies to affect the greatest good possible in the navy or in the army of the republic.

¶ Captain Jones' active participation in the revolt of the American colonies, when even the slightest manifestation of sympathy was appreciated by Washington and the Congress, justifies the many memorials that have appeared, and though the story of his adventures has many times been told, each attempt only adds renewed interest and brings to light new facts in the life of this romantic character in his unselfish devotion to the "cause of freedom and the rights of man."

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FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

BOUDOIR SACQUE

How to Dress

Convalescent Gown

THIS gown is cut in one, with the full skirt and waist attached to the belt. The waist is cut V shape at the neck, and shirred back and front to form a yoke. It has a slight blouse and elbow sleeves. The skirt fastens in front. The pattern for the Convalescent Gown, No. 578, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inches bust, sixteen yards of twenty-two-inch material, or fourteen yards of thirty-inch material.

◈

Maternity Jacket and Maternity Skirt

A maternity gown which combines an air of style with real usefulness is something hard to find. The foundation of the jacket is a fitted lining, provided with an extra-wide hem, which may be let out when extra width is required. The darts in the lining are not cut, and they also may be let out to increase the waist size. The jacket is tucked at the upper edge back and front, and attached to a shallow yoke. Tucks are also introduced at the back and sides, to give a shaped girdle effect, but the fronts hang loosely from the yoke. The fronts are provided with an extra-wide tucked hem, that may be let out. The pattern provides a bell undersleeve, to which the lace ruffles are attached. This may be omitted, and only the tucked elbow sleeve used, if preferred. The neck is cut V shape, and over the shoulders a lace fichu is draped, which is finished with lace jabots that hang down in front, successfully concealing the figure.

The skirt is shaped with three gores—a wide front gore and two side back gores. The special feature of the skirt is that the front gore is extended above the waist line, the extension graduating in depth toward the center, and providing material which may be lowered when the occasion demands. The pattern is perforated for the lengthening at different times. The skirt is tucked around the waist, and eased onto an elastic belt, which will stretch as the waist size increases.

A variety of materials are appropriate for this costume. Soft fabrics like veiling and voile may be used to good effect. Chiffon taffeta will also be found satisfactory, as well as a light-weight cashmere or Henrietta cloth. The pattern for the Maternity Jacket, No. 579, is cut for 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inches bust, five and one fourth yards of twenty-two-inch material, or four and one half yards of thirty-inch material, with thirteen yards of lace. The pattern for the Maternity Skirt, No. 580, is cut for 26, 28, 30 and 32 waist measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 26 inches waist, ten yards of twenty-two-inch material, or eight yards of thirty-inch material.

PETTICOAT WITH SKELETON WAIST

COMBINATION DRAWERS AND WAIST

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Boudoir Sacque

This boudoir sacque is sure to find favor with the woman who is in need of a jacket of this sort. The full front and back portions are gathered and arranged on the yoke. The neck is cut low, and is made with a shirred yoke. A pattern, however, is also given for a plain yoke, if the shirring is not becoming. The cap for the full, floating elbow sleeve also comes plain and shirred. The sacque closes in the front with little bows. In embroidered cotton crêpe, with lace insertion used for the bands, this boudoir sacque would be extremely dainty in whatever color is most becoming to the wearer. The bows should be of black velvet. A fine challie or French flannel might also be used for this sacque, or India silk if one prefers something thinner. The pattern for the Boudoir Sacque, No. 582, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inches bust, three and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three yards of thirty-inch material, with one and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material for shirred yoke and sleeve caps.

◈

Tucked Bed Jacket

Here is a dainty jacket which an invalid may put to many uses. If she is expecting her physician, it may be slipped on over her nightgown. It also makes a very convenient breakfast jacket when one must have the morning meal served in bed. The jacket is cut with a Dutch neck, and is tucked back and front to yoke depth. The full front and the back are gathered and arranged on narrow bands. The jacket fastens at the left side of the front. The pattern for the Tucked Bed Jacket, No. 581, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.

◈

Combination Drawers and Waist

The front of the drawers and the waist are made in one piece. The waist buttons in the back and extends only to the belt. The full drawers have the back gathered and are attached to a separate band. They fasten at the side. A belt provided with buttons is stitched on in front. To this belt the petticoats are attached. The pattern for the Combination Drawers and Waist, No. 593, is cut for 2, 4 and 6 years. Material required for 4-year size, one yard thirty-six inches wide, with three yards of embroidery for trimming.

CONVALESCENT GOWN

Room Gown

The pattern for the Room Gown, No. 583, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures. Material required for medium size, 36 inches bust, twelve and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or ten and one half yards of thirty-inch material, with two yards of twenty-two-inch material for trimming bands.

◈

Petticoat with Skeleton Waist

The pattern for the Petticoat with Skeleton Waist, No. 594, is cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Material required for 6-year size, one and one fourth yards thirty-six inches wide, with three yards of lace or embroidery.

◈

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

Our new summer catalogue of fashionable patterns is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon request.

MATERNITY JACKET AND MATERNITY SKIRT

TUCKED BED JACKET

ROOM GOWN

The Working Girl

"God bless the girl who works!" says the Phillipsburg "Dispatch." "She is brave and true and noble. She is not too proud to earn her own living or ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She smiles at you from behind the counter or desk or printers' case. There is a memory of her sewn on each silent gown. She is like a brave mountaineer already far up the precipice—climbing, struggling, rejoicing. The sight of her should be an inspiration to us all. It is an honor to know this girl and be worthy of her esteem. Lift your hat to her, young man, as she passes by. Her hands may be stained by dishwashing, sweeping, factory grease or printers' ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It stays misfortunes from homes; it supports an invalid loved one, maybe; it is the loving, potent shield that protects many a family from the almshouse. This writer knows several such noble working girls. All honor to the brave toilers! God bless and protect the girl who works!"

◈

Bible Reading

We who dwell in this enlightened land too often neglect our Bibles. Away over the sea there is a Chinese Christian, converted since he grew to manhood, who has already read the whole Bible through twice, and the New Testament three times. On the ridgepole of his house this man has put the inscription, "Christ is here." Well would it be for us if the words "Christ is here" were so written in our hearts that they might be fittingly put over the door of our homes. There are many church members here in America who have not done what this Chinese convert has in his daily study of the Word of Life.

A few verses hurriedly read at night, part of a chapter skimmed over in the morning, are not enough for the sustenance of robust Christian men and women. At least we should read our Bibles as earnestly and as diligently as we read the daily papers. The profit of reading the Bible through in course is very great. It gives us the freedom of a great library, the stamp of Christian intelligence. —Christian Herald.

◈

The rich tint of the autumn leaf is but emblematic of the end of a life that has weathered many stormy gales and been bathed in the sunlight of God's smile.

◈

Marriage Service as Guide

The principal duty of a husband is to read over the marriage service attentively and frequently, and see if he is living up to the vows and promises he made "when love was young." He chose his wife "because she was just a little different," and if she remains just a little or just a great deal different to the end he must not complain. In other words, the individuality which attracted him is just as valuable, as interesting and sacred as his own. It was well established before he met it, and is entitled to his respectful consideration and lifelong study. It pays to study a beloved human being, and where you cannot quite understand it is wise to make generous allowance for idiosyncrasies and to judge with great tenderness.

Happy is the couple between whom the marriage service is so thoroughly lived out that it need not be read over. It is well, however, that our reverence for its impressive thoughts should be revived, and that all young people who are looking forward to marriage should test their principles by making a personal application of its obligations before assuming them.

The happiness of married life depends peculiarly upon adaptability and sympathy. Adaptability may be acquired, but sympathy, which is another name for intelligent appreciation, must be inherent.—I. De La Di Lozier, M.D.

◈

A good thought is like the pistil of a flower, for out of it proceeds all that is beautiful and fragrant.

◈

A Perennial Question

"What are you going to do with John this fall?" each year becomes an important question for many mothers and fathers to decide. The "Modern Woman" says on the subject:

Are you going to send him to college or are you going to make a clerk of him?

If he has the making of a good student in him, and you send him into a business office (always supposing you can afford to send him to college), it seems to an old man like me that you are making a mistake.

If he has the making of a good business man, and hates books, and you let him miss these early years of clerkship through sending him to college, it seems to the same old man that you are making a great mistake.

To be sure, he will form associations at college, whether he is a "student" or not, that will be of great benefit to him hereafter; but, on the other hand, he will run the risk of forming associations at college that will not benefit either him or you in the years to come.

So, too, in business he may form associations that will not benefit him, while if he starts in with a good house he may form alliances that will insure him close and true friends to the end of the chapter.

The question narrows down to not "Where shall we send John?" but to "What sort of a fellow is John?"

The pigeonholes are ready waiting. Be sure to put John into the one that was made for just such as he.

◈

In our haste to see the consummation of our own hopes and desires we lose sight of the fact that God's plans and purposes will be accomplished in his own time and way.

◈

The Awakening of the Social Conscience

Conscience in many respectable people consists in denouncing the sins of other people. This may sound cynical, but it is meant to be a bald statement of facts. What respectable citizen likes to call himself a rascal? He never bribes—he is held up by labor organizations, city councils and state legislatures; he does not graft; he does not expect to apply the Sermon on the Mount to business; he contributes to no corporation fund—he only helps to save his country with his money; other men may water stock—he simply capitalizes his company on the basis of its earning capacity. There are bribers and corruptionists and stock gamblers. He laments the fact, and writes essays on the morals of the country in which such evil men live. And he is worse than the men he condemns—he is a hypocrite.

We are just now seeing the social conscience awakened to the dangers from such respectability. It is a movement which cheers the optimist and even halts the cynic. We have dared take account of stock of our national disgraces, and despite the hypocrisy, the corruption, the prostitution of government, the barefaced knavery and downright thieving we have discovered in men we did not suspect quite as truly as in men we did suspect, we are at least not paralyzed by the revelation. We have been disgraced, but we are punishing the respectable rascals. Slowly, but relentlessly, they are brought to book. Not all of them, but enough of them to prove that the average citizen, whether or not he may dress for dinner, is at bottom honest and bound to make it uncomfortable for the man who betrays his trust. He is demanding investigation, when a year ago he could only submit and suffer.—Editorial in The World To-Day.

◈

The Child's Creed

"I believe in God the Father,
Who created heaven and earth,
Made the stars to shine so brightly,
Gave each living thing its birth.
I believe in God the Father,
And in Jesus Christ his Son,
Who was crucified on Calvary
For the sins that all have done.

"I believe he died, was buried,
Rose again, no more to die;
And, ascending to his Father,
Took his seat with him on high.
I believe in God the Spirit,
Sent to us from heaven above,
And the church our blessed Savior
Hath redeemed by his great love.

"I believe in his forgiveness
And his wondrous power to save;
In a glorious resurrection
And a life beyond the grave.
I believe in God the Father,
I believe in God the Son,
And in God the Holy Spirit—
Everlasting Three in One."
—Homiletic Review.

Perfect-Fitting Patterns 10 cents

Garments to be Cut and Made at Home

Similar patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores at 20 cents each, but in order to introduce FARM AND FIRESIDE into thousands of new homes, and to make it more valuable than ever to our regular patrons, we offer our line of stylish patterns to the lady readers of our paper for the low price of only ***10 Cents Each.***

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, *with a picture of the garment to go by.* These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a *separate* pattern for *every single piece* of the dress. All orders filled promptly. For ladies' waists, give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT patterns, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

Patterns 10 cents each, or three for 25 cents.

Postage one cent EXTRA on skirt, tea-gown and other heavy patterns.

Send for our Pattern Catalogue. We design and cut our own patterns.

FREE We will give any THREE of these patterns for sending TWO yearly subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at the regular price of 25 cents each.

We will send Farm and Fireside One Year, new or renewal, and any ONE pattern for Only 30 Cents

No. 524.—Box-plaited Shirt Waist. 10 cents. Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

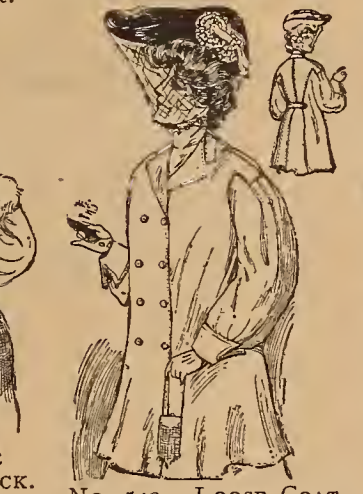
No. 525.—Box-plaited Skirt. 11 cents. Sizes, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.

No. 528.—Double-breasted Waist. 10 cts. Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

No. 529.—Tucked Circular Skirt. 11 cts. Sizes, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.

No. 2013.—Work Apron. 10c. Sizes, small, medium and large.

No. 571.—Blouse Buttoned in the Back. 10 cts. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 542.—Loose Coat. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.

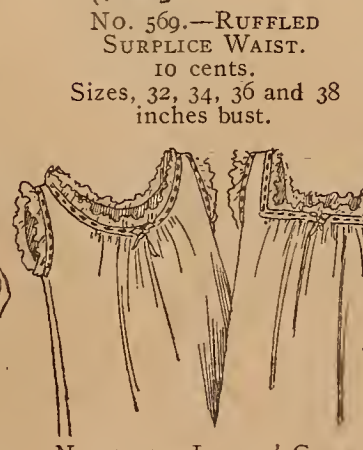
No. 2020.—Baby's Set. 15 cents. Nine pieces. One size only.

No. 570.—Waist with Plastron Plait. 10 cts. Sizes, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.

No. 569.—Ruffled Surplice Waist. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.

No. 2032.—Boys' Box-plaited Shirt Waist. 10 cents. Sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

No. 568.—Tucked Blouse with Yoke. 10c. Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 2022.—Ladies' Chemise. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

No. 572.—Blouse with Adjustable Chemisette. 10 cents. Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Ask for our New Summer Pattern Catalogue. We send it FREE.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio

Starving in the Far North Country

By Frank H. Sweet

It was a world of ice and snow, with a dead-gray sky above, and the only color a dull ball called the sun, which lingered along the southern horizon.

But Carl Brietman pushed on sturdily, an unwonted light in his blue eyes. Pack Horse was only fifty miles across the desolation, with a letter from the girl to whom he had said good-by five years before, and Christmas was six days ahead. He had been living on frozen walrus meat for eighty days because time was too valuable to waste in pampering one's appetite, but now he would get the letter and some of the things that had persisted in tantalizing his dreams—bread made from flour or meal, salt, potatoes, beans, perhaps he might even find a little coffee. This Christmas should be memorable, for if fortune remained kind he would be back in Germany before another, and there would be no more need for letters, and he could forget even the smell of walrus meat.

When he grew hungry he took some of his walrus meat from his pack, and chewed upon it without stopping; when sleepy he chewed more and rolled himself in his blanket. Once he saw a moving object miles away across the snow, and recognized it as a bear. But he knew it was too far away and too wary for hunting. The second day he reached Pack Horse.

There was neither flour nor meal in the half snowed-in store, and its proprietor had been out of coffee more than four months. Carl compromised the one on stale crackers that had been sea-soaked and dried, and the other on tea. But he found beans and raisins and dried apples, and after answering the letter he loaded himself with these and started on the long return journey.

His heart was very light as he strode on, his back to the dull red ball. Many times his steps slowed to read the letter—more perhaps than there were lines in the closely written pages; and when at length his limbs grew weary, and he rolled himself in his blanket on the snow, the letter was creased and worn thin as though with years of age. All was well over there, and they were waiting; and with him all was well, too, and he would carry back riches such as they had never dreamed. But in his sleep his mind wandered away from them to the sea-soaked crackers and beans and dried apples. Eighty days on walrus meat, with the

very smell of it nauseating every fiber of his being, made crackers and beans and dried apples things to mingle with thoughts of home and heaven.

He was a good sleeper, after the manner of men who live and work in the open air, but his environments had schooled him to almost involuntary perception of danger. Hours passed, and the blanketed form, with one arm across the pack, had not stirred from the position where sleep had found it. Then a moccasined figure came across the snow, as stealthily and lightly as the padded feet of a panther could approach, and at the blanketed form it knelt down, and slowly and cautiously began to draw the pack from beneath the extended arm. Inch by inch, and then at last one hand slipped it out, while the other lowered the arm gently and by almost imperceptible degrees to the snow. Then the figure rose with the pack, looked down and gasped. The blue eyes of the miner were open, calm, but as cold and steady as a leveled rifle barrel.

"Put the pack down, Injun," the voice ordered. Then, as the Innuit obeyed, "Now your gun and knife. That's right. You ought to be killed, but I'm not in the mood for killing just now. It's too near Christmas, and I've been reading a letter from home. Throw your ammunition down, too."

"No got ammunition," the Indian answered, drearily. "Gun empty, an' knife no good, too. No game near 'nough this winter. Starving."

"No!" The miner raised himself on his elbow, and looked more closely. It was light enough for him to see the long, haggard face, the eyes staring out from cavernous sockets. The figure even swayed a little while making an effort to stand motionless. The blue eyes studied him keenly, comprehendingly; then the blanket was thrown off, and the miner rose and began to open his pack.

"Put the knife back into your belt, Injun," he ordered. "Maybe you'll run close enough to a rabbit or ground squirrel to use it. And pick up the gun, too. I'll give you some walrus meat and a few crackers and— Have you a kettle and anything to make a fire?"

"Rub stick for fire; got kettle in camp."

"Very well. I'll let you have a few beans, then. You can put them in water and boil them. Here, eat this meat now," offering a generous piece, which the Innuit snatched with a ravenous, inarticulate cry and thrust beneath his ragged blanket. "No, eat it now. It will make you stronger to reach camp."

But the Innuit shook his head. "Me not so much hungry," he demurred. "Squaw starving, papooses starving; must take to them first."

The miner stood erect, and glanced about the horizon. "How far is your camp?" he asked.

"Four, six mile, off to one side."

"Well, I think I'd better go with you, Injun. I've made slow progress so far, and couldn't reach my claim in the time I intended. I shall have to take another day. Besides, you're not strong enough to carry provisions."

Four hours later he was standing in front of the pole-and-skin wigwam of the Innuit. His pack was inside, and his small store of walrus meat was divided into two unequal parts. He retained the smaller. "That'll keep you going a few weeks, Injun," he was saying, "until you can likely run across some game. Though," as an afterthought, "I don't suppose the knife could be got near enough for use this winter. I think I'd better give you some of my ammunition."

He reëntered the wigwam, and made two more unequal divisions, of which he retained the smaller.

"I hope that'll get you through the winter all right, Injun," he said, as he came out. Then he turned his back to where the dull red ball made cold peeps above the horizon, and strode off into the frozen north.

No Advice Needed

By Helen A. Towne

"It's almost time for the ten o'clock train. Sha'n't we work here a while before we take that log across?"

The damp woods, with gray November mists hanging above the bare tree tops, did not invite an old man to linger with Nature, nor did the suggestion improve the state of his temper. He had just been lecturing the brawny young fellow who did his farm work for a suspicious tendency to covet his lands and his daughter.

Advice was doubly impudent in the face of this reproof, and received for reply only an indignant grunt. The old man shouted to his horse, walking behind as it began to "snake" the heavy log through the slippery mud. Lloyd Bunson followed, carrying a crowbar in his hand and rebellion in his heart. Why shouldn't he want for a wife a pretty girl who had plenty of land for an inheritance? Why should the sweet smiles and half promises of love he had won be turned to bitterness?

He shut the gate after the log went through on its way up the railroad bank. It stuck a little when it reached the rails, as logs are apt to do. Lloyd heard a deep whistle, with its measured notes. "There! I thought so!" was his mental remark.

"Get up!" shouted the farmer, but his voice weakened and his arm failed as the smoke of the fast train caught his eye. Old Ned struggled slightly against the dead weight, and then settled back discouraged. "Doggone you!" broke from the old man's lips.

Then Lloyd was beside him, and while the smoking monster grew larger, the crowbar reached under the log, and at Lloyd's shout the horse jerked forward, and the shrieking train dashed by behind them.

"Whoa!" called the old man, and he sat down on the log to quiet his pounding heartbeats. "Lord! we might have thrown that train off." He laughed nervously, and looked at his hired man to see in what manner he was to hear "I told you so." Bunson had said it to himself, and politely forgot to say it aloud. His mind was still struggling with the problem of yet more passionate interest to him.

"Why shouldn't I 'make love to Lucy?'" he asked, copying the old man's scornful tone for the words he quoted. "Somebody else will if I don't." He

chose not to allude to any lack of resources on his part, and Lucy's father rose from his seat on the log, ashamed to remind him of his poverty.

"Oh, if Lucy likes it I won't hinder. Don't say anything to anybody about that log, will you?"

Lloyd readily promised, and wondered when he should get the next interview with Lucy.

At the dinner table Mrs. Granger found fault with her husband's appetite. "Why don't you eat more dinner, pa?" she asked.

"I got considerable of a shaking up this morning," he began, and in spite of his request of Lloyd he completed the story in vivid style.

"Well, it's a good thing Lloyd was there, I should say!" exclaimed Lucy. And the old man chuckled at the loving glances he saw.

Before a year was gone he said one day to a neighbor, "Just take my son-in-law's advice there, and you won't miss it. He knows more about farming than any young fellow I ever saw."

White Wine and Red

By Albert Lathrop Lawrence

[continued from August 1st]

Unable to restrain herself longer, Phillina rose in all her majesty. "I don't think you know how insulting your words are, Deacon Bodwell," she replied, with haughty dignity. "You have led every one to believe our controversy was a matter of principle, and now you tell me you will give up all if I will marry you. If I ever become a wife, my husband must be a man of principle, above all things. Good-morning." And with this she swept from the room.

"I might have known it! I did know it!" Phillina snapped, charging herself with folly as she flew down the village street. Then with a sigh she remembered the girl at home. How worse than fruitless had been her efforts!

But the Deacon, when he perceived the injustice he had done himself, wrote a note to Phillina, explaining his position. "You misunderstand me if you think I would barter a principle for your hand," the carefully written words declared. "Your arguments made me see the matter more clearly than ever before. As you say, there's white wine and there's red; and again, there's wine that ain't wine at all. I frankly admit now that you were right and I was wrong. Was, but now am right, too, since I agree with you regarding the elements of the sacrament. After this acknowledgment, may I not call and urge that regard which once you forced me to abandon, but which after all these years I find possessing my heart with a singleness that astonishes and gives me no rest?"

Phillina read the note with varied emotions. Its sentiment was couched in such delicate language as appealed to her. When she thought what the village gossips would say, however, the color surged to her face with burning effect.

The next instant she gave way to unrestrained joy, for through the well-rounded sentences she perceived a path for the young people straight to Hymen's altar.

Her reply, written after much labor at a desk rarely used, was as follows:

"Deacon Bodwell:—I am glad to know your eyes have been opened to the truth. The grounds for your objection to a union of the children are removed, I take it. If you will call and assure me of your willingness to coöperate in their happiness, I shall be glad to see you.

"Phillina Landon."

Phillina felt her note to be the epitome of cleverness. She was hardly ready yet to believe in the Deacon's sincerity, and laughed unbecomingly when she thought how he had lent himself to be entrapped.

In truth, her aged suitor did no little squirming. He had not foreseen this result, and at first it threw him into a passion. However, he was determined never again to give Phillina an opportunity to infer that he was a man of little or no principle. Reluctantly, therefore, he withdrew all opposition to the young people, and prepared to call and tell Phillina of his change of heart. He found some hope for himself in the fact that she had not forbidden his suit, as he had feared she might.

Phillina's pulse beat faster than was its wont when she ushered him into her little parlor. There was awkwardness in the moment, and in order to dispel this the Deacon at once made known his "willingness to coöperate" in seeking the children's happiness. He used Phillina's hardly chosen words, and was wise beyond repute in that he attached no conditions to his compliance.

From that moment Phillina exerted herself to entertain him. She could not forget the signal victory just won, but she refrained from openly glorying in her triumph. Before he left, however, she did conduct him to the pantry where, in long rows of full bottles, her wine was temporarily stored.

"When I'm satisfied there ain't any of it going to work," Phillina explained, her eyes dancing with mischief, "I'll carry it down cellar."

"I see; I see," said the Deacon, ill at ease.

"Now, there ain't a drop of alcohol in it till it begins to work." The corners of her mouth twitched humorously, for this was salt and vinegar to his wounded pride, as she knew.

"Certainly not. I understand that. I've admitted I was hasty in condemning your product. It was the name—'wine'—that carried me beyond reason." He even tasted some which Phillina offered. "Nothing more than the juice off a dish of sauce," he declared, with liberality.

By this time Phillina was beginning to feel shame in her advantage, and something like real friendliness being established, they moved toward the parlor. But the Deacon said he must be going.

"I'll drop in again before long, and talk with you about what settlement we'll

make on the children," he said at the door, and bade her good-evening.

Phillina marveled at the faultless behavior of her old enemy. Indeed, her respect for him grew with gourdlike rapidity from that hour. In three days all the village knew of the reconciliation, and that Dick and Ethel were soon to be married. Some said Bodwell had had an eye to Ethel's inheritance from the start—they had known all the time he would not long stand out. But Martha Mossland was nearer the truth when she said, "Let the Deacon onct git his seckent sense, an' they ain't a wiser man nowheres. It's like the seckent wind to a race horse, the Deacon's seckent sense is." On this "seckent sense" Amasa Bodwell was now drawing.

"Richard," he said to his son, "I withdraw my opposition to Ethel Lounsberry. If you want to marry her now you have my consent."

"Thank you, father," returned Dick, his heart swelling with gratitude.

"And when you are going up there some evening," the Deacon continued, artfully, "I'll go with you. There's some business matters that Philliny Landon and I want to talk over. Of course, eventually all of my property will go to you and all of Miss Landon's to Ethel, but I don't see why you two shouldn't have a goodly part before we die," he added, generously.

In a maze of happiness Dick feelingly acknowledged the old man's delicate consideration, and together they made the visit the next evening. It was not until these "business matters" had served as an excuse for at least a dozen calls that the young man began to suspect his father's motive.

"I say, Ethel," he cried, carried away with the idea, "did it ever occur to you that the old people might be in love?"

They had left the Deacon and Phillina in the parlor one day talking over the settlement, which Bodwell studiously made hard to agree upon, and wandered into the ravine near by, where neath a sturdy oak they seated themselves for a little chat.

"No-o-o-o!" returned the girl, in prolonged surprise.

"Well, I believe it. And that's why they always send us out for a stroll. That 'settlement' business is all a blind."

"Oh, I can't believe it! Auntie—why, I hardly think auntie would marry any one. You know when she was young she had a lover that was killed—"

"All I know is dad used to think she was mighty fine," returned the boy, with the assurance that this was sufficient. "And, by the great horn spoon, I wish him success! Don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Ethel, lost in doubt. "If she loved the one that was killed—" She was unwilling to think disloyalty to a first love.

"Oh, that was so long ago," rejoined Dick, with a deplorably unromantic air.

"That's the way with you men," sighed Ethel. "I don't believe you ever really love—for very long, anyway."

Dick was watching for an excuse to show his ardor, and the loves of others were quickly forgotten while he held his own tightly in his arms, protesting vehemently his undying devotion.

Meanwhile in the house the Deacon broached his suit for the first time since the reconciliation. It had been his aim to ingratiate himself with Phillina, and to this end he had exerted all his powers. That his efforts had not been in vain may be guessed from the way she met the renewed proposal of marriage.

Phillina's head dropped; for once in her life she seemed short of an answer. "Oh, Deacon Bodwell! I had hoped you would never speak of that again," she returned, with deep emotion.

"Philliny, I can't help speaking of it. It is coming more and more to be all that I live for," he interjected, with fine ardor. "You must be my wife!" With this his sure instinct failed him.

Phillina, at fifty, was not to be coerced, even in love. "Never! never! never!" she was crying in another moment, and springing to her feet, she stood over him almost in an attitude to threaten. Her defense was the more savage as she began to feel a traitor in her own heart. "If you have thought to win me by being good to the children, by all your fine talk about giving this and that to them, you have fooled yourself, that's all!" Nevertheless, the flood of words went on: "Maybe you've been coming here all this time for that. And I do believe it's why you changed about the wine, too!" she added, her anger increasing as she chose to consider herself duped. "Don't you think I ever mean anything, Deacon Bodwell?" she demanded, hotly. "Haven't I said again and again I would never, never marry you?"

"But, Philliny—"

"I'll hear no buts!" she declared, with fierce unreason. And unable to control her emotions further, she flung herself out of the room, ran up the stairs to her chamber, threw herself on her bed, and burst into a passion of tears that would have shamed a girl of eighteen.

The Deacon, crestfallen and embarrassed, moved aimlessly about the parlor for a time, then he became angry, feeling himself abused. Presently he seized his hat, pulled it down to his ears, and dashed out of the house. "I can stop the marriage yet," he muttered to himself, as he stumbled along. "I'm human; yes, I'm human. But she acts as if I was a clod. She knew what I was coming for. She should have played her part—ha! ha!—till they were married!"

"That's the way with you men," sighed Ethel. "I don't believe you ever really love—for very long, anyway"

He laughed as a fiend might. "It ain't too late! I'll show her! I can stop it! I can stop it yet!"

When Ethel left Dick, after clinging a last rapturous moment about his neck, she hurried into the house. Her surprise grew as she walked from room to room. "Auntie!" she called.

"Here, child," came a tender response from the parlor sofa. The voice was mellow beyond its wont.

Ethel was too absorbed in her own joy to detect any passion in the other. She had no reason to think Phillina might wish to hide her countenance. Phillina's manner was inviting, and the girl stole affectionately to her side.

"Has Dick gone?" Phillina inquired, perfunctorily; and so divided was her interest she made no note of the answer. Their arms entwined about each other, and Ethel's flaxen head snuggled on Phillina's shoulder.

Neither was in a mood for words, so they sat long in silence. Phillina was feeling her heart's problem to the exclusion of all else. She seemed to have awakened in the presence of a miracle. She was loath to believe the romantic regard of years for a dead lover had shifted to form this halo about the second Amasa. Surely there had been a resurrection. During the recent conferences she had used the Deacon's Christian name with unconscious frequency, and it was little wonder, therefore, if his identity had become somewhat hazy. "Amasa" no longer meant an unmarked grave on a Southern battlefield, but a flesh-and-blood man who could woo with ardor, and fly in a passion if things did not go to suit him. He must have been awfully angry when he left, she thought.

Ethel felt the shoulder on which she leaned rise and fall with a sigh. "What's the matter, auntie?" she asked.

"Nothing," came the answer, but the shoulder remained quiet thereafter.

Ethel thought then of what Dick had said. At fifty it was quite impossible to love as one did at twenty, but still there might be sighs in either case. There was white wine and red, as Phillina would say.

"It seems so good, now there's no dispute any longer," the girl said, thinking aloud, as it were. "The Deacon's awfully nice, don't you think, auntie, to be convinced about the wine? I wish, though, I didn't have to leave you alone—when—when Dick and I are married. I wish—I wish— Dick says his father's very fond of you, auntie." The telltale words were out at last.

"Dick is a very silly boy," retorted Phillina; but there was no start now, and her manner lacked the displeasure Ethel had feared. Indeed, so encouraged was the girl that she dared the wildest assumption.

"But if Dick is right—I've been thinking— That is, after we are married—Dick and I, and—and—" Her hesitancy was so artful it filled in two names as well as if spoken. "I could call you 'mother' then, and that would be so much nicer than 'auntie!' Oh, if it could be!" with an ecstatic sigh. And then, Phillina not opposing her, Ethel drew the gray head down and kissed its serene face rapturously.

"I think we are all getting very silly!" declared Phillina, but Ethel had the impression of being embraced in return.

Indeed, Phillina was even then wondering when the Deacon would repeat his proposal again, and whether there was not some way of accepting him without the ordeal of the moment. She awoke in the night to think of it and repent her passionate outbreak.

Next morning she found the Deacon's bank book on her parlor table and his gold-headed cane in the corner, and reflected that he would soon call, when she could make such apologies as would set all right. But the day passed, and the evening, and the Deacon did not come.

Ethel, too, grew uneasy, for neither had her lover called—a thing that had not previously happened since the reconciliation. She knew nothing of the latest quarrel, and continually gave expression to surmises or asked the same of Phillina. And Phillina's mind, once at work, could imagine anything, and more and more dire became the consequences of her last burst of passion. Two more uneventful days and nights having passed, she fancied herself called into court, charged with stealing both the bank book and the cane. The Deacon's anger seemed justifiable now, and she did not blame him for trumping up the charge. Indeed, as she had secreted his property—lest its presence in the house tell some shameful story to Ethel—a horrible basis of reality was lent to her imaginings. When, therefore, another day drew toward its close without one word from the other house Phillina felt impelled to desperate means.

She resolved to carry the cane and bank book to the Deacon's home. The dictates of her heart had been accepted once for all, and at times she was shamefully bold. However, she refused to recognize an ulterior purpose in her visit. She would be very simple and direct. She would say to the Deacon, "Here is your cane and your bank book. You left them, and I never meant to keep them at all." And then she would coolly bid him good-morning.

Ashamed to be seen carrying the Deacon's cane through the street, Phillina hit upon a plan to hide it inside her umbrella, keeping the gold head out of sight in a fold of her ample sleeve. She was moved at the last moment to make some propitiatory offering. She wished to show the Deacon that she regretted her angry denunciation, without immodestly giving him to understand if he were to repeat his proposal it would now meet with a different answer. She settled upon a bottle of her white wine as the most suitable offering. It would not offend in color, and being a present, would show her friendliness; but it would also remind him of her recent victory, and so save her from that sense of unconditional surrender which she mistrusted in her heart.

It was but a short walk across the village, yet when Phillina reached the Deacon's gate she was all out of breath.

"Philliny!" that good man exclaimed, in surprise, as he opened his door.

Phillina was so agitated that the words of her speech escaped her. "I brought you these," she hastened to say, and presented the bank book and the cane.

The Deacon took them mechanically, but in doing so searched her face with a return of that sure instinct which sometimes favored him. "There's something else, Philliny," he said, holding her eyes with his masterful gaze.

"Yes—this," she stammered, ignoring his meaning, and producing the bottle of wine, which looked like a bottle of the Deacon's own spring water.

Amasa's great hands closed over both it and Phillina's, and he drew her into the house.

"Don't—don't say anything!" she implored, looking into his face.

"But you will—you will—" he began.

"Yes," she panted, and the surrender was now complete.

A head appeared at the further doorway. "Richard," commanded the father, "Ethel wants to see you at once at Miss Landon's."

The boy's face lighted with a quick understanding of the situation, and he vanished the moment the ban was removed.

"I ought to have sent this back by him," commented the Deacon, slyly, alluding to the white wine Phillina had brought. "It ain't the right color for us, Philliny, and it's just suited to the youngsters. At our age there's a—a deeper color to—to things." The word "love" had been forbidden him. However, this was his last concession to her overmodesty. Cupid's subtlety had proved all-conquering, as was evident in Phillina's first coquetry.

"I've got plenty of red up to the house," she said, the corners of her mouth twitching mischievously.

The Repulse of Love

WITHIN the house a woman crouched before a dying fire. It was builded with twigs of friendship and lean branches of esteem, and burned sleepily and dull. And the woman shivered.

Then came a tapping at the casemate as light as the beating of May rain on a bed of violets.

Outside the door stood Love in the garb of a forester, and on his back he bore a bundle of vigorous boughs and sturdy, sap-filled limbs. Again he rapped upon the casemate, and cried, "Open!" But the woman shook her head, and crouched fearful by the panting flame.

Again Love knocked and cried her name, and the woman raised her weary eyes. "I know you not who clamor at my door. Depart!" she cried.

Then went Love singing through the night on a white bridge of woven moonbeams.

"And she will not let me in—she will not?" quoth he. "'Tis a shame to waste this kindling."

And the woman shivered above the feeble flame.—T. P. Garrison, in Munsey's.

In the News World

Great Growth of the R. F. D. Service

During the past year there have been received at the department at Washington nearly forty-nine thousand applications for the establishment of rural service. Up to the close of the fiscal year nearly twelve thousand of these had been rejected because of the fact that in the matter of patronage, etc., the proposed routes fell below the standard required. Of the four thousand five hundred petitions pending at the close of the fiscal year, nearly one thousand have been assigned for establishment, while the remaining three thousand five hundred are being examined with that end in view. On July 1st there were 32,058 rural routes in operation, or 7,492 more than at the same time last year.

Treating for Peace

The peace commissioners representing the Mikado and the Czar are holding forth at Portsmouth, N. H., and the eyes of the world are therefore centered upon that little New England city. The sessions of the plenipotentiaries are held at the navy yard, and these great foreign diplomats have elaborate quarters at the beautiful Wentworth Hotel, a picture of which is shown on this page. Trips are made each day from the hotel to the navy yard in the United States government yacht "Mayflower," which was especially overhauled and refurnished for the use of the peace envoys.

"Lo! the Poor Indian"

Awaiting the final word from President Roosevelt, one million one hundred thousand acres of agricultural and grazing ground are ready for settlement under the homestead and other acts, by which a citizen of the United States, though poor, can acquire an estate. The land is a part of the hunting grounds of the Crow Indians in southeastern Montana, which were years ago made into a reservation for the members of that tribe.

In the bargain for that part of the reservation for which they have no use the Crow Indian chiefs have shown themselves to be masters of high finance. Not for kegs of brass tacks, red blankets and barrels of rum did they barter away the lands of their fathers, as did the Atlantic coast Indians in the days when Manhattan was being settled. Pretty Eagle, Two Leggings, Medicine Eagle and the other chiefs were entirely too "up to date" for that. They saw to it that the government paid the tribe one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for this surplus acreage, and by this one deal they made themselves the richest Indians in the world.

The government, however, has arranged not to turn the big sum of money over to the Indians for one great big spree. The first ninety thousand dollars of the one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars which the Indians are to receive will be spent by the Secretary of the Interior in improving the irrigation system which the government is constructing on that section of the reservation which the Crows still hold. The sum of ten thousand dollars goes to the extension of the ditches of individual Indians. Then the whole irrigation scheme is endowed with the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, the fund to remain in the United States Treasury and draw interest at the rate of four per cent. It is expected that in fifteen years the irrigation scheme will be self-supporting, and the Indians and the secretary will then get together on a further disposition of this money.

Talk of Great Coal Strike

Talk of a general strike of coal miners in Pennsylvania, both in the anthracite and the bituminous fields, is heard throughout the Pittsburg and Alleghany districts. The strike is said to have been decided upon by officials of the United Mine Workers of America, and is taken to forestall the action of the operators in the anthracite region in forcing a general lockout.

It is a known fact that the anthracite operators, especially the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, are and have been preparing for a strike emergency by the storing of great quantities of coal in docks built along their properties.

National Vice President T. L. Lewis of the mine workers was in Pittsburg a few weeks ago, when the decision to bring out the bituminous miners is said to have been reached after consultation with local leaders. The strike is really a revival of the old conflict of several years ago, when the miners were compelled by the Reading Railroad to accede to the demands of the operators. President Patrick Dolan of the Pittsburg district and Vice President U. Bellingham, with whom Lewis conducted the negotiations, assured the latter that every miner in the bituminous district would respond to the call.

Heretofore it has been impossible for the anthracite and bituminous miners to act in unison, and this fact has been responsible for their constant failures. Vice President Lewis stated that if the men stick together, as he expects them to do, it will mean the greatest conflict between organized capital and labor that the world has ever known.

The "Bennington" Disaster

The accident to the United States gunboat "Bennington" at San Diego, Cal., on the morning of July 21st was the worst disaster coming entirely from accidental causes that the American navy has ever known. The blowing up of the "Maine" was the most disastrous happening to an American war vessel, but the conditions surrounding that catastrophe differed greatly from those when the "Bennington's" boilers exploded, causing the death of sixty-two seamen and the terrible injury of nearly fifty more.

The accident was caused by a small leak in a boiler which was about to be repaired, when the boiler burst, and was forced astern through its bulkhead, coming in contact with a second boiler, which was also forced through its bulkhead, both boilers exploding with two close explosions. There was no noise, but the ship filled from stem to stern with scalding steam, soot and ashes. Many men were blown overboard, others jumped overboard for air, many of whom were drowned. The "Bennington" is one of the first vessels of the new navy. In its time it was considered one of the best vessels of its type.

The boilers of the "Bennington," or at least one of them, was known to have been in not the best condition—in fact, it had been declared unsafe. The steam log of the "Bennington" for the cruise from Honolulu to San Diego showed that at various times during the voyage the pressure on the "Bennington's" boilers was higher than one hundred and forty-five pounds, the point fixed as the maximum of safety. This may have been the cause of the leak which evidently caused the explosion.

Until a few weeks previous to the explosion the "Bennington's" boilers were considered capable of carrying one hundred and sixty-five pounds pressure, but this was lowered to one hundred and forty-five pounds about the time of the trip to Honolulu.

THE CZAR AND HIS HEIR

Government's Greatest Dynamite Blast

Thirty-six tons of dynamite disintegrated the rocky promontory known as Henderson's Point, near Portsmouth, N. H., on July 22d, and converted the dangerous whirlpool at that place into a peaceful current. The explosion marked the passing of a landmark dreaded by shipping men, and the opening of a new era for the seagoing business of that port. It will also favorably affect the business of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, because the largest naval vessels can now go directly up to the yard and its new dry dock without fear of striking on either side of what was at this point a sharp angle of a six-hundred-foot channel. It was to overcome these difficulties of navigation that seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars was appropriated by the government for the destruction of that point and the widening of the channel from six hundred to nine hundred and fifty feet.

The explosion of the thirty-six tons of dynamite marked the climax of three years of hard work in the furtherance of this task. Miss Edith Foster, daughter of the superintendent in charge of the work, turned on the switch that connected the electric current and discharged the dynamite.

Hotel Wentworth, at New Castle, N. H., where the Russian and Japanese peace plenipotentiaries are quartered. The entire section of hotel indicated by the cross is occupied by the envoys and their suites

First Anniversary of Russia's Heir

These are troublous times in Russia—so troublous that the future is a matter of grave concern not only to the thinking people of that country, but to the thinking people of other lands. Russia is to-day beset by dark clouds of disaster and woe, and there are many sorrowful and tearful people throughout the length and breadth of the land. With all his enormous wealth, and with the supposed power of absolute ruler of his country, the Czar, Nicholas II., is to-day as troubled a man as there is in his own country. He knows that he has thousands of enemies among his own subjects. He knows that some of them hate him with such a bitter and fierce hatred that they would gladly see his life come to an end. He must be guarded by day and by night from would-be assassins. He knows that nothing but his death will satisfy some of his enemies. He knows that some of those high in authority who profess friendship for him are at heart his bitter enemies. Indeed, he does not know whom he can trust, and he knows in his own sad experience the truth of the words "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

But into the care-burdened life of this royal ruler, and into the darkness that enshrouds all Russia, there came on the twelfth day of last August a ray of light that cheered and comforted all the people, at least for a little time, and even some of the enemies of the "Great White Czar" rejoiced when the glad tidings went forth that Russia had an heir to the throne. People made eager haste to be first to spread the news, "The Czar has a son!"

All the world was glad for the Czar and his beautiful young English wife, Alexandra Alix, of Hesse, when it was known that a son had been born to them, and instantly the hopes and fears of the nation became centered in the little stranger so serenely and so happily ignorant of all that his birth meant to the people of his native land. Four little sisters were ready to give him a loving and joyous welcome. Being "just girls," none of them could ever have inherited the splendid crown of Russia had no brother been born to them. It is "against the law" for women to succeed to the crown in Russia. Only a boy or a man can rule in that great country, and had the Czar died without a son, his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, would have been Czar, and this would not have been at all satisfactory to the people of Russia.

The birth of this dark-eyed little lad is as important an event as could have happened within the borders of Russia. It changed the whole aspect of Russia's future, and yet before this little crown prince even knows how great and serious his responsibilities are, great changes may come to Russia and the boy may be of less consequence than he seems to be to-day. It is sorrowfully true that there are anarchists and other bitter enemies of the Czar and of the whole Russian government who would gladly take the life of the innocent little crown prince if they had the opportunity. For this reason the boy is to-day the most carefully guarded child in the world.

The Czar and the Kaiser

On the night of July 23d the Russian imperial yacht "Polar Star" and the German imperial yacht "Hohenzollern," with the respective emperors aboard, met in the Gulf of Finland. The Kaiser dined and conferred with the Czar on the Russian yacht that night, and the next day the visit was returned. The eyes of the whole world were upon this meeting. The conference of these two great characters of world history at that special time was looked upon as likely to have much to do with the settlement of certain questions of internal and external Russian policy. The meeting came seemingly as an exciting climax to one act in the great drama with which Russia has been entertaining an interested and attentive world.

Jones' Body at Annapolis

In a simple brick vault in the grounds of the Annapolis Naval Academy now rests the body of John Paul Jones. With the simple ceremony attending the landing of the body from the cruiser "Brooklyn" on July 24th the mission of the naval expedition authorized to accept its transfer from the Paris cemetery which had been its place of repose for more than a century was completed. The formal national reception of the body with appropriate exercises is reserved until it shall be placed in the naval chapel now being erected near the site of the temporary vault.

Church Supplies not Contraband

During the last six months of the Russo-Japanese War the Church of Russia has been sending into the very heart of Japan such church supplies as candles, vestments, etc., these not being contraband of war, and being for use by the hundreds and thousands in Japan who have been educated in the Russian church and who still obey its religious commands. These shipments are paid for by Russian coin from the state's coffers, and are for the spiritual benefit of Russia's enemies.

Gift from German Emperor

Baron Bussche, the chargé of the German embassy, has delivered to the State Department a silver watch and chain, with the request that they be handed to George C. Ellis, a negro laborer at the Washington Barracks, as a recognition by the German Emperor of the action of Ellis in saving the statue of Frederick the Great from damage by the explosion of a package of dynamite placed on the fence surrounding it by a man named Rosseau, with the idea of destroying it. On the back of the watch appears the imperial monogram. The watch and chain are inclosed in a handsome leather case.

United States Loses Territory

A population of more than forty-eight hundred persons on a strip of territory several miles in length and from half a mile to a mile in width, containing three townships, may be lost to the United States through the findings of the surveyors representing the United States and Canada, who have completed the inspection of the boundary line between the two countries. As a result of the survey the towns of Richford, East Richford and Stevens Mills, which lie within the territory always supposed to be part of the state of Vermont, are declared to rightfully belong to Canada.

Vanderbilt a Poor Farmer

George W. Vanderbilt is to give up farming at Biltmore, N. C., and is going to let somebody else do it for him. He has believed all along that his venture could be made to pay expenses, or nearly so, but has been disappointed. He considers that his experiment of ten years justifies him in changing his mind about the money there is to be made in farming. Mr. Vanderbilt has made the Biltmore farms among the most famous in the country. They consist of general truck farms, a dairy, a creamery, a chicken and duck farm, live stock, kennels and hothouses. He has expended a large fortune for the privilege of being a farmer.

Haggard's Visit to America

That well-known author, H. Rider Haggard, who has made us all burn the midnight oil while reading his weird and lurid tales, such as "She" and "King Solomon's Mines," has been a visitor to the United States during the summer. His mission here was an important one for the British government. Mr. Haggard has done a great many creditable and noteworthy things besides writing interesting stories. Back in the 70's he was prominent in South Africa as master of the high court of the Transvaal, and the man who, with Colonel Brook, hoisted the British flag over the South African republic. Of late Mr. Haggard has given no time to the lighter, or imaginative, fiction, but has been dealing with economic problems. Indeed, one of the principal objects of his American trip has been an investigation of our municipal methods of handling the poor, together with a thorough probe into the scheme of the Salvation Army—the "landless man to the manless land." Speaking of his observations, he said: "I don't want to talk about American conditions, but from what I have seen and from what your statesmen tell me the plight of the poor here is just as bad as it is in my own country. The problem is just as real as it is in England, and you will have to solve it sooner or later."

Parker Narrowly Escapes Drowning

Judge Alton B. Parker, late Democratic candidate for President of the United States, had a narrow escape from drowning while bathing in the Hudson River with Alton Parker Hill, his lusty grandson, at Poughkeepsie, on July 22d.

While the Judge was swimming, carrying his grandson on his back, the little fellow became frightened, and began choking his grandfather. The Judge vainly tried to assure the terrified child that there was no danger, and pleaded with him to let go his strangler's hold, but the lad did not do so until he became exhausted and fell into deep water. By this time Judge Parker also was thoroughly exhausted.

Richard Fritz, who was on a wharf with his family waiting for a boat, threw off his coat and jumped into the river. The boy was out of sight, but Fritz dived, and caught hold of his hand about six feet under water, bringing him to the surface and to the shore. Judge Parker managed to reach the shore without assistance.

Butter by the Yard

The dairymen of Cambridge, England, roll the butter so as to form a long stick weighing a pound, which they sell in slices as if it were so much sausage. In the market the butter merchants do not require either weights or scales. A cut with the knife divides the yard into halves, quarters or eighths very exactly, as the time-honored custom has made the merchants proficient in giving correct measure.

Down in Panama

JOHN F. STEVENS, who succeeded John F. Wallace to the onerous post of chief engineer of the Panama Canal, has taken up the duties without fear or trembling. Mr. Stevens has taken with him to the canal zone an experience of more than thirty years in the service of such large railroads as the Rock Island system, of which he was vice president and general manager, and the Great Northern Railroad, where he was chief engineer and general manager. Henry H. Lewis, writing in "Harper's," says:

"It has been claimed that time is being wasted. The American people are anxious to see results. It is charged that red tape is clogging the wheels of progress. Irresponsible writers in the public press say that no definite policy is being followed. The fact of the matter is, the actual construction work bas been pushed ahead too fast. Not enough time for the proper sanitation of the canal route has been allowed, and sufficient time has not been devoted to necessary experimental work. The administration knows this, and in future there will be even more deliberation. Public clamor will be ignored when it is irresponsible and based on ignorance of conditions. The American people must have patience. The construction of the canal is the most stupendous enterprise undertaken in the history of the country.

"Errors have been made, and in all human probability more errors will be made before the first ship steams through the completed canal. No great task in the history of the world was accomplished without its quota of mistakes and costly experiments. The Panama Canal will be built, but it will be necessary to 'make haste slowly.' All that is asked of the public is just criticism and 'a square deal.'"

Oyama's Great Sickle

AT THE time of this writing the Japanese armies occupy the position of an immense sickle, with the handle reaching a few miles south of Liao-Yang, the blade circling northward toward Kirlin, with the tip on the Corean coast, south of Possiet Bay, which is only a short distance south of Vladivostok. It is estimated that General Nogi has eighty battalions, General Uku sixty, General Nodzu thirty-six, General Kuroki one hundred and sixty, General Kamamura ninety and General Hasegawa one hundred and twenty, the battalions averaging one thousand men, which makes the numerical strength of the Japanese five hundred and fifty thousand bayonets, with two thousand field and mountain guns and about one hundred siege guns. The Japanese extreme left is guarded by General Tamura's cavalry division. The Chinese in the Japanese service are in the center, screened by cavalry under the command of General Okihara.

The rains this year have been less heavy than usual, and it will be possible to begin operations sooner than expected.

Iwawa Oyama, the Japanese Napoleon, notwithstanding misleading reports to the contrary, is the creator of the Japanese army as it is to-day. From 1880 to 1889 he worked on the German plan of organization, but subsequently discarded it in favor of the French system, on which lines he brought the military forces to their present marvelous state of perfection. Officially he is a man of the fewest possible words, but in private he is a delightful companion, witty and entertaining.

Failure of the Aëroplane

THE failure of Professor Montgomery's aëroplane and the tragic death of Aëronaut Maloney indicate the extreme danger and uncertainty of that style of flying machine. Montgomery's airship followed the bird model. Earlier reports from California this season indicated that Professor Montgomery had been more successful in applying this idea than any of his predecessors, but this fall will probably end his experiments, if it does not put an end to all attempts at flying without motor power of some kind. This great bird had a spread of wings of twenty-four feet. The machine weighed only forty-two pounds and the aëronaut one hundred and fifty-six. The aëronaut expected to operate the machine through treadles with his hands and feet. He was carried up to a great height by a balloon, but in getting off one of the guy ropes crossed and crippled one of the wings of the machine. The aëronaut did not see the accident, and when the machine was cut loose from the balloon the injured wing would not work, and the machine turned over. The operator was able to right it once, but the machine fell like a wounded bird for three thousand feet. Maloney was alive when the crowd reached him, but died soon afterward.

This failure of the aëroplane leaves Knabenshue, the Ohio inventor, in the lead of the flying-machine experts. Knabenshue's is a motor boat shaped like a cigar. If we are to have flying machines, they are likely to be supplied with motors, after the Santos-Dumont-Knabenshue idea.

War Romance Ends at Altar

THE recent marriage of Miss Nellie Van Dake to Sergeant John Vaye, a veteran of the Boer War, in the encampment at Brighton Beach after the last performance, was the sequel to a romance during the fighting on the South African veldts in one of the campaigns against the British.

The bride was a nurse during the war, and met her soldier husband in the campaign before Ladysmith. She was a nurse in the field hospital of the Boers, and cared for the young soldier when he was brought in with a bullet wound through his shoulder. Convalescence sent the soldier to his regiment and the front again, and the trials of war kept the lovers apart.

After the surrender and the close of the war they were both compelled by circumstances to seek new means of livelihood and new homes, and it was not until the Boer War spectacle was opened at Brighton Beach this season that they again met. The young woman was again enacting the rôle that was hers on the battlefield, and by a curious circumstance was called upon to take care of her soldier lover after a slight accident at the first dress rehearsal.

Capt. Arthur W. Lewis, the manager of the spectacle, learned of the romance, and made possible the wedding by presenting the bride with her trousseau and placing the young soldier in a position where he could take to himself a bride.

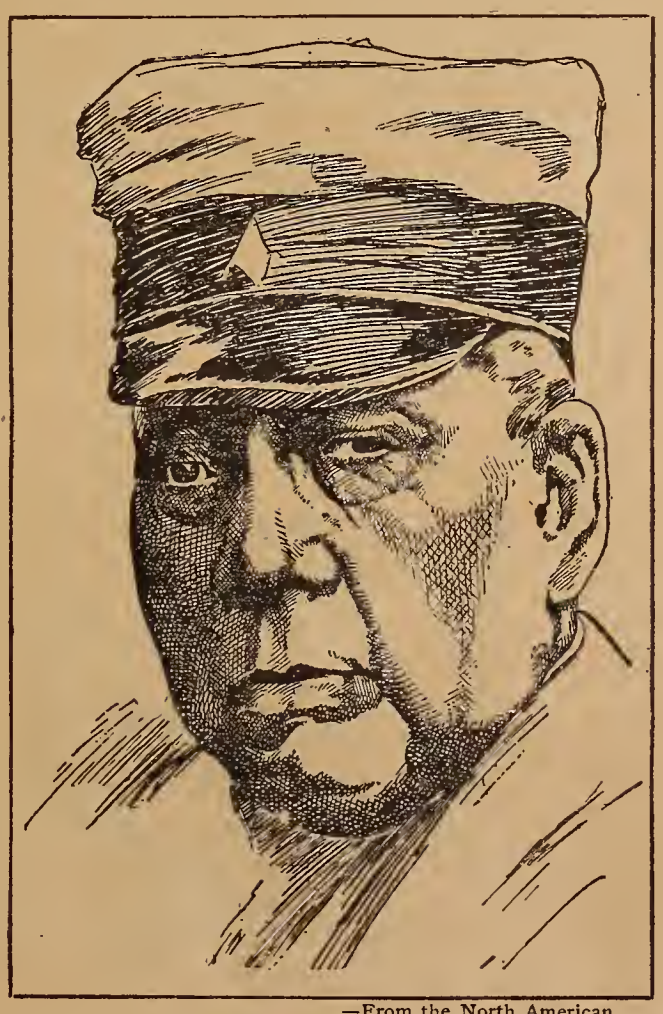
A Frisco Romance

JUDGE SAYRE, at Lakeport, Cal., a few days ago handed down a decision giving the entire Floyd estate, worth one million dollars, to Miles Gorceno, husband of the late Miss Floyd. Gorceno was a conductor on a street car, and his handsome face and polished manner won the rich but eccentric Miss Floyd. She was fifteen years older than Gorceno, but despite family opposition she married him, and a year later she died, leaving him all her estate except the house where she lived. The will was contested by near relatives on the ground of the testator's incompetency.

JOHN F. STEVENS, THE NEW CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE PANAMA CANAL

Family Almost Wiped Out

TOADSTOOLS mixed with mushrooms and eaten at a birthday party caused the death of four of the six members of the family of Joseph Frenzor, a farmer who resided near Landisville, N. J., recently. The victims were the father, Joseph Frenzor, aged thirty-eight years, his wife, aged thirty, and two daughters, aged seven and two years. The remaining members of the family, two boys, aged five and four years, owe their lives to the fact that they did not partake of the poisonous mixture.



—From the North American.

FIELD MARSHAL OYAMA

Commander in chief of the victorious army of the Mikado, and whose record stands forth with marked brilliancy among the world's great generals

The Great Floating Hotels

IN A single voyage some of the great ocean greyhounds which carry American tourists abroad serve from thirty-five thousand to forty thousand meals. Many of these great hotels of the sea are larger, more costly and accommodate more guests than a Fifth Avenue hotel. A first-class hotel can be built for one million dollars, while ocean steamers of the first class cost all the way from two million five hundred thousand to four million dollars. Many of these great hostelries consume more food in the six days required to cross the Atlantic than a Fifth Avenue hotel uses in six weeks.

Breaking the Ziegler Will

ON THE ground that he was insane, Mrs. E. Matilda Ziegler filed in New York City a suit to break the will of her husband, William Ziegler, Arctic explorer and millionaire baking powder manufacturer, who left his entire fortune to an adopted son. The boy, William Ziegler, is fourteen years old, and under the will he was left thirty million dollars. A settlement was reached the first of the month by the payment to the Widow Ziegler of one million two hundred thousand dollars in cash, and five thousand shares of the stock of the Royal Baking Powder Company, valued at one million three hundred thousand dollars.

Young Ziegler is a son of George Washington Brandt, of Davenport, Iowa, a half-brother of Mr. Ziegler. He was formally adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler in 1896, when five years old. The adoption followed the flight of his mother, Mrs. Brandt, who deserted her husband and two children. She is supposed to be in Europe.

Royal Birthdays

THE royal birthdays of certain monarchs of Europe have a special significance to all the poor criminals behind bars, no matter whether they are there deservedly or not. To the practical American mind it is somewhat of a puzzle to understand just why the celebration of such birthdays, and indeed other similar occasions, are always signaled by the wholesale release of prisoners, both criminal and political. Every event of national importance in both Russia and Spain, especially, has been marked by general jail deliveries. Americans do not celebrate birthdays in that way. We usually incarcerate on such days a great many more people than we liberate.

Elimination of the Horse

A STRIKING suggestion for the amelioration of traffic conditions in overcrowded city streets is to restrict certain highways to motor vehicles. Thus is the motor to supplant the horse. The argument, which is a good one, is that there would be an important saving in space, and motors could move at a much greater speed than trucks drawn by horses, while their control is far simpler. The motor car has come to stay and to good use, but the "old gray mare" will continue to do business at the old stand, notwithstanding.

Snake Dined on Pets

A SNAKE ten feet long got out of a cage in an Atlantic City store recently, and enjoyed a rare dinner of imported canaries, rabbits, squirrels and a prize Boston pup.

The snake had recently been received from South America, and was to be shown in the store on the board walk. It made its escape when no one was in the store. Persons passing were attracted by the noise of a great commotion among the survivors, including several dogs, parrots and the like. The snake was observed through the windows leisurely enjoying its third canary, while the body of a rabbit, squeezed almost out of recognition, was lying in one corner of the window. Further in the store a prize Boston bull pup was on its back. A great crowd gathered in front of the window to watch the work of devastation. The snake finished the canary, and started on a tour of inspection.

An employee of the store arrived as the snake was carrying on a flirtation with a pretty and much excited peacock. Seizing a bag, and pushing forward the cage from which the snake had escaped, the young man finally succeeded in throwing the bag over the snake's head and twisting it around its neck. Then came a battle between man and reptile. After a long struggle it was forced into its cage.

Senator Mitchell's Sentence

SENATOR JOHN H. MITCHELL, of Oregon, charged with accepting money for pressing land claims before the departments at Washington, was sentenced to serve six months in jail and pay a fine of one thousand dollars.

John Hipple Mitchell is seventy years old. He served in the United States Senate from 1873 to 1879, from 1885 to 1897 and from 1901 to the present. Mitchell was born in western Pennsylvania. His name when he lived there was John Hipple. He moved to the Pacific Coast in 1860, leaving a wife and family behind him, and changed his name to Mitchell. He married again, and one of his daughters by the second marriage is now the Baroness Rochefoucauld.

No Graft in Japan

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, president of Leland Stanford University, in addressing a meeting at Chicago recently, said that graft was a thing entirely unknown in Japan. "I venture to say," declared Doctor Jordan, "that in the present war not one hundred dollars of Japanese war funds has been stolen. On the other hand, I presume that not one dollar in twenty, if one in a hundred, on the side of the Russians ever reached its proper destination. I heard of only one dishonest Japanese while in the country, and he was one whose morals bad been contaminated by residence abroad."

Money not Needed

WHEN the news of peace possibility was heralded to the world there was at New York ready for shipment to Japan sixty million dollars, this being the proceeds of a bond issue by Japan, and which had been taken up by New York bankers. This money was not shipped to Japan, as scheduled, but was ordered to be deposited in New York banks to await peace conclusions.

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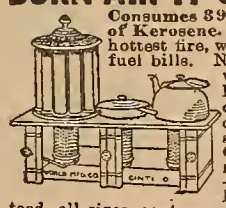

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The Art Supplement

DESCRIPTION OF PICTURES

"At the County Fair" This is the title of one of the pictures, and at this season of the year it seems very appropriate as a picture supplement. It depicts an exciting scene at the fair. A horse race is on in full blast, and as it is "over in a couple of minutes," everybody is rushing to get a glimpse of it. Who in the United States does not know the County Fair, with its exhibition of "big pumpkins," fat cattle, prize stock, side shows, horse races, gambling games, toy balloons, lemonade stands, and the wonderful "six-legged calf"—don't forget to see that—the crowd, the dust (or the rain), the neighing horses and the continual stream of humanity pouring hither and thither to see "the sights and wonders?" Oh, it is a great time, and one long to be remembered!

The scene of the picture is evidently in Virginia, as the picture was painted there in 1891 by Edward L. Henry. The time is at the races, and excitement runs high. Perhaps some dollars are about to change hands—at least, every one seems interested to know which horse will win. The picture that we here offer is our own reproduction, made from the original painting.

"The Lady of the Lake" This is a very beautiful work of art. The picture was painted by the noted English artist, Walker, and our reproduction of the painting which is given as an art supplement with this issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE is an excellent portrayal of the original painting and an exquisite product of the engraver's skill. All the original colors used by the artist are carefully preserved, and the picture appears in at least six colors and tints. It is about the size of a regular page of FARM AND FIRESIDE.

The boat, "The Lady of the Lake," the water lilies, the beautiful expanse of water, the swans gracefully gliding here and there, the border of the lake fringed with trees and flowers, broken by a view of the distant hills, all contribute in making one of the grandest pictures ever painted by any artist.

¶ The two pictures, "At the County Fair" and "The Lady of the Lake," are widely different in conception, therefore giving our readers a variety and choice, which is a new and distinct feature of Farm and Fireside picture supplements.

Wit and Humor Old and New

Free contributions to this page are invited. When jokes are not original, author's name should be given. No manuscript will be considered unless plainly written on one side of paper

Boosting a Tired Audience

WILLIAM E. SMYTHE, chairman of the section on rural settlement, in opening his address before the Twelfth National Irrigation Congress, held at El Paso, Texas, told the following very timely and humorously, and made a big hit with his audience:

"I know this audience is in the condition of a worthy young man in California who was waiting on a charming young lady weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. This young couple were engaged, and their parents had impressed upon them principles of economy, so they began economy in their days of courtship by occupying a single chair.

"John called one night, and after Mary had sat in his lap about four hours she turned to him, saying, 'John, are you tired?'

"John looked up, smiled, and said, 'No, not now; I was two hours ago, but now I am only paralyzed.'

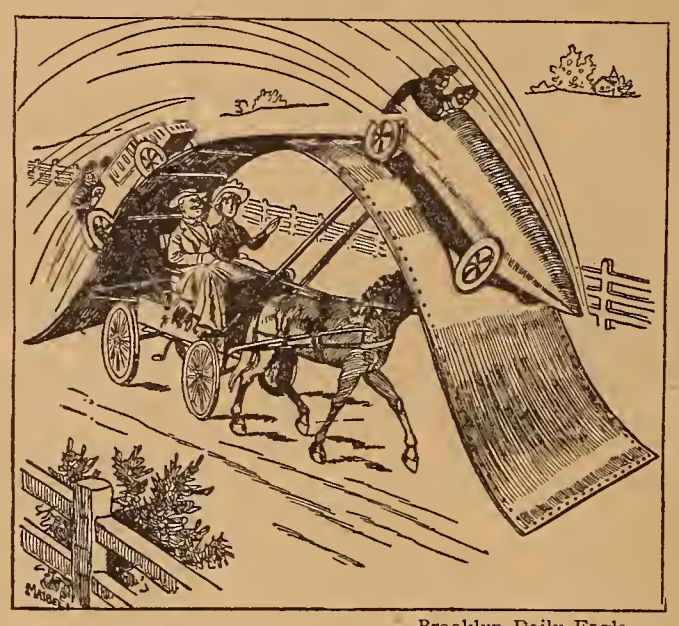
"So, in view of the paralysis of this audience, I shall not attempt to make a speech. I must, however, tell you a Thanksgiving story I picked up in Colorado the other day. It seems a Colorado boy was visiting a cousin in New England about Thanksgiving time, and the Colorado boy observed the very elaborate preparations being made for Thanksgiving. They had Thanksgiving in Colorado, but not on so grand a scale, and so this Colorado boy inquired of his New England cousin what was the object of it all.

"'Why,' the New England boy said, 'we thank God for the blessings of our crops.'

"'But you don't thank God for your crops, do you?' asked the Colorado boy.

"The New England boy answered, 'Yes, of course we do. Don't you?'

"'No,' replied the Colorado boy, 'we don't depend entirely on God for our crops; we irrigate.'"



—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

THE AUTO BRIDGE SHIELD

An invention for the protection of vehicles during automobile races on public roads

Howlers

IN HIS "Comic School Tales," H. J. Barker gives some amusing answers by children technically known in England as "Howlers."

"A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said, 'Now, boys, if I stood on my head, the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the boys.

"'Now,' continued the teacher, 'what I want to know is this: How is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run into my feet?'

"And a little fellow shouted, 'Why, sir, 'cause yer feet ain't empty.'

"A teacher of a class was disturbed by giggling among certain boys, and called upon one of the culprits to tell him the cause.

"'Please, sir,' responded the lad, 'Turner says he knows of a baby who was fed elephant's milk and gained ten pounds a day.'

"'Turner,' said the teacher, sternly, 'you should not tell lies.'

"'But it's true, sir,' rejoined the pupil.

"'Whose baby was it?'

"'The elephant's, sir,' replied the lad." — Chicago News.

In Case of Fire

THE youth was talking about the loss of life at a certain fire. "I think," said he, "every one ought to keep a rope in his bedroom with which to make his escape in case the flames cut off the stairway."

"And in what way would you, for instance," said his friend, "supposing you were in danger of death by fire, make use of the rope?"

"What a silly question!" replied the first speaker, with a superior smile, "Why, I'd tie one end to the bedstead and the other around my waist, and jump out of the window, of course."—American Boy.

The New "Supply"

A SELF-CONSCIOUS and egotistical young clergyman was "supplying" the pulpit of a country church. After the service he asked of the deacon, a grizzly, plain-spoken man, what he thought of "this morning's effort."

"Waal," answered the old man, slowly, "it reminded me of Sim Peck's first deer hunt, when he was green. He followed the deer's tracks all right, but he followed 'em all day in the wrong direction."

We all want to save on the coal bill, and we are all looking for the stove that was offered to the Irishman with a guarantee that it would save half his coal. The customer accepted the stove and the guarantee, then he said, "And now I'll take another stove, and, bedad, I'll save it all!"

His Fighting List

MIKE sat busily engaged in copying the names of the male population of the immediate vicinity. His good wife looked up from her employment, and noting the apparent industry of her lord, rose and walked to his side, her womanly curiosity now thoroughly aroused, and asked, "Phwat air yez doin', Moike?"

"Begorra, an' it's wroitin' the names o' the min phwat Oi kin lick, so Oi am!" he exclaimed.

Thoroughly satisfied with the explanation, Bidd'y resumed her work, only to lay it down a few minutes later, put on her shawl, and hurry to Pat O'Leary's humble home, where she informed Pat that she saw his name was on the list. All the fighting blood that had coursed through the O'Leary veins for decades instantly rose to the boiling point, and without waiting to don his coat, he cast aside his Missouri meerschaum, and sallied forth in search of Mike, who was found still engaged at the list.

"Moike," says Pat, in a tone that sounded like the thunders of heaven, "they say as how yez air makin' a lisht o' the felleys yez kin lick, an' thot me name's on it."

"An' so 'tis," retorted Mike.

"But, rist yer sowl!" exclaimed Pat, shaking his fist in a threatening manner close to Mike's unshapely proboscis, "yez can't do it!"

Mike had about made up his mind that Pat spoke the words of truth, and another sight of the latter's brawny fists at close range decided him. "Thin Oi'll scratch yer name off," he feebly said.

A Letter from "Bil"

DEAR FREN AFAR:—It givs me much Plessure to rite to yu an let yu no as wel as a host of reeders wot caused the awful trubble at our place the Last few days an wy pa sed good hy an ma Wept bitter Teers.

There hav bin many disputes az to wot the cause wuz. Sum papers sed this an sum sed that, but I hoo ought to no say az follers: It wuz caused by a Strike—an awful strike—far wurse in woe then the shecawga strike I gess, cause it hurt the common peeple more.

Wel to begin, the way it started is bad enuf to relate but the end wuz far more turible if such a thing is indeed posible.

Before I close I want to say thet pa went to feed the gote with a peece ov melon rine an so the gote walked up kinder peart like toards pa an pa he thot the gote ment bizness an he started to run but the gote also saw pa, an mad with Rage he lifted his Huge body, horns an all, an giv pa the awful Strike wich I hav told yu about. This strike kinder nocked pa to the groun an out ov his senses, so wen ma brot him in pa sed good By, not noin wot he wuz sayin. This is wen ma Wept the Teers of sorrow an dismay, wich I mentioned long ago.

I think thet if pa hadent run the gote woodent hav acted so Angry, an there mite never hav bin such an awful strike in the History of the world. But things wich must be hav got to be pa sez, an he sez the gote wood hav giv him the strike any how cause he had it in his hed to do it. An pa also sez that hese got it in his hed to kil the gote wich caused all the friteful trubble, so if any thing very awful hapens I wil let yu no by return mail wich is BIL.

P. S.—Dont forget to say thet the gote is our Own.

The Missing Link

THE grammar class was reciting. They were filling out the blanks in a number of sentences.

"Now," said the teacher, "the next sentence reads 'The ——— sky looked threatening.' Who can supply the missing adjective?"

Up went a small hand at the foot of the class.

"Well, what have you?" asked the teacher.

"'The Rojestvensky looked threatening,'" promptly replied that worthy. F. J. B.

Motive

FANNY—"Why in the world do you send away for so many catalogues and then never buy anything?"

Suzette—"To keep the postman coming here. I don't want those women across the street to know that Jack and I don't correspond any more."—Detroit Free Press.

The Fightin' Sheep

BY HATTIE MAHAFFEY MOORE

OLE man Smith had boys two,
Who fer mischief wuz a sight;
When ther daddy's back wuz turned
They'd wrestle an' they'd fight.
Now, these here boys had a sheep—
'Twould fight, you'd better bet;
They trained him meanness all the time,
He wuz ther favorite pet.
A hillside steep they'd hie ther way;
A crick it run below;
There fer hours they would play,
A-havin' of a show.
They'd put the sheep up at the top,
Below him shake ther hat;
An' then behind a tree would dart
Before you could say "Scat!"
The sheep would up, an' take a back,
An' shake his head, an' go;
He'd miss the boy an' land "cazip!"
Inter the crick below.
Time an' ergin the ole man sed
They must this mischief stop,
Or he would peel ther leetle backs
With his ole leather strop.
An' so one day (or so they say)
He left home fer a while;
The boys took ther sheep ter play,
With many a grin an' smile.
When the ole man returned, sez he,
"Where is them boys ter-day?"
Ther mother 'lowed they wouldn't work,
But had gone off ter play.
The ole man made fer that hillside
With a gigantic stride;
The boys they see him from afar,
An' run right off an' hide.
When he got there no one wuz near,
The sheep wuz nibblin' grass.
Quite disappointed now he felt,
An' tired from walkin' fast.
But he decided he would see
If there wuz any fun
In shakin' hats at fightin' sheep
An' breakin' off ter run.
He shook his hat high in the air,
The sheep he eyed him quick;
The ole man had no time ter dare,
He landed in the crick.
The boys from hidin' places came,
Of laughter most a-dyin',
Ter see ther daddy in the crick,
So wet an' mad a-lyin'.
Straightway he went inter the house,
An' all the neighbors say
That no one there dares mention sheep
From that until this day.

She Did

MRS. HIGHBALL—"Well, Susan, can't the baby whimper without you coming to me and complaining? That is a very bad habit you have, and I want you to drop it."

A few minutes later heartrending screams came from the nursery. "What can be the matter now?" thought Mrs. Highball, hurrying to make an investigation. "Susan, what on earth have you done?" she cried, snatching the screaming child from the floor at the nurse's feet.

"Faith, mum, an' didn't yez say 'twas a bad habit, an' for me to dhrop it?" F. J. B.

One on Dad

MOTHER—"Willie, you must stop asking your father questions. Don't you see they annoy him?"

Willie—"No'm; it ain't my questions that annoy him—it's the answers he can't give that make him mad."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

—Philadelphia Press.

THE SITUATION

Miss Peace (to a very rebellious subject)—"If you don't take this medicine I'll have to give you some more of those war pills. Then how will you feel?"

Number One

AN EXCITED person met a friend outside a public house. "These men in here," he exclaimed, furiously, pointing behind him, "have gone and insulted me. Now, just watch me go in and kick them all into the street, one after another. You can count 'em off as they come through the door."

The friend stood and watched. Presently a human form whizzed by him, and fell with a cruel smack in the gutter. "One!" he called.

"Stop counting, you fool!" cried the other, as he rose in anguish. "It's me!"

The Guano Note

A NEW family had moved into an up-to-date settlement. The family consisted of a widow, a son and daughter. They were very illiterate, not one of them being able to read or write. The son was almost an idiot, yet he often surprised people by his reason. The mother desired to unite with the church "by letter." On Sunday the pastor announced that "Mrs. Blank would be received into the church." When she handed him her certificate he looked dumfounded, handing it back to her with some low words of explanation. The son, who was far back in the congregation, had been watching proceedings excitedly. Rising, he shook his finger frantically. "Ma," he bawled, "I told you that was that dratted old juaner note, and you wouldn't believe it." Sure enough, the old lady had mistaken the guano note for the certificate.

G. L. M.

Did the Work

A TRAVELER put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, and before retiring left very particular instructions to be called in time for an early train. Early in the morning he was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Well?" he demanded, sleepily.

"I've got an important message for you!" replied the bell boy.

The traveler was up in an instant, opened the door, and received from the boy a large envelope. He tore it open hastily, and inside found a slip of paper, on which was written in large letters, "Why don't you get up?"—Seattle Union-Record.

Worse than Color Line

WHILE a resident of St. Louis, twenty-odd years ago, I went on a boat to Chester, Ill., to purchase a steamboat. The old man who conducted the hotel had but recently employed a colored porter to go to the various boats on their arrival during the night to meet the passengers. About 8:30 A.M. all the arrivals were seated around the office, when the landlord made his appearance, and asked the porter, in an undertone, yet audible to all, "Charley, who all came on the boat last night?"

The answer, almost yelled by the half-witted darky, was, "Three gentlemen and four drummers."

Needless to add, the commercial travelers felt highly complimented. W. J. F.

John's Memory

A PERSPIRING man, laden with bundles, bustled into a railway station, upset a small boy in a sailor suit, carried away half a yard of flounce from the skirt of a lady with a purple silk blouse, and finally stopped, panting and exhausted, beside a small woman sitting tranquilly in the waiting room.

"John—"

"There, now, I know what you are going to say, Jane—that same old question. My dear, I forgot nothing."

"But, John—"

"No, I did not forget to buy the fruit." He thrust a basket of peaches into her lap. "Nor the towels." Another package followed. "Nor the seven and three-quarter yards of cambric." Another package. "Nor the spool of silk. Nor—"

"But, John dear, will you—"

"No, madam, I will not. There is no use in asking. I tell you I have forgotten nothing—nothing. Here's the prescription, and here's the—er—thingumbob that your mother wanted, and here's a book for Agnes. There you are. The whole list—not a thing missing."

His wife smiled up into the triumphant face, and said, "Yes, dear, but in which shop did you leave your hat?"

And then the train came in.

End Didn't Justify the Means

A CHINAMAN went into a drug store in a Massachusetts town, and presented a prescription for some bug-killing powder. The prescription clerk was careful to explain to him that it was the deadliest of poisons, and that he must be careful in using it or leaving it around. The clerk was somewhat surprised a few hours later to see his customer returning supported by another Chinaman, and evidently very sick. Guessing that his directions had not been followed out, he prepared an antidote, and by hard work revived the sufferer.

The explanation of the disobedience was given with the stoical, convincing manner of the East.

"Me slallow blug. No likee him. Lun alound inslide. Takee plowder so killee blug. Mak um slick."

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Divorce from Insane Consort

R. A. G., Ohio, asks: "When a man or woman becomes insane, and is sent to the asylum, and kept there for over fifteen years, and gets worse instead of better, can either party get a divorce?"

No; insanity is not a ground for divorce in Ohio.

Advertising a Fraudulent Concern

M. M. B., North Carolina, writes: "Can I advertise a certain company as a fraud? The company sent me an advertisement stating it would give me a set of dishes if I got eight subscribers to a certain paper at twenty-five cents each and sent the company the two dollars, and that the dishes would be shipped at once. I have written the company several times, but have never received an answer. I have also written that I would advertise the company if the dishes were not shipped at once. I want to know if there is any law to keep me from it."

I don't know that there is any law preventing you from telling the truth, but you might do better by calling the post office department's attention to the matter if the company is really a fraudulent concern.

Right to Enter Sewer

M. L. M., Ohio, inquires: "A. and B. together have an individual sewer. C. asks permission to drain in said sewer. A. tells C. that if B. is willing he may connect for ten dollars. C. never sees B., but connects his sewer, and now refuses to pay. What can A. do? What can B. do with him for connecting without permission? Would B. having a land contract instead of a deed make any difference as to his authority?"

I should think that A. could compel C. to pay the ten dollars. C. could not refuse to pay merely because he did not have B.'s permission. This sewer is partnership property, and the consent of one partner would probably be sufficient. B. can do nothing more, perhaps, than simply compel C. to pay for making his connection. There would be nothing criminal in the matter. The fact that B. had a land contract would probably make no difference.

Boundary Line Fixed by Parties

A. S., Ohio, asks: "In February, 1884, myself and neighbor established a line by measuring from the proper stones as marks between our farms, and built a fence, which has stood unquestioned until now. Another party some years ago bought out first party, and rebuilt the fence on the old line, but now has concluded that it (the line) ought to be changed so as to take in some considerable of my place. He says he wants to straighten the line with a certain road, which is very crooked. Can the line be lawfully changed without my consent? In other words, is there a law in Ohio that covers such cases, and how shall I proceed?"

You are not the one to proceed. If the other fellow wants it done, let him proceed. I think the line has become fixed, and no change can be made to affect your land without your consent. If he wants the line straightened, and you object, it cannot be done. He might possibly change the road by petition to have the road straightened, but not the line.

A Proper Case for Alimony, etc.

S. P. M. asks: "What can a woman do with a man who continually swears at her and circulates falsehoods about her, and all for no cause? The home and all the property are in the wife's name. I have tried to reason with him, but all the answer I get is a renewal of abuse and threats to destroy, or at least injure, my property. Now, I cannot leave him, for all belongs to me. What can I do? My wish is to get him to do right. I have done all I can to this end, but he only gets worse. Can a wife do anything with a husband for slandering her? If so, how should she proceed?"

Well, in the first place, you ought to make a thorough and impartial examination of your own conduct. Have you always treated your husband with a truly wifely devotion? Generally a woman can control a man if she knows how and wants to. Of course, there are still brutes in human form, and some men in that class have no honor or respect, let alone love, for the woman who endeavors to make a home what it should be for him. In such cases there is but one remedy—apply to the courts for protection, either by way of alimony alone or a final separation by divorce. For every little family jar I would not advise a divorce, but when a continued married life means a continued unhappy condition, then I advise a divorce, and the sooner, the better.

Descent of Property Controlled by Law of Place Where It is Located

R. B., Ontario, asks: "A Canadian goes to California to live, taking with him his wife and one child. In a short time he owns property there, but does not become a naturalized citizen. At his death who will inherit his property, real and personal? Will the son born in Canada have equal right with those born in America? Would his widow have the same right of dower, etc., as she would have in Canada?"

The son born in Canada would share equally with the other children. The widow's dower right should be fixed by the laws of California, which is as follows: When a person dies intestate, his property, both real and personal, descends to his heirs, and is distributed as follows: If the decedent leaves a surviving husband or wife and only one child or the lawful issue of one child, in equal shares to the surviving husband or wife and child, or issue of such child. If a surviving husband or wife and more than one child, or one child living and the lawful issue of one or more deceased children, one third to the surviving husband or wife, and the remainder in equal shares to the children and to the lawful issue of any deceased child, by right of representation; but if there be no child living, the remainder goes to all the lineal descendants, and if they are in the same degree of kinship to the decedent, they share equally, otherwise by right of representation. If the decedent leaves no surviving husband or wife, the whole estate goes to the children and their issue by right of representation, share and share alike.

Wife's Name not in Deed

J. F. S., Michigan, says: "I bought a ten-acre fruit farm in Michigan about sixteen years ago. I got it deeded in my own name, without having my wife's name mentioned in the deed at that time. Is it legal without my wife's name?"

Yes. Why not?

Title by Quitclaim Deed

C. J. D., Kansas, writes: "I bought a quitclaim deed to a lot located here. I have put about eight hundred dollars' worth of improvements on it. Can I get a clear title to same? If so, how can I get it?"

You may have a good title by your quitclaim deed. If not, the only way to do is to either get deeds from all possible claimants or commence a suit in court to have your title quieted.

Wife's Share When She Deserts Husband

A. S., Kansas, writes: "To what share of a man's property would a wife be entitled if she leaves him, there being no children? Would there be any difference as to her share of the property which he had before they were married and what was accumulated afterward?"

Until she is legally separated she would have a wife's share, which in Kansas is one half. It makes no difference when the property was accumulated.

Settlement of Estate

J. V., Michigan, asks: "A man residing in Michigan on a homestead dies, leaving no will. His wife and five children survive him. All the children but one are of age. How long would it be before the land would be sold if the taxes are not paid? Could the widow buy it in and get a right title after it is sold for taxes?"

It would not be over a year before it would be sold for taxes. Possibly the widow could buy it in, and after a while get a title, but she would only have a tax title. The proper way, although it costs a few dollars, is to have the estate settled according to law. The law is always made for this purpose, and it is better to follow as the law directs. Consult some home attorney, and he, no doubt, will give you proper advice. You possibly might wait a few years, until the minor was of age, and then all could join in a deed.

Deed by Divorced Husband

H. M., Missouri, asks: "I have a brother living in South Dakota. He had married, and has one child. While serving out a term of fourteen months in prison his wife obtained a divorce. Now he does not know where she is. A few years ago our father died, leaving no will, but owning one hundred and twenty-five acres of land in two tracts in Missouri. If my brother takes one tract, and I take the other, could he give me a good deed without his divorced wife's signature?"

I rather think the deed would be good. Some states have a provision that if a wife gets a divorce by reason of the fault of the husband, she retains her dower right. You had better consult a local attorney. It might also depend upon the decree of the court in granting the divorce.

Widow's Rights

E. L. W., Missouri. The dower will be set aside by appraisers, and will probably include buildings. You will be protected. In addition to dower, the widow is allowed to keep as her absolute property a family Bible and other books, not to exceed in value two hundred dollars; all the wearing apparel of the family, her wheels, looms and other implements of industry; all yarns, cloth, and clothing made up in the family for their own use; all grain, meat, vegetables, groceries and other provisions on hand and provided, and necessary for the subsistence of the widow and her family for twelve months; her household, kitchen and table furniture, including beds, bedsteads and bedding, not to exceed the value of five hundred dollars; but if the grain, meat or other provisions allowed the widow as above specified are not on hand at the time of the taking of the inventory, the court must make a reasonable appropriation out of the assets of the estate to supply such deficiency. In addition to the above provisions for her benefit, the widow may take such personal property as she may choose, not to exceed the appraised value of four hundred dollars.

Inheritance

J. D. S., Iowa, asks: "A man and woman who were both poor marry. They have no children except by a former marriage. They both work hard and get a small tract of land and improve it. It is in the husband's name. Later on they buy some more land, which was deeded to both. If either should die, how would it be divided by law? How would personal property, such as stock and farm implements, be divided? The woman thinks she owns one half the land that was deeded to both. If so, can she make a will and leave her share to whomsoever she pleases? When they are done with it they would like to have it go half and half to each side of the family."

The husband and wife each own one half of the property last purchased. If the husband dies first, the wife will get a life estate in one third of the whole of the first tract and one third of the one half of the second tract as her dower. After his wife's death, all his property will go to his children. The wife cannot sell her dower—that is, she cannot sell her one third of his property. When the wife dies, the husband gets a life estate in one third of her one half. If they are all to share equally, the husband should deed the wife one half of the first tract.

Collection of Newspaper Subscription for Paper Sent After Time Has Expired

G. V. T., Nebraska, asks: "Can editors collect the money for papers sent after time is out? What is the law of Nebraska?"

No, not unless there is a contract to that effect.

License to Forecast Future

G. C. D., Missouri, asks: "Is there any law in Missouri to compel a person to get a license to forecast the future of any person and collect fees for same?"

Inquire of the prosecuting attorney of your county. I doubt if you come within the law, but you had better see your local authorities.

Wife's Inheritance

W. H. T., Indiana, wants to know: "In case there is no will, would a second wife inherit the husband's property, there being no children? The property came mostly from the husband, but was not inherited from his family. Would his relatives inherit any part of it?"

The wife would get one third absolutely if the estate is under ten thousand dollars; one fourth if between ten thousand and twenty thousand dollars, and one fifth if over twenty thousand dollars.

Right of Woman to Convey Her Property to One Son When There are Other Children

M. G., Kansas, wants to know: "Has a woman living in Kansas any right to give her half of one hundred and sixty acres of land to her oldest son for putting up a house for her, there being seven other heirs, two or three of whom have done all the labor ever since their father's death? The oldest son teaches school, he being left an orphan at seventeen years of age. He went to high school, while the next two have no schooling to speak of."

A person can do as he chooses with his own property, so long as he possesses his right mind. A child has no absolute right to any part of his parent's property if the parent chooses otherwise. In the above query the woman can give it all to one if she so desires.

Payment of Note

A. S., Colorado, says: "I ordered a bill of fruit trees last winter, with the privilege of countermanding before February 15th, which I did. At delivery time I was persuaded to let the trees come from the nursery, but at last I found the conditions were such that I could not plant them, and the agent sold them to other parties, he says at a reduced price. He demanded a note from me for fifty dollars, and through fear of legal proceedings I gave it. Not having received a cent's value, will I be obliged to pay the note?"

Yes, I guess you will have to pay the note, especially if it is sold and gets into the hands of an innocent purchaser. You ought not to have signed the note. It is a bad practice to sign notes for any purpose.

Line Fence

H. M. S., Illinois, writes: "A. and B. own land adjoining. A.'s land is in cultivation and fenced with hog-proof fence. B.'s land lies open. Afterward B. incloses his land on the sides not adjoining A., using a three-wire fence, so as to hold cattle. Can A. compel B. to make his half of the division fence hog proof or any better than his outside fence?"

The object of fencing is to provide against damage done by or to domestic animals by a common fence. One is not obliged to fence against such small animals as would pass through or under an ordinary fence. The design of the fence law is to secure a fence that will turn ordinary stock. If there is no statute on the subject, probably the former Ohio law would govern, to wit: "It must be such a fence as a good husbandman would keep." I have not the Illinois statutes at my command, and am unable to give a more definite answer. Some neighboring justice of the peace may advise you as to the statutes upon the subject.

Faked by a Traveling Doctor

C. F., Michigan, asks: "A doctor from Detroit was traveling from one town to another, making regular monthly visits. I saw him about a growth on my windpipe. He examined it, and said he could cure it easily, and that his price would be ten dollars a month, or he would treat me until cured for twenty-five dollars, which I then gave him, and he gave me a receipt. I went to him for six or seven months. All at once he stopped coming to this place, and I have not heard from him since. He did not benefit me any, and the growth is as large as ever. Could I get my money back in any way, or part, at least? If so, how?"

Yes, you could get it back if he is worth it and you can catch him. But I doubt if he is worth it, or that you can catch him. And if you can it will hardly pay, although you might consult a local attorney. There may be some good traveling doctors, but remember, a good doctor does not have to travel to get a living—he can get all he can do at home. The consequences are that it is generally the doctor that cannot make a living at home because he is not competent that starts on a tour, and with great flaming advertisements seeks to catch the unwary. You know it was Barnum who justified some such conduct because the American people like to be fooled. If you are ill, consult your home physician. He can best advise you. If you need a specialist to treat your case, he can best tell you where to go.

When Entitled to Divorce

W. A. D., Ohio, asks: "I have a wife who will not live any place and is not satisfied with me. If I leave her, can I get a divorce? If so, what will it cost?"

The husband, as the head of the family, has the right to choose the place of residence. If the wife does not follow, in three years she might be charged with desertion. Incompatibility is not a ground for divorce in Ohio. It will cost from thirty-five dollars upward.

Fence and Pound Queries

E. A. H., Connecticut, asks: "Does the law in Connecticut require either owner of a boundary line that runs through a heavily wooded swamp to keep his part fenced? Can the owner of a farm impound unruly cattle in his own yard and collect fee? If so, how much?"

You will need to ask some home authority for answers to both of the above queries, as I have not the statutes of your state at my command. A neighboring justice of the peace no doubt will gladly answer if you put your queries to him.

Inheritance

M. L., Ohio, inquires: "What right have husband and wife in each other's property if they have no children? The wife inherited some money and real estate before marriage, and some after. If she invested money in real estate now, what would be the husband's right? Can she sell property to whoever she likes? The husband also inherited his real estate and money."

In Ohio, if a husband or wife dies without a will the survivor gets all the personal property, and all the real estate that came to the deceased by purchase. In the real estate that came by inheritance the survivor would get a life estate in one third. Either party could will their property to whomsoever they might choose, then the survivor would get absolutely one third of the personal property and a life estate in the real estate.

Rules of Secret Societies Govern Their Members—Wrong Name, etc.

M. J. G., Rhode Island, inquires: "A man living in Massachusetts joined a benefit society in that state, using the name he was commonly known by instead of his real Christian name. He has paid his dues regularly, and once had a 'sickness' benefit, still using the same name. He has moved to Rhode Island since joining the society. If anything happens to him, what effect will it have in regard to his wife drawing the benefit due her as his widow?"

The mere fact of the husband having given a wrong name would not deprive his widow from drawing benefits. She might have a little difficulty in showing that she was his widow. I don't know whether moving to another state would make any difference. The rules of the society would govern that.

Children Cut Out by Will

E. C. M., Pennsylvania, inquires: "A man's wife dies, leaving four children. The man marries again, and has five children by his second wife. The man dies, leaving a will, in which his second wife's children get all his property, he having stated in his will that his children by his first wife received their share. They claim they never received the amount stated in the will. Could they come in and get what was stated in the will, they having signed a quitclaim at one time? Would the fact of having signed a quitclaim bar them out? Would the initials of a person's name do in a will, or would it have to be the full name? If the initials were placed wrong would that have any effect?"

The first wife's children are bound by the will, and they are bound by the statements as to what they received. Signature by initials is good, even if placed wrong; a mark would do. The quitclaim deed would also bar those signing it.

Wife's Share—Pension

"What is the wife's share when the property was accumulated by joint efforts, there being brothers on both sides, but no children? There is a pension, but no will. What can he will her? Is 'we or either of us' good form in all such cases?"

It does not make so much difference as to how the property was acquired as upon the fact of who owns the property. In whose name does it stand? As lawyers say, Who is possessed of the legal title? For in law the legal title controls the descent of the property, so if the property stands in the wife's name, although earned by the husband, the husband would only have a wife's share, and vice versa. If the wife survives the husband, she may get a pension. I don't know to what "we or either of us" in query has reference.

Traction Railway Rights, etc.

L. W. T., Ohio, writes: "A traction line company has surveyed through my farm, cutting off about twenty-five acres of my best land from the rest of the land. My farm is one hundred and five acres. The company is now after the right of way, and I want to know if I can compel the company to pay me for all land cut off of my farm, or will I have to keep it and take pay for only the ground the road takes and the amount of damage. The survey goes diagonally through four fields, and leaves them cut up so they cannot be farmed to any advantage. The creek, and in fact all the water on the farm, is on the land cut off. If I can't compel the company to take the corners it makes by such a survey, what kind of a price can I ask for good land damaged as it will be? What is the law in Ohio with regard to such matters? What is the best way for me to proceed to get damages?"

You cannot compel the company to buy all the farm, nor all the land cut off, but you are entitled to pay for what the company takes, and full damages to the remainder. This would include the fact of a diagonal cut, cutting off of water rights, etc., and in fact every way that the farm is damaged. If you can't agree, the matter must be determined by jury. Don't let the company build the road on your farm until it has paid you full damages.

Nitro-Culture Discredited

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3]

speak ill, and we found ourselves able to believe and to say that the suspicion of Doctor Moore's commercial connection at West Chester did him an injustice. We said, in the issue of May 4th, that we were sure Doctor Moore was not commercially interested, and so far as the West Chester company was concerned he had only shown indiscretion due to intense interest that the cultures should be made effective. We censured only his extravagant claims for the new discovery, and were very glad to help remove any suspicions of commercialism in the matter.

"Quite recently there came to us unsought the clear evidence of Doctor Moore's commercial connection with this company. Only one course was open to us, and that was a renewal of the investigation, because we now felt that the taint of commercialism was upon the nitro-culture bulletins of the department.

"Thursday, July 27th, our paper presented its evidence to Acting Secretary Hays, Chief of Bureau Galloway, and Professor Woods, in whose division Doctor Moore was employed, and Doctor Moore was called before them. He finally confessed that at the time of our previous visit a block of the West Chester company's stock stood in his wife's name on the books of the company, and that it was surrendered to the company a short time after our April interview. Doctor Moore's statement is that he was in consultation with the gentlemen forming the company at its organization, and they proposed to him that he should leave the department and accept from them a salary of five thousand dollars a year and a free gift of this block of stock. He held the offer under consideration until after our first investigation, his assertion being that it was so held until the department agreed to increase his present salary.

"This plainly means that during all the months that the extraordinary bulletins upon nitro-culture were being prepared and issued and the extravagant articles in the magazines were being revised by Doctor Moore he was holding under advisement an offer of a big salary and a big block of stock from the concern that was receiving practically all the profit from the nitro-culture agitation. It is a peculiarly unfortunate condition of things, destroying all public confidence in the utterances of the department upon nitro-culture.

"We certainly have no right to make public the many things said by Doctor Moore's superiors during that most trying day, but it is certainly violating no confidence to say that they regard the department's work upon nitro-culture as vitiated, and to say that a new test will be instituted to determine its true value and relation to practical agriculture.

"It is suggested in the department that this test may take the form of complete coöperative tests with the stations if they are willing, or else by a selected list of farmers throughout the country. Our readers must bear in mind that nitro-culture has a distinct value in certain soils and with certain crops, and this unfortunate entanglement of the department and the extravagance of claims made to promote demand for commercial purposes does not detract one iota from the original intrinsic merit of nitro-culture.

"Acting Secretary Hays authorizes us to make the following statement:

"'Assistant Secretary Hays is making an investigation into the matter of the value of nitro-cultures, and permits us to say that people would do well to await the results of this investigation before depending too much on nitro-cultures from commercial firms.'

"It is obvious that a scientist engaged in research for the government, and charged with the duty of publishing his results for the benefit of farmers, cannot have large interests in a commercial concern that may benefit hugely from the advice that he gives to farmers. The department is discredited, a scientist is discredited, and farmers have been misled. With the warning of Secretary Hays no more money may needlessly be lost by the people. The discredited bulletins may drop out of sight, and some reorganization of the department can easily and rightly secure renewed confidence. As far as Doctor Moore is concerned, we believe he drifted into this unfortunate position without special premeditation.

"The department's investigation that developed Doctor Moore's ownership of stock after his former denial was painfully sad. We have done our duty in this matter, but the next time facts must be developed for the public good the writer wants the duty laid upon some one else. We prefer to speak of what the good men do or else not speak at all."

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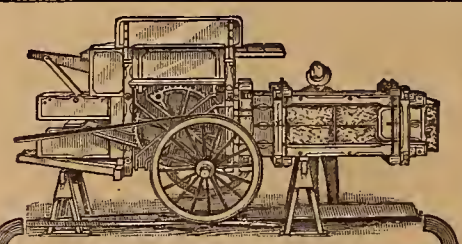

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The Chicago Horse Market

By J. E. LA HINES

THIS has been called the age of the automobile, but the dealers who last year handled 105,949 horses in the world's greatest horse market, at the Chicago Stock Yards, insist that it is the day of equine glory. The general demand for horses was never better, and the automobile has not affected prices. Owing to the numerous horse shows and live-stock expositions, where the finest specimens of the race are displayed to admiring audiences, the ideals of the people have been raised, and a higher standard of excellence is demanded of breeders and dealers generally.

American consumers now pay fully as much for good horses of all classes as foreign buyers, and there is also an increased foreign demand for American-bred horses. In fact, the deliberate opinion of Chicago experts is that at no time in the history of the horse industry were conditions more favorable for uninterrupted prosperity, in spite of the automobile. And who can judge better than the experts of Chicago, where in 1904 an average of three hundred and fifty head was sold each working day—one animal for each eighty seconds throughout the year?

The growth in the export trade has a close relation to the general advancement of the horse-raising industry in the United States. Chicago's great world's fair in 1893 first called the attention of foreigners to the excellence and comparative cheapness of Western horses. Our markets were filled with well-bred animals, while there was a shortage abroad. For an experiment one thousand horses were purchased at Chicago and exported. They stood the long journey excellently, and the prices they brought abroad returned good profits to the exporters. The total exports in 1903 were less than three thousand head, of which less than six hundred head went to Europe. So good an impression was made by them that the export trade began increasing steadily in the following manner: 1894, 5,246; 1895, 13,984;

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 6]

RANGE HORSES IN PENS AT THE CHICAGO HORSE MARKET

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Thousands of people are subscribing and renewing their subscriptions to FARM AND FIRESIDE, and we have printed an extra supply of the August 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE supplement pictures because we are now convinced that the demand for this exquisite supplement will be enormous.

This supplement contains two magnificent pictures, and judging from the complimentary letters received, it is the most charming and beautiful picture supplement ever sent out by any publisher, and has greatly pleased the hundreds of thousands of FARM AND FIRESIDE readers. If your subscription expires previous to this time, don't fail to renew it promptly and secure this beautiful picture supplement free to all who subscribe and request it when they subscribe. Ask for picture supplement number six, and it will be sent, postage free. Do it to-day. See page 15.

About Rural Affairs

By T. GREINER

MONEY NOT EVERYTHING.—It is a very common saying that a person can do everything with money. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, is reported to have recently given ten million dollars for what he considers charitable purposes. I believe that he would gladly give one hundred million dollars for the sound stomach and the healthy appetite of the meanest foreign railroad laborer or ditch digger, if he could have it, in the place of his own miserable apology for stomach and appetite. Yet all his wealth will not buy them. What man of good sense whose digestive apparatus is in perfect working order would wish to trade places with John D.? Not I.

◈

EXPERIENCE WITH PRESERVED EGGS.—A lady reader in Richland Center, Wis., writes that early in May, when egg prices dropped down to thirteen or fourteen cents a dozen, she procured some water glass through her merchant, and laid down a lot of eggs. Late in July her grocer asked her how the eggs were doing. She says: "To be sure of the results, I tried three eggs, one from the bottom and the other two from about the middle of a twelve-gallon jar, and found them practically as good as the day I put them up. They were just as good to eat, and the whites beat up just as good for frosting." Now she wants to know whether the eggs will require washing when taken from the solution before selling, and whether the solution will be fit for use another year. To this I would say that our friend in Wisconsin will find the eggs in just as good condition next winter if she will keep them that long properly immersed in the properly made solution. When taken out for immediate use the eggs should, of course, be rinsed off in clear water, and they will then look like fresh eggs; but if kept out of the solution for a longer time after that they would undoubtedly get stale very quickly. I believe that the solution can be used for more than one year, but as the water glass is not so very expensive I prefer to make a new solution every year.

◈

FADS AND FOOLS.—It may be true that the supply of fools is inexhaustible, as a new one is born every minute. It is no less true, however, that while individual farmers here and there may allow themselves to be duped by sleek rascals, the modern farmer does a good deal of his own thinking, and as a class they are too intelligent and have too good leadership of their own to be long deceived by even the most skillfully concocted schemes, may the schemers even have a high official position. Of this we have just had another proof by the sudden collapse of the bubble of the famous nitro-cultures. Now that the gas is out of the bag, we are in a fair way to get at the solid facts in this whole business. I still believe that my earlier estimate of it was about right when I told some of the Buffalo seedsmen last winter, in answer to their question what I thought of nitro-cultures, that there is just about ten per cent of truth and ninety per cent of humbug in it. But we want that ten per cent of truth. Undoubtedly it is valuable. We should not throw the whole thing overboard because somebody has damned it, not with faint, but with overextravagant, praise. I have a whole lot of experiments under way at the present time, and expect interesting results. For the present we hardly know "where we are at," as the bulletins of the department in Washington on this subject will not readily be accepted now as authority. The nitro-culture business has left the fad stage—we shall soon know what is fact and what fancy.

◈

NEW KEROSENE EMULSIONS.—The kerosene emulsion is still a very useful preparation for killing certain kinds of insects, especially on trees and shrubs. Plants infested with green lice or cabbages with worms can also be freed from these pests in quick time. But this liquid is not safe to use on plants unless it is thoroughly emulsified. We used to make it with soap, but it is now found that a better emulsion can be obtained by the use of lime or flour. The formula calls for one pound of lime, which should preferably be freshly slaked, and one quart of kerosene. For a ten-per-cent solution add two gallons of water, and churn for four or five minutes, or until a perfect emulsion is formed. This churning is best done by means of a pump and a fine spray nozzle. Professor Close, of the Delaware station, who is to be credited with the idea of using lime for this purpose, states that no free kerosene will form for several weeks, and even if there should be a separation afterward a little stirring will quickly reëstablish an emulsion. Flour and kerosene will also make a first-rate emulsion. Professors Shutt and Macoun, of the Ottawa Experiment Station, say that an excellent emulsion, which showed not the slightest separation of kerosene after one week, was prepared by scalding two ounces of flour, mixing the resulting thin paste with one quart of kerosene, and emulsifying with two gallons of water. They also state that this flour emulsion is smooth, readily and easily atomized, and does not clog the nozzle. It may be found easier and cheaper to make than the lime emulsion, and can be used on ornamental shrubs, etc., where the whitening of the foliage would be objectionable. It can also be added to Bordeaux mixture, with or without arsenical poisons. Many of us have neglected to make use of this valuable emulsion while we had to make it with soap, as it was a rather smeary mixture, especially if made with whale-oil soap. The newer formulas simplify matters considerably, and we should not allow our plants and shrubs to be seriously injured by plant lice and other sucking insects when the remedy is prepared and applied so easily and cheaply. We can now kill three birds with one stone. When we spray with the combination of Bordeaux mixture, kerosene emulsion and arsenites we are fighting diseases, biting insects and sucking insects all in one operation.

◈

SCARING THE BIRDS.—As one of the means of protecting fruit trees against the unwelcome visits of bird depredators it has often been recommended to suspend an imitation bird of prey over the tree from which the birds are to be kept away. A writer in an exchange says: "Secure a bamboo fish pole at an angle of about forty-five degrees so that it will overhang the tree. Suspend a large oval potato by a cord attached near the end of this flexible pole. Here and there in the potato stick long, stout feathers dyed with brilliant colors—red, blue, green and yellow—and just beneath this bird hang a disk of bright tin, also provided with a few bright feathers. Attach a small bell to the bamboo. This gives now and then a metallic sound as the whole concern is swayed by the wind." Quite a number of years ago somebody suggested the use of a large beet stuck full of feathers in place of the potato for the same purpose. Here, where we are suffering so very much from the depredations of robins, especially in cherry and berry times, this scare device might be tried. I have not an excessive amount of faith in it, however. Robins here, where present in large numbers, are also very impudent, and refuse to be scared. We may be gathering cherries in one part of a large tree, and the robins will be doing the very same thing in another part of the same tree, and if they get sight of us in the tree they will at once begin to make a loud noise, as if scolding us for daring to interfere with their business. I have tried all kinds of colored clothes hung up in some of the trees, but the robins took the cherries just the same, and I imagine that they will also take a good share of some of my plums and some kinds of pears. I have some seedling pear trees of Russian origin (obtained through the late Professor Budd) which hang full almost every year. The pears have always been left on the trees until ripe and mellow, and the robins have feasted on the best and ripest specimens for weeks, spoiling bushels of this fruit. As I have plenty of it for home use, and have never tried to sell the surplus of this particular kind of pear, I have not laid this up very seriously against the robin. It is the cherries that I miss most.

Salient Farm Notes

By FRED GRUNDY

FEED CLOVER ON THE FARM.—A Missouri farmer has a lot of clover hay in stack, and asks if I think it would be better to buy a few head of young stock and feed it to them than to sell it at the low price offered. I would not sell a pound of it. Buy young stock, feed the hay on the farm, and return it to the land in the form of manure. Wherever possible, it is vastly more profitable to convert clover into meat right where it grows than to make hay of it. If it is pastured with pigs one saves all the expense of making it into hay and stacking or storing it.

◈

THE HOG FENCE.—This naturally brings up the matter of fences. To enable one to pasture his clover he must have the fields fenced, and fences cost a good deal of money. One good farmer of my acquaintance says it is more profitable to mow the clover and feed it to pigs kept in a yard than to fence the fields. Another says there is too much labor and waste in this practice. He prefers to build fences and have the pigs do their own mowing. He is satisfied that they grow faster and are healthier when they have the range of the fields than when confined to a small yard. He builds his fences three feet high, using the best posts he can obtain, setting them twenty feet apart and driving a stake halfway between. The fence is woven wire, and is drawn tight and securely stapled to the posts, and at the top and bottom to the stakes. He never had his hogs to root under, because he is careful to keep them well rung; they never try to push out, because they have an abundance of green food and water where they are, are fed a little corn once every day, and they are content. The posts he uses are four and one half feet long, and are set in the ground eighteen inches. When building the fence he makes a thorough job of it, and it stands for years with very little repairing. If the posts are heaved a little by frost he takes a maul and drives them back just after the frost is out and while the ground is still soft.

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MILK AND TUBERCULOSIS.—In the matter of fattening pigs on buttermilk or on clabber milk it would appear to be a good idea to know that the cows are healthy. Swift & Co. report that they bought a carload of hogs that had been fed and fattened largely on buttermilk, and seventy-five of the eighty-two head were condemned by the government inspectors. They were badly affected with tuberculosis, and investigation showed that some of the cows from which the milk came were affected with the same disease. Without a doubt there are hundreds of milk cows affected with this disease, and if feeding the milk from such cows transfers the disease to hogs, as now seems to be the case, milk is not altogether the grand pig feed it has been cracked up to be. An Indiana farmer says he thinks I am right about raising hogs on clover and corn. It has paid him well, and he will continue to follow the practice. "But," he asks, "what are we going to do for our fall pigs? There is no clover in winter, and they won't do well on corn alone." I am tempted to ask him if he thinks or knows that it pays to raise fall pigs. In small numbers it probably does, because a small number can be given the extra care required during the winter months, and can be kept thrifty and growing; but summer is the time to grow pigs. An early spring pig turned on clover as soon as he is able to eat it needs no coddling, and if he is given sufficient corn to keep him solid and growing lively he will be just the sort of pig that buyers want before snow flies. He has been made at low cost, and he brings the top price, and there is profit in him. A friend of mine who raises a good many summer pigs says it pays him well to raise twenty or thirty fall pigs to follow his cattle.

◈

OUTINGS.—I note that quite a number of farmers propose to take an outing of from one day to a week this season. Some are going to spend the time visiting the state fair, others are going to the Chautauquas held in various sections of the country, while still others are going into camp along the little rivers and lakes. These latter will be apt to have the most restful time if they can keep the mosquitoes, wood ticks and chigoes off their persons, and the flies, ants and bugs out of their soups and stews. In some localities there are "societies" and "lodges" of various kinds, and the members have a regular outing every year. They send a man to inspect two or three of the nearest "resorts" two or three weeks before the date set, and go to the one where the most favorable conditions for a pleasant time obtain.

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VISIT THE STATE FAIR.—Every farmer that possibly can should send his wife—or what is better, take her—to the state fair. The railroads give such low excursion rates to these fairs that at least one or two members of every farmer's family can attend them for from two to four days. If one goes with a desire to learn what progress is being made in agriculture, horticulture, stock breeding, etc., he can find lots to interest him. If he goes merely to see the races, he will see lots of fast horses and learn nothing that will be of any service to him. Whenever I see two or three young men moving leisurely along through the implement and stock buildings, carefully inspecting things and asking questions, I am certain that they are progressive and stand in the front ranks of the farmers in the locality they come from. The management of the fairs in the leading states is gradually getting into better hands. The liquor seller has been eliminated, and the vaudeville show and other like "attractions" will follow sooner or later, and the fairs are becoming clean exhibitions of all that pertains to advanced agriculture. When this has become an assured fact it will puzzle the managers to provide room for the exhibits and visitors. When people learn that they can take their children to a fair with the assurance that they will not be robbed of their money by fakes and fakirs, they will come like an avalanche.

Our Farm

"Book Farming"

THE common acceptation of the words "book farming" is the strict one given by the old-line, practical, stick-to-old-customs farmers, who in a mild sort of sarcasm desire to draw a line between their methods and the newer things of agriculture—a line dividing the tried-and-not-found-wanting practices of the fathers from those innovating, experimental notions of the theorists; a line that marks off such things as the traditional husbandman knows will work out, because they always have so worked, from those visionary ideas of the experimenters, teachers and writers. Now, while those who stigmatize new things in farming as "book farming" intend to thus place their mark of disapprobation upon such new things, we who stand somewhat upon the other side are inclined to resent the implied criticism of our advanced methods, and ourselves draw a hard line between the old things and the new. Personally, in my active farming and in my teaching and my writing (if I may "for the sake of argument" be pardoned the personal allusion), I occupy some of the ground of both these classes of farmers, and I hope understand the prejudices of the one class and appreciate the undertakings of the other.

As a practical farmer on my own farms, which I am forced to so work and manage that they shall yield me not a demonstration of a theory, but an actual profit, I know that much of the vaporings of self-ordained teachers is most exactly called "book farming." On the other hand, I know, also, that many of the newer practices collectively condemned by the "practical" fellows are working out a new era of better farming and farm living for us who so constantly have our feet in the furrows that there is little possibility of our getting our heads in the clouds. I have absolutely no sympathy with that exclusive devotion to old ideas and practices that so wraps itself up that no new light can penetrate its seclusion, but I have a lasting respect that holds fast to the good things that have stood the test of time in their proving. To my mind the good advanced farmer of to-day is the man who realizes the merits of the old methods, keeping his following of them so flexible that improvements engraft themselves thereon by processes of attrition, and who does not regard innovations as bugaboos at which he must shy and scare around lest he be called a "book farmer" and lose his prestige of being a "practical" one.

There are two kinds of "book farming"—the kind that is advanced, helpful, practical, successful; the other kind is the visionary, the unreliable, disappointing and expensive. A few years ago a young man who came to me for some advice as to dairy feeding informed me he had taken two years of the agricultural course at his state agricultural college. Circumstances made necessary his coming to the farm for a time, but as soon as possible he would go back and finish his course. I said to him, "You are fortunate in having a good foundation of technical training. What you have learned at college your vacation will ripen on the farm. You will have an excellent opportunity to prove some things and apply the touchstone to some others. My advice is to finish your course as soon as possible, but in the meantime be a student and an observer at home. About all that's good and true—and some that isn't—gets into the farm papers."

After about two years' active work on the farm and in his dairy he went back to finish his course at college, and reported to me a short time thereafter that he had left in disillusionment. He said, "They have nothing new to teach me—nothing not in the books, papers and experiences I have at home." When first out of school on the farm he was an enthusiastic "book farmer," and made some grave mistakes. What he learned was all right in theory and fact, but the value of agricultural education is in knowing how to put it to successful application.

A man in a distant state has undertaken a large farming proposition with an excellent theoretical training and an extended business experience. The other day he wrote me: "It is difficult for me to determine always what is best. Theory and practice are so different, and there is absolutely no one to whom I can go for a practical suggestion." Pure "book farming" scarcely meets the everyday needs of this man, but after he has gone through the fire of hard experience he will look back and see how his theory always helped mightily.

Another man in the East writes: "I am interested in a small farm, and have an up-to-date man in charge, but on many points I find his judgment is not reliable. He should know and do, but I find many cases in which I must say specifically what needs to be done." This is a city man leaning toward the country and on a broken reed.

The printed page, the lecture hall and all the implements of the schools are of incalculable value to the student, but no man has ever yet learned successful farming away from the farm. Let us, therefore, brothers, put a proper valuation on those things the teachers and the books may teach us, but remember that farming must be learned. Let us be patient when some horny-handed son of his father says "book farming" about many things that have not been proved.

W. F. McSparran.

INTERNATIONAL LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION BUILDING, CHICAGO

Procure the Seed Wheat Now

Wheat growers should first ascertain what varieties are best adapted to the soil and climate in their immediate neighborhood, also whether it is desirable to grow a hard red wheat, like the Turkey Red or Russian Hard winter wheat of western Kansas, or a soft white wheat, like that grown in western New York, southern Canada, southern Michigan, the northern and southern sections of Ohio and Indiana and the southern sections of Illinois and Missouri, in western Kentucky and in Tennessee, or that grown in western Oregon and Washington. In the above localities no one should attempt to grow the hard, flinty varieties.

It is a mistake not to consult with the leading millers in one's locality. Their judgment, based on experience, should serve as a guide in selecting such varieties as combine the most desirable qualities and command the readiest sale at the highest prices.

Several of the state experiment stations have sought to aid the wheat growers by the careful breeding of varieties of wheat presumably best adapted for cultivation in their respective states. Excellent work along this line has been accomplished in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and other states. More recently the experiments conducted at the Manhattan, the Kansas Experiment Station and at that of the state of Minnesota have attracted wide and deserved attention.

Wide-awake farmers now aim to keep up a regular correspondence with the directors of their respective state experiment stations. The recommendations of the directors amount to a practical guarantee not only as to the quality of the wheats tested at the station, but of the reliability of the growers of seed wheat for sale. The address of the secretary of the state board of agriculture is almost invariably at the capital of the state. A postal card addressed "Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture," without his name, will be sure to reach him.

W. M. K.

Increase the Fertility of Your Farm

The first object of every farmer should be to make his land more productive each year. Some farmers on new land do not have this problem to solve, but others on worn-out land have to consider this each year.

If you have a good rich farm, do not see how soon you can make it poor, but keep it good. The man with the poor land should make it better. There are many examples of these worn-out farms throughout the country, and every tiller of the soil should take a lesson from them. Study the run-down farms, and don't let yours go down, but make it better. Study the improved farms, and take lessons from them.

In this country the worst trouble is that some will raise corn and only corn so long as it will grow, and then try to raise some more. If the corn was fed on the farm, and the manure put back on the land, it would not be so bad, but many times it is all sold. I am glad to say this practice is becoming less general.

The continual cropping of a certain crop is hard on the soil, therefore rotation should be practiced. Live stock should be kept to consume all that is grown, and the manure carefully saved and returned to the land. All that is grown should be fed to stock on the farm, and the manure saved, except in special cases. Should you have corn to sell, and the price should be high, sell it, but as a general rule feed it. By careful feeding the stock will pay a profit on the corn, and the manure is an extra profit. Sometimes the stock does not give a direct profit, but the manure is always a profit.

I don't like to see anything in the line of feed go off my farm, and not much does, but I like to see feed brought and fed on the farm. I know that just that much more fertility is now on my land, and to increase the richness of the soil is my first object in farming. Success is sure to follow a good soil.

All the little things that will help to make the land better should be saved. Don't forget the wood ashes; they are valuable to put on almost every crop. Don't burn the strawstack; there is quite a lot of fertility in it. I don't like to see anything burned on the farm. Far too much fertility goes up in smoke.

Twenty-three years ago my farm was a run-down, worn-out piece of land, but since then rotation has been practiced and live stock kept. Nothing extra in the way of fertilizers has been put on the farm. All the manure was saved. To-day the land will produce easily twice as much as then, and my object is to keep making it better each year.

I know of a farm not far away which has had no stock kept on it for the past twenty years. It has always been pushed by growing corn, and the corn sold. I very much doubt if the owner makes a cent more than a living.

Sometimes, if corn is quoted at a good price, I sell a little, but I always think of the fertility which is being taken off the land. I always think of the increase of fertility on my land when I buy feed. Feed all you raise, and when you can do it profitably, feed some of the grain which some of your neighbors have raised; but save the manure, and your land will give you another profit next year.

E. J. Waterstripe.

An Economical Filtering Device

C. C. Sharp, an extensive coal-mine operator, devised the following method of filtration for the cisterns on his properties. It is so excellent and economical that it could well be used on the farm: There are two cisterns, one to contain the water after filtration, and to be the size desired under individual conditions, and the other about four feet square. The smaller cistern contains the filter. Into this is put crushed stone and sand, through which the water percolates, and from where it is led by means of a pipe or tile to the larger cistern. This may be six or eight feet away. The advantages of such a plan are readily seen. It is considerable trouble and work to clean a large cistern and remove the filter. In the smaller one, however, it can be accomplished with little trouble. The stones and sand can be thrown away and fresh added with little trouble and expense. The pipe or tile should be laid at the bottom of the smaller cistern, and should enter the larger near the top, above the overflow pipe.

Mary E. Lee.

A BLUE pencil mark opposite this paragraph means that

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Gardening

By T. GREINER

English Pearl Onion.—An Ohio reader says he found the pearl onion, or roundheaded garlic, growing wild near Goosecreek, West Virginia. It loves a low, swampy soil. When he was in the Army of the Potomac the soldiers used these garlics as a substitute for onions. They have a very strong flavor. I am not botanist enough to know much about our native garlics. This pearl onion if planted out and left without attention might possibly become wild, but I doubt that it would ever become weedy. It is not of strong, but rather of delicate, flavor. Whether there is any call for it in our city markets I do not know.

Young Green Onions Boiled.—We have never before eaten green onions in such quantities and enjoyed them as much as we did this past spring. Our White Portugals were simply delicious. A friend now tells me that these young onions are just as delicious when boiled, and I find the following in the "Rural New-Yorker:" "Young green onions boiled like asparagus will be appreciated. Prepare them just as for serving raw, then tie in bunches, drop into boiling salted water, and cook ten minutes. Drain, lay upon toast, and pour over them a well-seasoned cream sauce." I think we will try this with a lot of green Gibraltar onions which we have at this time available for bunching. These are very nice, but not as tender or sweet as were our Portugals in spring. Probably the abundance of rainfall and the thrifty weed covering, with its resulting blanching, had something to do with the tenderness and sweetness of our green onions. Or was it the fall use of nitrate of soda?

Poison for Cabbage Worms.—A Washington reader reports "poor success" from the use of lime and tobacco water on cabbages as a remedy for the green worm. The worms are there yet, and he is afraid to use Paris green, as the cabbages are quite large already. I have usually managed to get rid of the worms by using dusty materials, especially tobacco dust and road dust applied freely. Kerosene emulsion sprayed forcibly upon the plants is also a sure enough remedy. But if I could not get rid of the pest in any other way I would not hesitate to use Paris green. I have gotten over my earlier fears. There is no authenticated case on record of any one or of any family being poisoned by eating cabbage on the outer leaves of which poison had been used to kill worms. It is absolutely impossible for Paris green to get inside the head as long as that is whole. There is layer after layer of leaves, and nobody ever eats the outer, or loose, leaves. The inner ones are so well protected that there is absolutely no risk of getting a dose of poison with them.

For Tomatoes it is usually recommended to select soil of medium fertility only. That will work very well for the later sorts, especially where the seasons are rather short and where there is some difficulty of getting those varieties to come to full maturity. I always select a very rich, but warm and protected, spot for my early tomatoes. With them it is important that we secure a full crop. This cannot be done on poor soil. We need plenty of foliage in order to set a heavy crop of tomatoes and bring them to perfection. Fertile soil will give it. From the latter part of August on the ground in my early tomato patch often appears red with tomatoes, and when we gather them all one day, taking everything that has even begun to color, a day or two later we find the ground again covered with ripe fruit. That is the only way to make these early sorts pay, and it cannot be done on any except very rich soil. Where the soil is sandy and the seasons a little longer I would also rather have rich soil for the later tomatoes than soil that is just of medium fertility. I have seen big crops taken off land where fish compost had been very freely applied, forcing a heavy top growth.

Potato Blight and Rot.—In regard to the potato outlook, we find here in New York State the same conditions as a recent press bulletin from the Ohio Experiment Station announced as prevailing in that state. The late blight has made its appearance, and this unusually early in the season. One of the fields in my immediate vicinity has hardly a leaf left from a remarkably thrifty growth. The first signs of the disease were discovered less than two weeks ago. The whole patch went down almost at once, and uniformly over the whole field, which had never been sprayed. I noticed signs of infection on several of my patches where the plants have been sprayed at least twice, but the progress of the blight seems to be quite slow, owing probably to the spraying. I have again gone over these patches, spraying with Bordeaux mixture in full ordinary strength—namely, about one pound of copper sulphate, and lime enough to satisfy the ferrocyanide-of-potassium test with ten gallons of water. I have been trying to cover every part of the foliage, and am hoping to arrest the progress of the blight, and thus also head off the rot. I shall probably spray once more. Whether the potatoes all over the country will rot badly or not will depend in a measure on the weather conditions from now on. The blight may continue to make progress, but warm and dry weather is likely to arrest the rotting of the tubers. I am not looking for an oversupply of potatoes this year, however.

Cleaning up the Rubbish.—A lady reader in Kentucky says: "I hear so many complain about worms and maggots eating up cabbages and beans, etc. You had better tell them to look after their cabbage stumps rotting on the ground, and other rubbish left in the fields, which breed worms and maggots." She is quite right. Many—probably the great majority of growers—give these insect pests far too much chance. The cabbage stumps in the fields are often alive with maggots, and possibly with other insects. Late in the season potato vines are left to nourish and breed millions of potato beetles and other pests, the owner never thinking it worth while to treat them so late in the season. Squash, cucumber and melon vines are alive with late striped beetles and the fall brood of the large, odorous squash bug. We often give to these hordes of dangerous enemies a chance to go into winter quarters unmolested and to winter over in safety, then to come out in spring in vast numbers and make life a burden to us. I usually gather up the cabbage stumps, cracked heads, etc., and cart them to the hogpen to be worked over by the pigs. If squash vines are found full of young squash bugs after the first killing frost they are usually sprayed with clear kerosene or destroyed by fire. The rubbish that is left in the fields and gardens to rot is one of the most prolific sources of trouble from insect pests the next season. We cannot be too careful in getting rid of the rubbish at the earliest possible time.

Destroying Plant Lice.—I seldom have much trouble with plant lice on my outdoor crops. In the greenhouse, however, I find my tomato, pepper and egg plants, and also forced lettuce at times, badly infested with these unwelcome insects, and it is only by great persistence and timely efforts in fumigating that I can succeed in keeping these crops fairly, but seldom absolutely, free from them. Recently a prize was awarded in Germany to the following as the best method of destroying plant lice, given by one of the fifty-eight persons who competed for the prize: "Two and one half pounds of quassia wood to be soaked over night in ten quarts of water in a petroleum barrel with five pounds of soft soap. The mixture is then ready for sprinkling on plants infested with lice. Leaves, even such as those of peach trees, will not be injured in the least by this solution, which can be kept covered from spring until fall without deterioration. . . . If the application is repeated several times the pests will disappear." Quassia bark is a common and well-known insecticide, and the remedy is easily tried. Last spring I tried the preparation put on the market under the name "Con-sol" (and which I was then testing for the pernicious scale) as a remedy for lice on plants—mostly tomato plants—in the greenhouse. There was some free oil in the preparation, however, which did some damage to the plants, and it was only partially successful in destroying the lice. I did not dare to risk a second application on such plants. The application on currant, gooseberry and Juneberry bushes, however, was apparently sufficient to put a quietus on the San Jose scale.

Fruit Growing

By S. B. GREEN

Blackberry Cane Borer.—W. S., Handy Creek, N. Y. I am inclined to think your blackberries are injured from the ordinary blackberry cane borer. I wish, however, you would send me a sample of the injury they have done, that I may have more to guide me in forming an opinion.

Fruit Trees Splitting Open.—M. A. H., Helper, Utah. I do not know what disease you refer to. I sometimes have trees split open in winter, due to excessively cold weather, but this could hardly be the case with you in Utah. I wish you would write me further, stating when and where the trouble occurs, and whether the cracks extend further than just through the bark; also whether any insects appear in connection with the trouble, and any other points that you think would be of interest and might enable me to trace out the disease.

Plum Pockets.—J. Z., Osmond, Neb. I take it that by "plum blots" you mean what I call "plum pockets." These come as a result of a disease which causes the plums to puff up and be worthless. The disease that causes this trouble is the same as that which causes the curl on peaches, and the remedy is the same, which consists in spraying the trees about two weeks before the buds open with a solution of blue vitriol made at the rate of one pound to twenty-five gallons of water. This disease is most troublesome with varieties of plums of native origin, such as Cheney, Stoddard, Wolf and others that are well adapted to Nebraska.

Apricots from Seed.—J. L. G., Leroy, Kan. When apricots are grown from seed, the seedlings are seldom as good as those from which the seed came. On the other hand, some of the trees will bear very good fruit, but not often good enough for general marketing. The best way to handle this seed is to gather it as soon as ripe, mix it with sand, and bury it out of doors where it will not get dry. Allow it to remain in this place until spring, when it should be sown in rows eighteen inches apart, and the seed about one inch apart in the rows. The seedlings should grow in this close row for two years, after which they may be transplanted where they are to fruit.

Plum Curculio—Fire Blight—Cutting Asparagus.—G. E. P., Alexandria, Ind. Your plums are undoubtedly stung by the plum curculio. This is a little snout beetle that stings the plums soon after the blossoms fall. The best remedy is to spread sheets under the trees each morning, and jar the trees, picking up and destroying the beetles, which fall quickly when the tree is suddenly jarred. This should be repeated at intervals of two or three days until no further beetles can be gathered. When once this work is undertaken it will not take a great deal of time, and it is the common practice of some of our largest plum growers.——If the three apple trees to which you refer are badly affected by fire blight, and the fruit is of little or no value, I should certainly remove them, or possibly topwork them with some other kinds. You certainly do not want them, whether they blight or not, if the fruit is not good.——It is customary to cut asparagus until new peas appear in market. There is no way of telling by the appearance of the plants themselves as to the proper time to stop cutting, but one must use his judgment, and not cut so late that the plants will not have time to properly mature their underground buds for next year's crop. In most of the Northern states cutting is finished by the tenth of June, or when new peas are ready.

Peach-leaf Curl.—G. W. H., Meadow Grove, Neb. The peach-leaf curl is a fungous disease that takes the leaves just as they appear in the spring and grows with the growth of the leaves until it has destroyed them, when the leaves fall and the trees are seriously weakened. The spores of this disease probably winter over around the buds on the trees. The proper treatment is to spray the trees in the spring about two weeks before the buds start with a solution of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) at the rate of one pound to twenty-five gallons of water. Thick Bordeaux mixture will also answer the same purpose. These remedies are very satisfactory, and are in general use in peach regions where peach-leaf curl is likely to be troublesome.

Rust on Apple.—C. S. C., Newark, Ohio. The disease that has injured the Belleflower apple tree which you have inclosed some foliage is what is known as "apple-leaf rust." It is quite a common disease throughout the country, but some varieties are much more subject to it than others. The best, and practically the only satisfactory, treatment now known is to spray the foliage at least two or three times with Bordeaux mixture. This will also prevent the growth of scab on the fruit. One form of the rust lives on the red cedar, and where these are numerous it is very troublesome. On the red cedar the rust appears on the cedar apples, which have bright scarlet jellylike points in June. The cottonlike masses in the axils of the leaves is caused by lice, which will be found in the cottony covering. This may be from the apple tree root louse, which is sometimes very troublesome, even killing trees, but in your case it is evidently doing no serious injury.

Lice on Currants.—J. A. W., Roland, Ill. The small green lice that infest your currant bushes are extremely troublesome in many other places. They cause the leaves to have a blistered appearance. The best treatment is to spray the bushes early in the spring, as soon as the leaves appear, with strong tobacco water, which will thus kill the lice before they have had a chance to form the blisterlike coverings, in which they are quite secure from any insecticide. This must be done before the worms appear. The common measuring worm to which you refer is what is commonly known as the currant worm, and eats the foliage. The best way of destroying this is by the use of some poison, such as white hellebore at the rate of one ounce to a gallon of water—or it may be used in a dust form mixed with flour at the rate of one part of hellebore powder to ten parts of flour. In my own practice I use Paris green and water for this worm with best success, using it at the rate of about one teaspoonful to a pail of water.

Time to Plant Strawberries.—E. M., Cambridge City, Ind. If the weather is mild in September it is a very good time for putting out a strawberry bed in your section. However, if you have dry, hot weather at that time it will require great care to get the plants started. August is in some ways a better time, provided the conditions are right; but September is more apt to be cool and mild with you than August, and is probably the better time for setting out the plants. In selecting plants, be sure to get those of this year's growth. Old plants will not prove successful. I do not know just where you can get these plants to best advantage, but there should be some place in your vicinity where strawberry plants can be easily obtained, and I would suggest that you visit some large strawberry grower near by and ask him to recommend you to somebody who has good strawberry plants for sale. For a cheap book on small fruits I would suggest that you get "Amateur Fruit Growing."

Green Lice and Rust on Roses.—H. R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. I am inclined to think that the green bugs to which you refer as seriously injuring your roses are what are commonly known as green lice. These appear on the new growth of the roses, causing them to curl up and become stunted in appearance. They are quite easily destroyed by the use of tobacco water, into which the tips of the branches may be dipped. This tobacco water should be made from tobacco stems or other raw tobacco by pouring hot water onto it. It should be used as soon as cold, at about the color of strong tea. There is no danger from the use of this insecticide, and it is very cheap and effective. In addition to this, your roses are injured by a leaf rust, which is caused by a fungous disease. I think your best treatment for this would be to spray them with Bordeaux mixture as soon as the leaves expand, and later at intervals of about ten days with a solution of liver of sulphur at the rate of half an ounce to a gallon of water.

Scale on Magnolia.—P. M. S., Cove Forge, Pa. I do not know what scale insect it is that is seriously injuring your magnolia trees, but am inclined to think that the best method of treatment for you to follow is to spray the trees thoroughly with a strong solution of lye after the leaves have fallen in autumn. This should be repeated several times during the winter. I am inclined to think that this will so loosen the scales that the winter rains will wash them off. On some trees we find that the best way to treat this scale is to paint the tree with a thick coat of kerosene oil on bright days in the winter, when the oil will dry off quickly. I have used this on a number of trees to good advantage. I hardly want to recommend this for the magnolia, as I have never experimented with it, and fear it may injure the bark. On the other hand, if you experimented with it carefully, trying it first on a few of the smaller branches, you might find it to work to good advantage and not injure the tree. It is one of the most effective known remedies for scale.

Poultry Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Colors of Breeds

It is doubtful if the color of any breed influences it as a meat producer or layer, or even in hardiness. It has been claimed that black fowls can endure the winter better than the other kinds, but those who have the white breeds do not admit such superiority. The advantage in color is that the pin feathers on white fowls do not show so easily as do the pin feathers on the black breeds, and in behalf of the buff breeds it is urged that dirt is not so quickly noticed as on the white breeds. The fact is that color is a fancy. It is possible that in some sections the whites may be preferred on account of their white feathers, but there will be found friends of all the various breeds who have many reasons to assign in favor of any one of them as being the best of all.

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When to Buy Pure Breeds

From this time until the weather begins to get cold the farmer can buy pure-bred fowls cheaper than at any other time, and as the breeders now have a surplus (especially of males), and find their yards and houses crowded, the farmer should take advantage of the opportunity to get something better than the common stock he usually supports. If the farmer must feed out his grain, he might as well feed it to something that he knows may give him a profit, instead of feeding it to fowls of mixed mongrels possessing no uniformity, and which may not even pay for their food. The pure breeds are hardy, capable of enduring almost any climate, and preferred breeds may be used. They lay large eggs, and they convert most of the food consumed into eggs. With a flock of pure-bred fowls the farmer can estimate on the future profits with more certainty than with common fowls, as the latter consist of individuals which differ in all respects. Get fowls or early hatched chicks at this season of the year, and next spring they will lay enough eggs to completely change the character of the flock.

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The Cost of Production

In estimating the expenses, the fowls should be charged with all that they receive, and should also be credited with that which they produce. It is doubtful if one can arrive at a knowledge of the actual average cost of an egg, but it is an easy matter to learn if the production of eggs is equivalent to the value of the food given. Something must be allowed, however, for the saving of the waste material used by the hens, as it really possesses no marketable value, but is picked up by the hens and converted into eggs. The value of the manure is also an item of profit. The cost of the maintenance of the roosters is, of course, to be classed somewhere; for while the males produce nothing except their bodies, yet they are necessities that must also be paid for in some shape. It is an interesting problem, and worth a few thoughts, as the value of the eggs and their cost enter largely into the poultry account. Every one who is interested in making poultry pay, and who desires to know of his operations at any time of the year, should keep a strict account of all receipts and expenses.

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Disinfectants and Remedies

The poultryman or farmer desires an insecticide, disinfectant or other remedy for keeping down disease or lice which is not only cheap, but also easily and conveniently applied. Any substance that gives off gaseous matter for several days is unsuitable for use in the poultry house as a disinfectant. For this reason chloride of lime is not recommended, as the chlorine gas which it gives off for quite a while is injurious to the hens. The best way to disinfect is by the burning of sulphur or by the use of some solution. A three-per-cent solution of crude carbolic acid sprayed over every portion of the poultry house once a week is one of the best and cheapest modes of disinfecting, and the method is harmless to the fowls. If a barrel of sawdust is moistened with the solution of carbolic acid by being thoroughly sprinkled with it, the sawdust may be returned to the barrel and used as desired, a few handfuls being thrown on the floor or under the roosts. The solution may be stronger if preferred. Carbolate of lime is a cheap substance, and may be freely used. It can be procured of any druggist at a small cost. Even dry dirt may be used freely, a pound of carbolate of lime to be added and well mixed with every peck of dry dirt.

◈

Growing Protein Foods

Among the best foods for the production of both meat and eggs are meat, linseed meal, bran and gluten meal, because they are rich in protein. There are some crops which the farmer can grow in order to provide a variety on the farm, such as sunflower seed, millet seed, popcorn, buckwheat and the legumes. Cowpeas and soy beans can be grown on almost any farm, and they are ideal poultry foods. They mature early and in a short time, the soy bean being just the thing for use as a hen pasture. Soy beans grow rapidly, and in some sections they may be planted even as late as August 1st. A small patch grown especially for the fowls will greatly assist in increasing egg production, as if turned into the field of beans the hens will shell them and attend to all the details of harvesting the seed, leaving the vines for any use to which the farmer may desire to assign them. Any kind of green clover is also a valuable poultry food, as clover contains a large proportion of lime. While corn is the standard poultry food, and one of the best, yet the farmer will be able to get more eggs by growing a variety of foods, especially those of a nitrogenous character. Bone meal can always be procured and kept within reach of the fowls, as it supplies both grit and mineral matter, but the hens will be more thrifty if fed on varied foods, and the farmer can grow some kinds much cheaper than he can buy them. Let the hens have green food, and when the winter comes they should be kept well supplied with concentrated foods that may be fed in connection with clover hay, ensilage or other prepared bulky materials.

◈

Young Brahmas

The showroom requirements are such as to prevent selecting the best specimens of young Brahmas until they are well advanced in growth. The young chicks possessing a preponderance of leg feathering are usually males, but it is not always strictly so. The darker the beak, it is claimed, the blacker will be the hackle and tail, and the chicks that seem to feather slowly and remain nearly naked until three fourths grown have more feathers when matured than do the others. Young Brahmas are very hardy, and are more easily raised than are many other breeds of chicks, but in order to have them grow to their fullest size they must be well fed from the start. While heavy leg feathering is demanded if the Brahmas are to be considered first class, yet there is no reason why feathers should be kept on the shanks of any breed of fowls. The feathers are inconvenient in cold weather and when the ground is damp and muddy, yet the demand is for feathers on the Asiatics to extend to the ends of the outer toes. It would be much better if feathers on the shanks of Brahmas could be bred away, as it would be in their favor in many different ways, though probably they would not appear so compact.

◈

Inquiries Answered

Right of Possession.—A. S. C., Lakeview, N. J., inquires "if a landlord can hold buildings (such as poultry houses) if made movable and set on posts, not nailed or fastened, the sections of the houses being hooked and bolted." In reply it may be stated that the general understanding is that unless attached to the land such property belongs to the one who purchased the materials and constructed the houses.

Refuses Sunflower Seed.—M. G. S., Cleveland, Tenn., reports that "his hens refuse to eat sunflower seed, and that he never fed them any such food before." They will not refuse such food if given no other kind after a few days' fast.

A DOUBLE HOUSE

The design of this poultry house is one which allows abundant room, the illustration showing two yards. The house is made tight by shingles on the walls as well as on the roof. The fowls shown are pure-bred White Wyandottes

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4 lbs Flowers of Sulphur
10 lbs Lime

Mix the *Banner Lye* and sulphur dry, then make a thin paste by adding water. Slack the lime, and add enough water to make a thick whitewash. Add the *Banner Lye* and sulphur, and stir well. Apply to trunk and large branches with a whitewash brush. Dilute the rest until thin enough to spray, then thoroughly spray the tops of the trees.

Use it after the first heavy frost in the fall and again in the early spring. You will then get more and better fruit from your trees.

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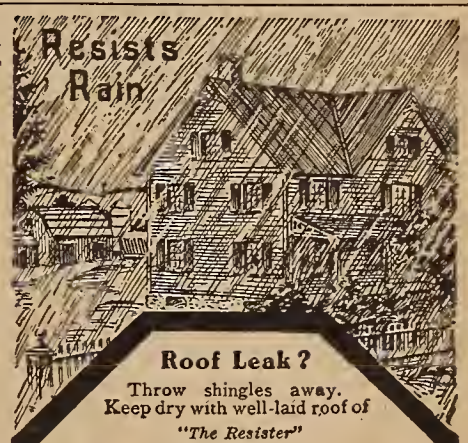

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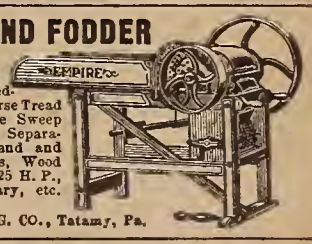

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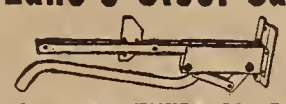

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Second 5% Dividend This Year

October 1, 1905

another dividend of 5 per cent. will be paid (the regular 4 per cent. guaranteed and 1 per cent. additional for six months), derived from sale of shiploads of mahogany cut from our 288,000-acre plantation in Campeche, Mexico, and shipped to New York and Mobile. Cargoes of products every few months shipped in steamboat owned by Company's management. This is the second 5 per cent. dividend this year, making 10 per cent. to be paid, instead of 8 per cent., as guaranteed.

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And when our property's immense resources are developed, and rubber, henequen and tropical fruits begin to produce, 22 per cent. is a conservative estimate of yearly dividends that will be paid; that is, we estimate that the fourteen acres represented by each share will after seven years produce $66 a year, which is 22 per cent. of par value of the stock. We have many sources of revenue—mahogany, rosewood, Spanish cedar and other cabinet woods, alone worth $10,206,000 at New York prices; marketable dye woods ready to cut and ship, worth $2,500,000 at New York; 60,000 full-grown rubber trees; 250,000 full-grown chicle (chewing gum) producing trees; 1,800 head cattle; 250 oxen, 200 mules, horses, swine. Stores, mills and factory operating.

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Remember, there is no element of speculation about this proposition; no probability of shrinkage in values or failure in development; no chance of loss to investors, as the plantation, with its natural wealth, buildings and other improvements, always will be ample security for stockholders, being free of encumbrance and deeded in trust for their protection to a Philadelphia trust company.

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A limited number of shares offered at par on instalments of $5 per month per share. Make application at once. This is an opportunity to secure an investment that pays more than the 8 per cent. guaranteed. By applying now you participate in the forthcoming 5 per cent. dividend. Send $5 or more but not more than $60, a year's instalments) as payment on each share of stock wanted.

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NEW HALL OF RESIDENCE

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If you would have any use for a heavy or medium weight all wool Suit, Overcoat or Ulster, then DON'T BUY ELSEWHERE at any price, under any circumstances, until you cut this advertisement out and mail it to us. You will then receive by return mail free, postpaid, the Grandest Clothing Offer ever heard of. You will get FREE a big book of cloth samples of Men's Clothing, FREE an extra quality cloth tape measure (yard measure), FREE a book of Latest Fashions, descriptions and illustrations of all kinds of clothing for men. We will explain why we can sell at prices so much lower than were ever before known, a mere fraction of what others charge. We will explain our simple rules so you can take your own measure and how we guarantee a perfect fit. You will get our Free Trial Offer, our Pay After Received Proposition. With the free outfit goes a special sample order blank for ordering, return envelopes, etc., etc. You can get a whole Suit, an extra pair of Pants and an Overcoat under our offer for about ONE-HALF what some Chicago tailors would charge for one single pair of pants. The offer you will get will astonish and please you. Prices on the best clothes made reduced to next to nothing compared with what you have been paying. DON'T BUY CLOTHES until you cut this ad. out and send to us, and see what you get by return mail, FREE, POSTPAID. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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Cures Kickers, Runaways, Pullers, Shyers, etc. Send for Bit on Ten Days' Trial and circular showing the four distinct ways of using it. Prof. B. Beery, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

Pratts Calf Tonic
Sure, safe, quick.
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Live Stock and Dairy

The Chicago Horse Market

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

1896, 25,126; 1897, 39,532; 1898, 51,150; 1899, 45,778, and 1900, 64,709. Besides these, great numbers of mules were exported, 43,340 being sent over the water in 1900, as against 1,643 exported in 1893. This huge export trade was built up largely by the South African War, which compelled the British to follow the example set by the United States in the Spanish War, and buy horses for its cavalry and artillery and mules for its wagon trains in the Chicago market, the only place where the huge demand could be filled speedily.

It is fitting that the world's greatest horse market should have magnificent buildings in which to conduct its sales. The pride of the whole stock yards is the International Amphitheater, built for the International Live Stock Exposition, which has become an annual event of world importance. When the exposition is not being held, the amphitheater will serve for auction sales of the finest classes of horses. This building has been nearly completed, and will be all ready for the sixth exposition, to be held December 2 to 9, 1905. It is six hundred by three hundred and ten feet, with an auditorium three hundred and ten by two hundred feet, an arena two hundred and fifty by one hundred feet and floor space of two hundred and forty-three thousand six hundred square feet. The auditorium will seat ten thousand persons. The building cost two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Its facilities are in addition to those of the Dexter Park pavilion, which cost two hundred thousand dollars, and is six hundred feet long, two hundred feet wide, with accommodations for five thousand persons and six hundred horses. Here the daily horse auctions are held by the dealers, members of the National Horse Exchange, each of whom has fixed times for auctioning off his stock. They handle horses on commission for the raisers and country buyers. On auction day the horse market, with its streets surrounding the amphitheater lined with stables, is a busy scene. Here is a spanking team drawing a victoria, there heavy draft horses pulling a big load, yonder a single footer being examined. In every direction the streets are thronged with stable boys, grooms and salesmen, testing horses in every imaginable way for the benefit of intending purchasers.

While most of the horses are disposed of at auction, hundreds are sold at private sale. Many dealers prefer to dispose of as many as possible in the latter way, as oftentimes a buyer will pay better, having a better opportunity to examine his purchase. Most of the export buyers look the day's offerings over before the auction sales begin, and if the price suits them, close their deals in private sale. For their benefit and that of others, all kinds of vehicles are kept on hand to show horses according to their several uses.

But buying in the auction, in spite of the speed with which sales are conducted—C. J. T. Coffee selling on one occasion six hundred and seventy-five horses in thirteen hours—the purchaser may depend on getting what he pays for, because all sales are conducted under absolute rules and a positive guarantee. The sale is void if the animal fails to perform according to recommendation. Whether the animal is sold to work single or double, it must have all the other qualities recommended by the auctioneer at the time of sale. Any horse proving different can be rejected by the purchaser, who must, however, examine and try the animal and return him by noon the following day, the dealer being compelled to refund the money. So careful are the auctioneers and salesmen to prevent any animal being sold with a faulty guarantee that few rejections occur.

Under the rules of the horse exchange, a horse sold as a "halter" is sold just as he stands, all imperfections, blemishes and unsoundness going with him. He is sold without recommendation, only the title being guaranteed. A horse sold as a "worker" must be merely a good worker, all imperfections going with him. A horse sold as "sound" must be sound in every particular, free from vices, and able to pass a perfect veterinary examination. A horse sold for "wind and work" must be of sound wind, a good worker, not a cribber or weaver, and everything else goes with him. A horse sold as "serviceably sound" must be virtually sound for all purposes of his class. He must be perfect as to eyes, wind, not lame, not a cribber, and must be able to do as much work as a perfectly sound horse. He can be serviceably sound and be a little rounding on the curb joint, but must not be curbed or branded. He cannot be scarred from fistula or have hip down, but may be slightly cut out at the knee or puffed a little about the ankle. He cannot have scars or blemishes that constitute deformities or that in any way impair his usefulness for work. Car bruises must be of a temporary nature.

Every horse is made to look its best before entering the auction sale, and for this purpose there has been established at each stable a sort of horse barber shop, where horses fresh from the farms get tonsorial treatment. The burs are taken out of their hair, their tails are clipped, fetlocks dressed and varicolored ribbons are entwined in their tails and manes. When given their final brushing the rural horses look so well that their owners back on the prairies would scarcely know them. These improvements, rapidly made, and with the further addition of skilled hoof treatment and shoeing certainly add largely to the market value of the animals. The stalls are kept neat, the harness is bright and new, and the vehicles in which the horses are shown are highly polished, everything possible being done to enhance the value of the stock.

The big commission firms that hold auctions at certain hours on certain days in the week inform their patrons in advance as to what stock they will offer. During the auctions everything about the market centers on the amphitheater and the sale ring. As all the dealers are interested in every public sale, and there are always plenty of buyers, the event is a lively one. When a loud-voiced auctioneer opens business there is hot work for two hours. Half a dozen salesmen follow the horses into the ring, and their flashing whips spur the animals to show their best qualities. Horses are sold so rapidly that it is hard to keep track of them. On a blackboard near the auctioneer is displayed the guarantee which is made on the horses on the block, and no time is lost by the customer in examining the offering, as he depends absolutely on the guarantee. The rapidity and success of sales depend largely on the auctioneers, who are employed by the commission men, and are paid as high as five thousand dollars a year. They must be the best judges of men, as of horses, and catch bids that are often expressed by mere nods. C. J. T. Coffee, who already has been referred to, has a record of selling twenty-six thousand horses under his hammer during the first six months of 1899.

Since the establishment of the Chicago horse market there have been many notable sales of world's record horses there both at private sale and auction. Joe Patchen, the black pacing stallion, brought fifteen thousand dollars at auction after eight thousand dollars had been refused privately. "Wert" and "B. C.," each with records of 2:15½, have the reputation of being the highest-priced team ever sold at public auction. They went under the hammer at Chicago for nine thousand five hundred dollars. Directly, whose record is 2:03¼, was sold to F. S. Gorton for five thousand dollars.

The manner in which horses are classified as to type is of interest. About ten per cent of the horses handled in Chicago are "cobs." The supply is drawn principally from Iowa and Illinois, although adjacent states contribute a proportion. The "cob" finds ready sale as a gentleman's driving horse for runabout or goddard use and as a general family utility horse, bringing from one hundred and fifty to two thousand dollars. A characteristic "cob" will weigh from one thousand and fifty pounds to twelve hundred pounds, but the demand in Chicago is for a medium-weight animal—about eleven hundred pounds—with plenty of action and style. Such horses sell easily at from one hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars. The "cob" is but little exported, the American consumption equaling, and often exceeding, the supply.

The coach horse is similar to a "cob," but runs heavier in weight and is more "rangy." A typical coach horse will weigh from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred pounds, and finds sale for landau and brougham use. About fifteen per cent of the horses handled in Chicago are coach horses, and the supply comes mainly from Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. The demand is a constantly increasing one, and prices range from two hundred and fifty to two thousand dollars, being gauged by action, style and breeding. The best sellers are those weighing about one thousand

Live Stock and Dairy

two hundred and fifty pounds, "toppy" and with plenty of action. A pair of such well matched and mated, safe and reliable, will bring from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, and this market has seen many sales at such prices. As in the case of the "cob," the demand often exceeds the supply, and one of the most lucrative fields of the breeder is in raising horses of this type.

For the saddler there is a heavy demand from buyers for the armies of the world. Many governments have made Chicago a headquarters for purchasing cavalry horses. The supply comes from the two great saddle-breeding states, Kentucky and Missouri, and the home demand alone exceeds the supply. The prevailing call is for a stylish, racking-gaited horse standing fifteen and two tenths hands and running in price from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars, though the market is called on for and supplies horses of this type to meet a demand for a less expensive animal.

Forty per cent of the animals handled in Chicago annually are draft horses, the supply coming from all the Northern states. Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, however, contribute the greatest number. The market handles most readily the "chunky" horse. Great numbers of this type are exported every year, the English buying chunks weighing from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred pounds, while Germany calls for animals of from fourteen hundred to two thousand pounds in weight. Prices range from two hundred to six hundred dollars a pair, depending on weight, conformation and style. Good draft horses are always sure of a ready sale. The government has buyers constantly watching for heavy artillery horses, while the great express companies, breweries, packing houses and other commercial concerns have established headquarters in Chicago for the purchase of animals for their business the world over.

Twenty per cent of the horses sold on the Chicago market belong to the roadster type. The supply is contributed to by every state east of the Rockies, and the demand from abroad equals that for home use. The style, quality and weight of this type of horse varies greatly, according to the taste of the buyer, but the demand for light driving is for a horse weighing from eight hundred to eleven hundred pounds. Prices will range from fifty to fifteen thousand dollars, as is consistent with style, color, breeding and speed.

An important feature of the market is the recent development of the sales of horses from the Western ranges. These horses have been shipped to Chicago in lots of twelve hundred or more, and have met with a ready sale on their merits. Farmers favor this type because of their superior hardiness and capacity for hard work.

The sales of mules have grown rapidly, the mule, by reason of its hardiness and capacity for hard work, and the further fact that it is subject to few of the diseases of the horse and requires less attention, being in demand for draft work not alone in the South, but also for railroad work and mine service in the North. Plantation mules for sugar plantations are from two to five years old, sixteen to sixteen and one half hands high, weigh eleven hundred to fourteen hundred pounds, and sell for from one hundred to one hundred and thirty dollars a head. For cotton plantations animals are required from fourteen to fifteen and one half hands high, light to medium bone and smooth hair, weight nine hundred to one thousand pounds, and to sell for from fifty to eighty-five dollars. Railroad mules must be of exceptionally good quality, from fifteen and one half to sixteen and one half hands high, weigh from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred pounds, and sell from ninety to one hundred and fifty dollars. Mine mules may be from fourteen to sixteen hands high, but must be chunky and hardy, with heavy bone. Prices vary greatly. Lumber mules are from fifteen and one half to seventeen hands high, and very heavy bone and body is required. Capacity for hard work is considered previous to quality. Levee mules range about the same as railroad mules, though the quality averages better. Farm mules vary greatly, according to locality and size, and include all the foregoing classes. Cuban mules range from thirteen to fifteen hands high, with medium bone and weight.

A NOBLE HEAD

Feeding Cattle in the Fall

The problem which the cattle feeders have to confront is cheapness in gains. At times the market is bad, but we have to work against this by producing cattle at the cheapest cost, and this is the main point of our study. The experiment stations have furnished us many tables from which we can learn, and if we are not prepared to feed exactly after the manner of the best in the table, we can at least modify it and feed as near like it as possible. We can figure to use what feed we have on hand, and then we can make a table of our own.

Of course, we must study when the market will be best, but the cost of production is more important. I will give the way I like to feed, which I know will also prove the best for many farmers throughout the country. I like to begin just as soon as I can get roasting ears, and cut and feed the whole plant, keeping the cattle on good pasture as long as I have it. The experiment stations have also found out that the best gains can be made with cattle while on grass. I feed this green corn as long as they will readily eat the leaves. You can get the most out of the corn plant by feeding it at this time. Eating this corn in connection with the green stalk and good grass, cattle make good gains at small expense.

I keep them on grass as long as there is grass, and when they do not eat the corn blades I pick the ears and continue feeding to the end. When the grass gives out I give clover hay in connection with the corn, and that is about the best the practical farmer can do for the winter. I like to make a short feed and get quick returns for the cattle and the corn crop. In this way you will generally get the best market for the corn crop. Sometimes I do not feed later than Thanksgiving, but at times I feed later when the market suits.

There is another point that must be remembered in feeding cattle, and that is that the stock should have good, pure water. This is often neglected, and the actual loss from it is greater than is supposed by many. I know of one load of cattle which was given impure water, and I believe that the owner lost more than enough to pay for a good well. Feeding cattle on grain, and then requiring them to drink muddy water, is wasteful. Feeding cattle should have good water and plenty of it, and salt should be before them all the time.

E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

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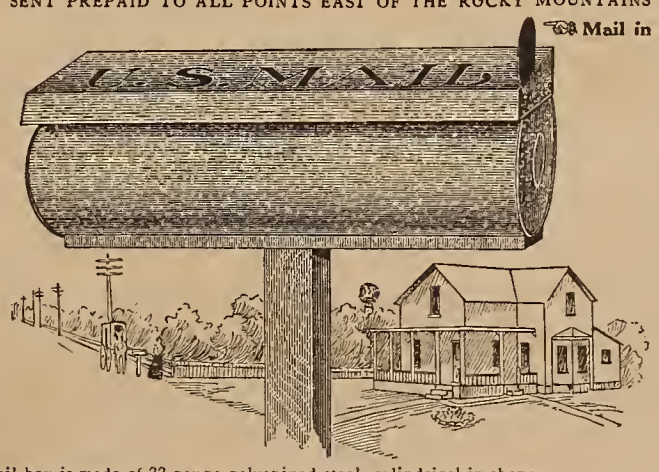

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In the Field

Sweet Clover

As a reader of your valuable paper I wish to make a little reference to an article on "Sweet Clover" on the second page of your July 15th issue.

Not having had experience in all kinds of soil, I would not condemn it entirely, but for a man who has reasonably good soil to sow sweet clover would look very strange to men in Minnesota, who try to keep their land free from noxious weeds, and have fought this sweet clover for from one to fifteen years. To the writer it looks strange to see it spoken of in terms of praise.

In the first place, it grows very rank, from four to seven feet high, and will even choke out blue-grass sod. Cutting it only seems to stimulate it. I find it necessary to grub it out even along the roadside, lest it take the field. It is nearly impossible to pull it, as the roots run from ten to eighteen inches deep.

I speak only for one, but would like to advise all who think of sowing it to try some small corner before seeding down large tracts of sweet clover.

Minnesota. A. E. Sturges.

In standard books on botany are described many plants found growing in nearly all states of the Union east of the Rocky Mountains, but which are very abundant only in localities. Bokhara, or white sweet clover ("Melilotus alba"), has spread from the Atlantic to the Rockies, principally along railways and highways. In most places it grows along roadsides, on banks, in waste places and on poor, worn-out soils, but has not become a nuisance or taken possession of cultivated fields. Not being a perennial, it is easily kept under control.

Now, you happen to live in one of those regions where, under favorable conditions for it, sweet clover thrives luxuriantly, and you consider it a serious weed pest. However, if you have it in open fields, you can turn your curse into a blessing. Harvest the seed crop, just as you do the red-clover seed crop. Reclean the seed carefully on a good fanning mill, and sell it to the seedsmen. It is listed in nearly all the seed catalogues, and retails for about fifteen dollars a bushel. There is no regular market price for it, but the grower can get from six dollars to ten dollars a bushel for it. As the yield of seed to the acre is much larger than from red or Alsike clover, you will find the crop much more profitable than wheat or any other standard crop that is raised in your state.

On account of its rank, or bitter, flavor, horses and cattle do not like to eat green sweet clover, but if it is cut early and put through the curing process they will eat the hay, which is very nutritious.

In a recent number of the "Kansas Farmer" appeared the following letter from Mr. L. C. Teed, of Michigan:

"Referring to 'Sweet Clover,' page 693 of the 'Kansas Farmer' of July 6th, with respect to what Mr. Roberts says (his opinion is, of course, of far more value than that of the writer), we regard sweet clover as next to alfalfa for feeding purposes. It will thrive where alfalfa will die. It will run salt grass out, and while it may be of as little value as Mr. Roberts states, we will say from personal experience in the Arkansas Valley, in Hamilton County, Kansas, that horses and cattle will run after and fight for sweet clover hay, and will grow fat on the same. Messrs. Hauts, Hixson and Davidson, on the south side of the river a few miles above Kendall, each have a large amount of this grass on their places, and I have heard them speak in terms of praise of it. I once heard a man say, 'It isn't worth a cent,' but the same day B. A. Monroe, who has fed it, spoke in the highest terms of this grass, and if I had a bottom-land farm in the Arkansas Valley I would not try to kill it out, but would do all I could to induce sweet clover to grow.

"I know of a few men who are death on sweet clover. If one will let it stand until it is ripe he might as well try to make hay of hazel brush, for one is about as hard as the other; but if cut early, before it is in bloom, it is a very fine hay, and as I have said, horses and cattle will run after and get fat on this grass.

"Last summer, when I was at Kendall, Kan., I wrote to Manhattan, and asked if there had been any experiments made to learn the feeding value of sweet clover as compared with alfalfa. The reply was 'None,' but a farmer near there had been growing and feeding sweet clover for two years, supposing it was alfalfa, and was highly pleased with it."

A Novel Way of Harvesting the Cherry Crop

Twenty-five years ago two hundred cherry trees of the Early Richmond variety were set in two rows, the trees fifteen feet apart. For twenty years these trees have been producing handsomely. For the first ten years of their fruiting the picking could be done with reasonable labor, but as time went on the limbs climbed heavenward and the difficulties began—boys could not handle the long ladder needed, and the girls and women were afraid to pick at such an altitude, and the men could not be spared.

What was to be done? The matter was carefully considered, and the conclusion reached that the variety, although productive and good, was too early, ripened with strawberries and currants, and must give way to Montmorency, which is later. The trees having been set twenty-five years ago, when heading back was not practiced, had grown out of reason, and owing to the difficulty of picking had lost much of their value. But this year's crop must not be lost, and having all these things in mind, three men with myself, armed with a crosscut saw and two ladders, gave battle to those two cherry rows. One by one we sawed the trees off close to the ground, two men letting the trees down gradually by the aid of the ladders resting against the limbs, and as fast as the trees came down (we let them down as needed) the little army of pickers secured the crop. There were no difficulties now in the way for the boy, girl or woman.

The method used may appear unreasonable to some, but just think it over. Set out a row of Montmorency, keep the heads down and out by annual pruning, and in a few years I'll warrant that that old-fashioned tree is on the woodpile. You positively will not have time or patience to climb around with a thirty-foot ladder to get the crop.

E. H. Burson.

Cut and Ground Alfalfa

In a few instances we hear that alfalfa hay when dried is cut in short bits by the cutter, then run through the corn mill and made into meal, which is mixed with corn meal and so fed to hogs, the reason for this being that hogs not used to alfalfa will not eat it readily when only cut, but will when mixed with corn meal. It is stated that an experiment in which ground alfalfa cut in half-inch lengths for fattening pigs was recently made by the Colorado Experiment Station. It required 4.77 pounds of corn and alfalfa mixed at the rate of three pounds of corn to one of alfalfa to produce one pound of gain, while 4.81 pounds of corn and ground alfalfa mixed in the proportion of three parts of corn to one of alfalfa were eaten for one pound of gain, not counting labor.

With cut alfalfa costing eight dollars a ton and ground alfalfa sixteen dollars a ton, the cost of producing one hundred pounds of gain with the former was two dollars and sixty-two cents and with the ground alfalfa three dollars and twelve cents. With corn and cut alfalfa fed in equal parts by weight, the cost of producing one hundred pounds of gain was two dollars and seventy-two cents. With corn and ground alfalfa fed in equal parts by weight the cost was three dollars and ninety-six cents.

These results go to show that at the prices quoted cut alfalfa is more economical to feed than ground alfalfa, and that a ration consisting of three fourths corn and one fourth alfalfa is cheaper than one consisting of half corn and half cut alfalfa for fattening pigs. Grinding alfalfa is an expensive process, and it is doubtful if machinery can be improvised which will grind it as cheaply as it can be ground by an animal.—Indiana Farmer.

The Early Cutting of Alfalfa

A Shelbyville, Ind., man wrote thus to the "Breeder's Gazette:"

"Last year in July I saw the finest crop of alfalfa (second crop growing) on a farm near Pendleton, Ind. It was eighteen inches high, all except two swaths clear around the field; this was not more than a foot high, and was mostly turning yellow; the owner said this was cut first, and he thought it was caused by the hay being rained on and lying on the ground some time before taken off. There were about fifty farmers saw this and heard his explanation and accepted it as being true, as the owner no doubt believed. Does Mr. Wing or any reader think this the cause of the first and earliest two swaths cut being shorter than the later cut, and being yellow, and the rest of the big field being as fine as it could grow and a dark green all over? Here is another incident, and a fact, which makes me doubt the cause of the yellow alfalfa: I have a very fine piece of alfalfa. I cut a little corner now and then, a few forkfuls, and fed to my hogs during the last half of May, this year, simply mowing it with a scythe, as I needed green stuff to throw to my hogs. The rest of the field I mowed the first week in June, and it was about one tenth blossomed out when I cut it for hay. The whole field, except the little corner cut early, is now about fifteen inches high, and is fine and a dark green all over the field, and will soon do to cut again, but this little corner mowed off early is about eight inches high, and every stalk of it yellow, and seems to be dying out. It seems to me the early cutting must be the cause."

Mr. Joseph E. Wing makes this comment:

"There are two reasons, or explanations, for the phenomenon observed. First, alfalfa should not be mown off until there are little buds set on the lower part of the stem to begin a new growth. Usually these will appear about the time the bloom begins, sometimes earlier. If it is mown before this time it may rapidly recover and it may not. The other thing is rust. This is not well understood. To mow it off too early or to disturb it at early periods of growth, sometimes by even walking through it, especially if it happens to be a warm, moist time, may set in a very violent attack of rust. This may happen on the strips mown off too early. I do not think these strips are permanently injured, as if they are mown off when they turn 'yellow and seem to be dying out' they will usually recover all right and again make good growth.

"There is as yet no real explanation of this phenomenon. We have often observed the fact. We have cut one side of a field too early and had the yield of the second crop very light on that side, but the third or fourth cutting would not be affected, nor would the next year show the effect."

Farming by Steam in Kansas

The Dighton "Herald," Lane County, Kan., gives the following interesting account of the use of steam on the farm:

"Mr. O. P. Jewett has put his twenty-five horse-power Reeves engine at work in preparing his land for wheat. The engine draws ten plows, a section harrow and a Campbell packer, and keeps the ground plowed behind one header without running much more than half the time. A little later Mr. Jewett expects to put on eighteen plows, another harrow and another packer, and by the time he is through harvesting he will have his fifteen hundred acres of ground ready to seed to wheat. If every farmer was so situated that he could plow his ground as fast as the crop was harvested, there is no doubt but that better results would be had."

Lane County is the third one east of the west line of the state. K.

Winter Oats

The winter-oat crop is one that has been confined to the Southern states. This crop is hardly known in the Western states, and I believe it would prove profitable in many sections where the spring-oat crop is uncertain. I have grown winter oats for some fifteen years, and the winters are pretty hard here. (West Virginia) at the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude and at an elevation of fourteen hundred feet above sea level. The winter oats seem to stand the winter quite as well as winter wheat, and I never have known winter oats to fail to fill well.

The crop should be sown in August or early in September, in order to give time for the plants to get a good start before winter sets in. In good land and a favorable fall the oats will cover the ground before winter, and will afford considerable winter pasture. The crop is not injured by pasturing after the oats have secured a good start. I prefer to put the seed in with a grain drill rather than to sow broadcast, as in this way they seem to stand the winter better. Less seed is required than is used for spring oats, as the winter oats tiller well. I have counted as many as forty well-matured heads of oats from a single grain. Last year I grew winter oats the heads of which measured from twelve to fourteen inches in length, and the straw was six feet tall. The grain is very heavy, and the husk very light and thin. It is not uncommon for winter oats to weigh forty pounds to the measured bushel.

The Virginia gray, or turf, oats is the best variety I have ever grown. If sown early in the fall, winter oats will ripen about with winter wheat, and in sections where they will stand the winter I have no doubt will prove a more profitable crop than the spring varieties. They make a good crop when sown early in the spring, but ripen somewhat later than the fall sowing. A. J. Legg.

Taking Care

I either shelter my tools or burn them. A thing not worth sheltering is not worth saving.

My wagon hasn't stood out four nights in ten years. I have often harnessed my team for no other purpose than to draw the wagon into the barn.

After thirty years of farming I have the same wagon I began with. The same with my horse rake. It cost forty-one dollars thirty years ago, and still does good work.

My horses do lots of work, but are not banged up.

I stop them often when drawing a load uphill.

Let a man take a bag of oats and trot up a hill without stopping.

Every one of my five horses is of my own raising and breaking, and not a balky or heavy one among them.

In thirty years of farming I have lost but three horses, and those from old age.

I don't let my buildings decay for want of paint and a man to put it on.

I don't let apples rot on the ground when the hogs should have them.

I don't let the millers and dealers cheat me, for I have good scales of my own, and they know it.

I look out for my wife's strength as well as my own.—Clark M. Drake, in Farm Journal.

Current Notes

The four leading crops of Cuba are sugar cane, sweet potatoes, tobacco and bananas. The acreage devoted to sugar is over four times as great as that of any one of the other products.

Small Italian colonies are becoming quite numerous in the Gulf and South Atlantic states. They are engaging in fruit growing and farm gardening, and meeting with deserved success.

The French wheat crop holds the third rank in the wheat crops of the various countries. It is for this reason that the condition and yield of the wheat crop of France are of such special importance to growers, millers and speculators in grain crops.

The annual production of mohair, the fleece of the Angora goat, is estimated at two million pounds. In point of quality Oregon ranks first, California second, Texas and New Mexico third. The production of mohair is rapidly increasing.

The leading strawberry-growing counties in southwestern Missouri are Newton, Jasper and Barry. One hundred and thirty cars were shipped from Neosho, one hundred and fifteen from Sarcoxie, Jasper County, and ninety-eight cars from Monett, Barry County.

The successful growing of winter wheat one hundred miles north of Montana, in the province of Alberta in western Canada, comes in the nature of a surprise. This year's crop of fall-sown wheat in that locality is estimated at nearly two million bushels.

A hardy strain of beardless wheat is likely to be developed from the Kubanka variety by means of the rigid system of selection being conducted by Prof. N. H. Olin of the Colorado Experiment Station at Fort Collins. Several years will be required to bring about the desired result.

The real work of the bureau of statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture, about which so much has recently appeared in the leading papers, is that of gathering data for an estimate of the acreage planted, and monthly reports on condition during the remainder of the growing season, supplemented by an estimate of the crop grown, which is published early in December each year.

A late issue of the California "Fruit Grower" announces the very gratifying fact that the recently introduced enemy of the codling moth has to a considerable extent lessened the ravages of this destructive insect in the old De Long apple orchard of eleven thousand five hundred acres in the vicinity of Novato, Marin County, Cal. The technical name of the parasite is "Ephialtes carboniarious." It was brought from Spain last winter by Prof. Geo. Compere.

A hardy variety of spring wheat has been bred in the northwest territory of Canada by the superintendent of the experimental farms at Indian Head. The location is about one hundred miles due north of the northwestern corner of North Dakota. The milling qualities of this variety are said to be equal to those of the Red Fife, and it possesses the valuable characteristic of ripening ten days earlier than the old reliable Red Fife. While the annual rainfall is reported to be but eleven inches, a twenty-bushel yield to the acre is almost a certainty, provided that summer fallowing precedes spring seeding. *

The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

A Promising Juvenile Grange

German Juvenile Grange No. 1 was organized at Greenville, Darke County, Ohio, June 10, 1900. It is a splendid example of what may be done by and for the children of Patrons. When we came here from where the grange is not known we were invited to join the grange. As we had a son too young to go to grange, we felt that his interests kept us from joining. It then occurred to us, "What a chance to train up a group of young people for the grange." We united with this end in view. At that time the young folks were left in the lower story of our hall, and amused themselves as they saw fit. They occupied their time largely in throwing our table boards at one another, romping and scampering uproariously. As soon as charter and rituals could be secured we went to work. Five years have passed. The work has been satisfactory, and so full of good results that we feel we would not keep our vow to work for the good of the order did we not urge others to organize juvenile granges. The possibilities of usefulness are more than we ever dreamed.

I was told that a juvenile had been attempted and had failed. This was because the young folks were left to carry on the work alone. Also that there were not enough children to maintain a grange. It did look that way, but we went ahead. As soon as the charter came we bought ribbon for badges, found some metal buttons in an old stock of goods, removed eyes, punched holes in the edge, and sewed to the ribbons. On the lower half of the ribbon was printed the name and number of the grange, and in the case of officers the name of the office. They were really handsome, and when completed cost about one dollar.

From the very first every meeting has been a success—in fact, we often hear fourth-degree members say, "Well, I should not have come to-night, I am so tired, but the children were bound to come." It is a drawing card for the grange. But this is not the plea I make, though it is a good one. The great reason is that between the ages of five and fourteen are the most impressionable years. During these years the plastic mind of the child receives and retains impressions for good or bad which last throughout life. If the young mind is not surrounded by right influences a great opportunity is lost to develop virtues that are of lasting value. Time enough after fourteen, you say? Then why is it that when skilled workmen are needed in the delicate arts and crafts they are brought from the old country? There the very young children are taught the arts and crafts, and years perfect the touch of workmanship, that can never be attained by those who begin later in life. The National Cash Register Company, which is conceded to be the model factory of the world, in a ruling a few years ago declared that after 1915 no new employees would be taken who had not received kindergarten training. They value the training. The Catholic church watches over the children until they have passed the first communion and have been drilled in the tenets of the church, after which they send them into the common schools and the world. No other church keeps so large a percentage of the children of its membership. I believe that the grange principles which are inculcated in the minds of the young people will culminate in a long life of usefulness.

We had sixteen charter members. Two classes have gone into the subordinate lodge. We have also received two classes. We now have but four of the charter members among our twenty-four members. The children have never tired of the meetings, and are always enthusiastic. Our charter is framed, and hangs in the hall. Elections are held twice each year, and no member can hold the same office twice, thus giving all opportunity for training for the duties pertaining to each office. The secret work is sacredly kept, and the password is one that we gave and that is easy to remember. The matron gives the language of the salutation, and the members give the salutation in perfect unison. There is much more danger of older members talking too much than of the children. After opening the grange, each officer and member gives some fact, sometimes from the school lesson, and the matron often asks questions thereon. The lecturer has a program, which is carried out, and if there is time conundrums are propounded. When the subordinate is ready for the lecture hour the juveniles are notified. They repair to the hall, and participate in the program, theirs usually coming first. We then retire to our own room, and close in the order prescribed in the ritual.

Let no one hesitate whose heart moves her to take up the matron's work. It is light and pleasant. More credit is due the matron who gets others to work than to one who does the work herself. Juveniles soon learn to put a motion or nomination in due form. Their school training helps them to take up the work readily. They are accustomed to discipline, and the work is easy with a little guidance. Though our children have gone into the subordinate lodge, I feel amply repaid in seeing the improvement, and in the joyful cry of the children, "Here she comes," or, "It's all right. Here's the matron." This is full pay, and the future of the grange will bear fruit.

We have two members but four years old. Thomas has entertained us with recitations on several evenings, which he speaks with baby grace and sweetness. One evening his mother said to him, "You have no piece to-night, and you had better not speak."

He looked at her quickly, and said, "Isn't Mrs. Harris boss at the grange?"

"Yes," answered his mother.

"Well, then, if she says the word I'll do it."

Now, isn't that the foundation for a good granger? If he is imbued with the spirit to do his best when told to do so by one in authority, isn't he likely to become a useful citizen? When he comes to manhood he will be able to express his thoughts before any audience. When the majority of farmers are grange-educated our legislative halls will show more farmers and fewer lawyers.

With an earnest prayer that this article may move many others to take up the work, I subscribe myself, with thanks for space in what I consider one of the very best publications in this country,

Mrs. C. E. Harris,
Matron German Juvenile Grange No. 1.

◈

Mrs. Harris' Work

I am glad to give so much space to the foregoing article by Mrs. Harris, as it touches a theme dear to the hearts of all parents. There are few granges of fifty members that could not support a juvenile grange. It requires an earnest executive like Mrs. Harris to overcome the discouragements that are attached to any undertaking of worth. "Train up the child in the way he should go;" that is the secret of happy, successful manhood and womanhood. What America needs to-day more than anything else is not so much men and women with higher ideals, as those who are trained to make their ideal practical. Ideal good is separated from practical good only by lack of training. Mrs. Harris is doing a splendid work. Others can do it in their own granges. She will cheerfully answer through these columns all questions asked. She is successful as an organizer and driller of young people. Her heart is in the work, and her head has been trained to execute the behests of the heart. The bright faces of the children testify their love and interest in the work. What a splendid thing it is to be in a position to influence for all time and for eternity children like these.

◈

We want you, dear reader, to secure just one new subscription from your neighbor for Farm and Fireside. If you and others will do this little favor it will double the number of Farm and Fireside subscribers.

GERMAN JUVENILE GRANGE No. 1

This photo was taken in 1904, at the Greenville Fair. The building in the background is the Grange Hall on the fair grounds. Reading from left to right the names are Howard Baker, Karl Jefferis, charter members; Harold McClure, Mae Lane (now in subordinate lodge); Mrs. C. E. Harris, matron; Merl Jefferis, Lottie Metzcar, Grace Jefferis, Clara Riggle, Merl Arnold (the face above does not belong to the organization), Mabel Metzcar, James Aukerman, Lucile McClure, Mae Jefferis and Athalia McClure. The banner was used over the Juvenile exhibit in the hall.

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A Page of Pokes

By GEO. F. BURBA

AND woman— If the boys are curious things, and men a mystery, what are you going to say about a woman? Let's get away from the orthodox theory of woman and the rib, and lay aside the stereotyped jokes that have become infirm from age. Let's just sit down in a quiet place and talk about this thing called woman, and see if we can account for her. Let's not take anybody's word for the origin of her characteristics, and as far as possible let us discard sentiment—it dims the vision. Let us figure out for ourselves why we love her, and be honest about her peculiarities, giving credit to the conditions that produced them rather than trying to explain them upon the theory that they always were.

Let us suppose—and the supposition is founded upon common sense and the records writ in rock—that at one time in the history of the human race men and women were as equal as a flock of birds, and as independent of each other, each having to scratch for itself. They roamed at will and gathered their food as best they could, and no special favors were shown one to the other. If a man beat a woman to a cocoanut it was his cocoanut, and she went off about her business and did not sit down and beg a piece of it. There were no homes then and the whole world was common property—and food was not cooked except what little baking it got in the sun. In fact, people did not know what fire was for, and there were no chafing dishes.

And here is a little secret. Woman never came into her own until man got a taste of cooked things. Even now, where a fellow has to eat cold food, he doesn't rave over woman.

Well, one day a man found out that cooked things were mighty good, and he has never forgotten it. That first taste of steaming things caused him to do a lot of thinking. He learned how to build a fire, after a fashion, but it was a laborious undertaking. It took him so long to build it that often he would get mighty ravenous before his food was done. Besides, when he would leave his fire and go out after things to cook, he would return only to find that it had burned out. That was provoking, to say the least. In his disgust he came upon a woman in the woods, and they sat down upon a log and talked things over. He proposed to her right there—the first proposal—and it was to the effect that he would gather food enough for both of them if the woman would sit by the fire and keep it going, so he would not have to wait for his meals when he got home with the game and vegetables. And, be it said to her everlasting credit, the woman accepted—as other women have done at times since.

These two people found a sheltering rock, and under it they built a fire, which was never after permitted to go out—not until matches were invented, when it did not make so much difference. And under that rock, by the light of the sparks, was established the first home.

Day after day this female kept the fire going, and day after day the man brought food, and day after day they cooked it and ate it together, until they wondered what the one would do without the other. Passing savages saw the arrangement between these two, and it was not many thousands of years until all over the forests were homes—with a woman waiting for the return of a man.

Nature is both generous and stingy. She gives where her gifts are needed, and takes away the things that are not used. She added to the hardness of the muscles of the man, because he had to gather food for two. She lent a springy movement to the sinews of the arms that drew the bow. She took from the woman the knotted cords she no longer needed, and gave her in their stead a fortitude and patience to watch the glittering embers hour by hour. A tender touch she gave this woman, that she might bind up the wounds the man received. Comforting words she taught her, that the man might not bewail his failure in the chase. Beauty she painted in the woman's cheeks, and shapeliness of form, and flowing hair, and pearl-white teeth, and scarlet on the lips did Nature put, that the procurer of the food might find a hundred blessings in his home when he returned.

The happiness of this primeval home increased as the woman found the man was pleased with the new arrangement. Shells she tied about her throat, and in her hair she placed a flower, and when the twinkle in the eye of her beholder told her she was beautifully adorned, she wrote it in her memory and transmitted it to her daughters.

Since those wild days the perfect home has consisted of the hunter who secured the food and the woman who prepared it. Neither encroaches upon the other's duty when things go well, nor shirks them when conditions change. No written rules are needed, no guide save the desire to please. Back in the shady past the woman began developing the traits that were to render her supreme, and if the ghost of the inventor of the system of the home is somewhere in the universe, it must find satisfaction in beholding how perfect have become the daughters of the one who kept his fire for him while he roamed the woods.

◈

News that has to be whispered is never good news.

◈

God puts a fellow to sleep and the devil wakes him up.

◈

All cigars are good until they are smoked, and none of them after.

◈

Luck consists in having your gun loaded when the game appears.

◈

People die to-day, not to-morrow, and they should live with that in view.

◈

A dollar watch is all right until it tries to keep up witb a two-dollar watch.

◈

If every man told his wife the truth some of the lodges would be put out of business.

◈

A woman with a pet dog attracts more attention than a woman with a tame husband.

◈

You can make an enemy for life by expressing sympathy for the woman with a large family.

◈

It is human nature not to worry when the storm "goes around" toward some other town.

◈

It is more blessed to give a woman her way than to give her anything else, and less expensive,

◈

Some people are so polite that you cannot get them to say what part of the chicken they prefer.

◈

People are always talking about the secret of success. There is no secret about it—just plain work.

◈

A wise man buys all of his shirts alike so that no one knows when he changes and when he doesn't.

◈

Ever do anything you didn't want to just because you could not frame up a good excuse for not doing it?

◈

There are not so many years between the man who can eat anything and the man who cannot eat anything.

◈

EVERY month in the year is the harvest time of a bountiful crop of lies. They mature in every soil. The seed of a lie cast upon stony land does not perish, nor is a lie choked out by thorns. Lies do not bring forth some ten, some twenty and some a hundred fold, but all lies bring forth a thousandfold of their kind.

A lie is a handle that fits every crime, and every crime is sharpened by a lie. Lies rush to each other's aid to fight the truth, and one lie never deserts another in time of peace or war. Every lie requires another to support it, but no network of lies is strong enough to support a single truth.

There are lies already shaped up for every use. There is the little social lie, told for an excuse; the lie egotistical, prompted by vanity; the business lie, told for profit. The malicious lie is told to injure, and it is the old bellwether of the whole flock.

The judicial lie is called perjury. It is really no worse than any other lie, although the courts take notice of it. It is deliberate, told cautiously—solemnlike and slow—and it sounds harsher to be accused of perjury than of lying; but as a matter of fact the fellow who will lie when he is not under oath will lie when he is under oath. Women and children are the only people who would be less likely to lie when under oath than at other times, and in both cases fear figures in the result. Besides, women and children are less likely to lie at any time than are men.

The decalogue has been toyed with until it has lost its sting to a certain extent. People have selected certain commandments the breaking of which they consider graver than the breaking of other of the commandments. Several of the commandments have grown over with moss from lack of use. The "tablets" need polishing up. Scour them off, and it will be found that one commandment is cut as deeply as another. It would surprise whole communities to find that murder and stealing and lying were condemned in the same sized letters upon the same tombstone, and that it was not until custom made it so that one sin was considered worse than another. A lot of people could not tell whether it was in the funny papers or the Bible that they had read that "he that speaketh lies shall perish."

How far back would you go if you were permitted again to live over your life? Mind you, the question does not imply that you would be permitted to carry back with you the knowledge you now possess, thus enabling you to escape the pains of the past and to take advantage of the mistakes you may have made. The question is, If you were permitted to go back and live the identical life you have lived, how much of it would you want? It would involve all of the hardships you have endured as well as the joys you have known, the failures and the successes, the hopes and disappointments. How many years of them would you want?

Memory is man's best friend and most accommodating. Pleasures are more enduring than pains. People can recall joys more vividly than they recall sorrow. God knew what he was doing when he was dabbling with the memory.

Men talk about the good times they had when they were boys. They tell of this escapade or that, and recollect the rollicking times of youth. No cares or misfortunes have lived in the brain, and childhood's days of long ago were sunny ones and bright, and rang with the mirth of unalloyed bliss. Search the archives of the mind as you will, there will be found no record of an aching heart as it existed in the springtime of life. Those were golden days, you say. Would you like to live them over? In order to do so, would you be willing to walk through the troubled waters that lie this side of them? Would you again endure what you have endured for the happy hours of childhood as you can now recall them? Would you?

And say, note that the delusion that there were no sorrows in childhood is here protected. Observe that attention is not called to the fact that the loss of a marble causes as much grief to a boy as a business failure to a man. A disappointment, such as having to stay home from a circus, is as serious to a child as the destruction of a crop by a drought, but that may be forgotten here. Forgotten is the great grief that overswept your soul and blurred out hope when some one broke your doll. Childhood's days were happy days, and Nature has not permitted you to remember that anguish which came down and settled over you like an autumn rain, and soaked into your soul, when you were told that the neighbors were going to move away. You had learned to love them, and you did not know it, but your heart was as troubled as it would be to-day at thoughts of giving up those you love. Forget all of that, if you have not already done so, and then say whether you want to go back to the old days away down at the other end of the lane and trudge up to where you now stand, escaping nothing that you did not escape upon the journey here? Would you want to do it?

Hallowed as is the past, hopeful as is the future, there is but one time to live, and that is now. Memory plays tricks upon us, and the rainbows vanish when it gets lighter. Now and here are supreme. Troubles to-day? Yes. Pleasures in the past? Certainly. Hopes for the future? Most assuredly. But it is all here—to-day. Live now—which does not mean that the lesson of yesterday was not profitable, nor that the expectations of to-morrow may not be realized, but that the God who made the world made it for the present, and that neither the past nor the future is worth considering if it diminishes the time we have to think of the present.

◈

Ever meet a man who didn't have a remedy for something?

◈

Some women think that a fine home consists of fine furniture.

◈

A one-legged husband is not so bad if it will keep him at home.

◈

A fellow doesn't have to have money if people know he has plenty of it.

◈

Being smart depends upon being just smart enough and not too smart.

◈

There would be more gamblers if the chances of winning were greater.

◈

People do not value a child by the amount they would pay for another one.

◈

Every man likes to boast of how close he has been to death in a railway accident.

◈

The man who knows nearly everything can make a mighty close guess at the rest.

◈

As Henry always said: "It don't take much shouting to convince people that a man's got religion when he has."

Around the Fireside

"The Neighborhood Book Club"

COÖPERATION, the master word of the twentieth century, is the wonder-worker that is revolutionizing the business and social life of the country as well as the town. The rural-community telephone, the R. F. D., the good-roads movement and centralized schools are signs of the times promising a fuller, richer life on the farm and for the isolated rural community, from which for too long there has been a steady and increasing drain of the best young blood cityward. If the dawning tendency toward "back to the land" is to have a complete birth, suburban and rural life must prepare to meet it halfway with a regenerated neighborhood environment, a brighter social side.

"The Neighborhood Book Club," a practical application of the coöperative principle, is popular, easily arranged for, and is seldom dropped once it is successfully launched. To have in the home for two weeks each twenty or twenty-five of the most popular books of the year is a privilege, whether one has time or inclination to read them all or not, and the cost is so slight that one cannot afford to remain out if invited to join. To start a club requires only a self-constituted committee of one or three and some one willing to manage it—one with tact and push to set the wheels going, or rather to keep the books moving. Every community is blessed with such a one—these constitute the world's willing workers, whose reward comes from something accomplished.

Experience suggests that your club be confined to from twenty to twenty-five families, not too widely separated, thus allowing the club to be reorganized annually, and affording a biweekly exchange.

As to the character of the books, there is sure to be a hopeless difference of opinion; but as most people read for entertainment, you bad better keep pretty close to fiction, and that the best of the current year. However, these may be "larded" with an occasional timely biograpby, Nature book and book of travel. Do not vainly hope to please everybody with all the books. If your selection meets with the approval of a majority for the major portion of the books provided, you have succeeded.

You will find the selecting of the books to be the thin ice in your club-forming. It is better to take the bull by the horns, and not to parley, for no two will agree as to just wbich ones to select. Arbitrarily submit the list of books to be purchased with the invitation to join. The list offered may cover only the number of books to be purchased, distribution to be made by lot, or it may contain forty or fifty of tbe best titles of the year, from which each member selects a book, which shall become her property at the end of the circuit. These lists should be prepared by some one well qualified or by a committee of not more than tbree. A definite plan firmly adhered to is the price of safety, else your list will become the dumping ground of tbe literary vagaries of the members. By reading the book reviews and talking with those who keep in touch with the readable hooks one soon becomes somewhat expert.

The retail price of most of the one-dollar-and-fifty-cent hooks, except those marked "net," is one dollar and eight cents, and in lots of a dozen or more a discount of ten or fifteen per cent will be given from this price. When your list is prepared, submit it to the nearest bookseller for prices, or forward it to a near-by jobber. Do not exclude desirable books hecause they may cost above the average—all members get the advantage of reading the higher-priced books. The club assessment need not exceed one dollar and twenty-five cents, and may be as low as one dollar.

The exchange is the matter of vital importance, as on its smoothness depends the success or failure of the club. It must be made once a fortnight on a day certain—Friday or Saturday offer advantages in most communities. Make it the rule that the party receiving the book must come for it, and the book must be on band and ready for delivery when called for—there can be no acceptable excuse for its retention. It is good practice to call promptly for the book when due. A member living somewhat off the road or at some distance from her exchange neighbor should arrange to leave the book at some convenient place, or might deliver it to the one entitled if convenient.

A squadron is only as speedy as its slowest ship; therefore it is eminently essential to the success of the club that the books be kept moving. A careless, indifferent member will cause great annoyance by delaying transfer on exchange day.

Prepare an exchange list, either printed or typewritten, containing the rules of the club, the names of the members, the titles of the books and dates of exchange, and paste a copy in each book for delivery. It may be in tbis form:

....BOOK CLUB, 1905-6.

Books should be covered and the name and address placed therein. Report all trouble to ..... Books must not he loaned outside of the family of the member, and must he surrendered on exchange day, every second Friday. Members go for their books. To find from whom you get your book, read up; read down to find who gets the book you have—for instance, No. 2 goes to No. 1, No. 1 to No. 25.

NO.	NAME	BOOK	EXCHANGE DAY
1	Mrs. Konkle	"Sandy"	October 6th
2	Mrs. Champion	"Woodmyth and Fable"	" 20th
3	Miss Bird	"The Fugitive Blacksmith"	Novemher 3d

By the exercise of a little ingenuity the exchange list can be made to work out nicely. Deliver to each member the book selected by or awarded to her, and allow two weeks from the delivery to the first exchange day. When the books have completed the circuit they will reach the hands of the original holder and hecome her permanent possession. When well covered, the books turn up in very fair condition at the end of the year.

The following list has been prepared for our club, now in its fifth year, and should prove quite satisfactory:

"Constance Trescott," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.
"Sandy," by Alice Hegan-Rice.
"The Claim Jumpers," by Stewart Edward White.
"The Lion's Skin," by John S. Wise.
"Hurricane Island," by H. B. Marriott Watson.
"The Game," by Jack London.
"Iole," by Robert W. Chambers.
"Stingaree," by E. W. Hornung.
"The Outlet—a Cattle Story," by Andy Adams.
"The Mountains," by Stewart Edward White.
"The Sunset Trail," by Alfred Henry Lewis.
"The Seal Wolf," by Jack London.
"Partners of the Tide," by Joseph Lincoln.
"The Fugitive Blacksmith," by Charles D. Stewart.
"Silas Strong," by Irvin Bacheller.
"The Digressions of Polly," by Helen Rowland.
"Claims and Counter Claims," by Maud Wilder Goodwin.
"The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
"Love's Cross Currents," hy Algernon Charles Swinburne.
"At the Sign of the Fox," by Barbara.
"Rose of the World," by Agnes and Egerton Castle.
"The Man on the Box," by Harold MacGrath.
"The Accomplice," by F. T. Hill.
"Sanna," by M. E. Waller.
"The Prospector," by Ralph Connors.
"Tillie, a Menonite Maid," by Helen R. Martin.
"The Tyranny of the Dark," by Hamlin Garland.
"Memoirs of an American Citizen," by Robert Herrick.
"The Master Mummer," by E. P. Oppenheim.
"Old Gorgon Graham," by George Horace Lorimer.
"The Reign of Gilt," by David Graham Philipps.

August and September are prolific in the output of the best books of the year, and additions can readily be made to the above list by keeping tab on the announcements of publishers and the book notices. WILLIAM WALTERS CHAMPION.

◈

Automobile Farming

A NEW and special type of automobile bas recently been put on the market in Scotland which is designed especially for farm work, and which is not only suitable for plowing, but may be equipped as a cultivator or reaper, says "Harper's Weekly." It will prepare the ground and sow the seed at one operation, and can be operated at a better speed than a horse. Thus when plowing it can cover from six to seven acres a day, and goes over the field so as to leave it in final shape for cultivation. When not in use in the field the motor can be used to drive all farming machinery, and when plowing the cost of fuel, labor and depreciation has been computed at one dollar an acre, or less than one half the expense of plowing by horse. It is interesting to note that the cost of the machine is about fifteen hundred dollars, an amount of money that does not seem prohibitive for a large farm, where a thorough test of the new machine could readily be made. The automobile, unlike the farm animal, does not have to be fed when it is not working, and it is here that a substantial element of economy can probably be secured.

◈

Stamping Out the Yellow Fever

THE prompt and thorough probe of the government into the awful yellow fever epidemic in Louisiana and the united help of those immediately concerned have at least brought about a check in the onward march of the dreaded disease. The screening of cisterns and draining of standing water from premises, complete isolation of the infected sections, especially the Italian and French market sections, and relentless war on the mosquitoes and all disease-germ-carrying insects, have been materially helpful in staying in a measure the terrible epidemic.

In the city of New Orleans, where the disease raged most severely, the situation as to water supply is different from most cities. In place of an underground pipe system, a double set of cisterns are erected alongside or back of each residence for the collection of rain water. It is estimated that there are seventy-five thousand of these cisterns in New Orleans, which form so many pools suitable for mosquito breeding.

The success in eradicating yellow fever from Havana, Cuba, is due to scientific methods, especially in preventing the propagation of mosquitoes, and in protecting suspected cases against contact with mosquitoes by suitable screens.

Large engineering plans for draining vast swampy areas are now being carried out in many states, notably New Jersey, for the very purpose of eliminating the sources of mosquito propagation, producing more healthful and comfortable conditions in the surrounding country.

War on the heretofore seemingly harmless, but now identified dangerous, mosquito is a subject of pressing importance in every locality, and should be treated liberally and relentlessly by all public-spirited citizens and authorities.

◈

Bear Adrift on an Iceberg in the Atlantic

THE passengers on the steamer "Caronia," of tbe Cunard line, were treated to a rare sight about a thousand miles out from New York, when a terrific electrical storm was encountered. Captain Warr said that it was the most awe-inspiring natural electrical display he had ever seen. The storm broke about 7:30 P.M., and was preceded by clouds of inky blackness. These clouds formed a background on which the blinding flashes of lightning followed each other in rapid succession. The wind hlew sixty miles an hour, while the temperature fell in three hours from eighty-two to fifty-three degrees. In the afternoon a huge iceberg loomed up in front of the vessel, coming close enough for the passengers to get a good view of the movements of a lone polar bear on it. Many of the passengers obtained excellent snap shots of the ill-fated animal.

◈

Czar Prepared for Worst

THAT the Czar has heen prepared for the worst, should it strike his dynasty, is evident from the fact that his yacht, with steam up, lies ready to put to sea at a moment's notice.

It is asserted by persons in close touch with the court that Nicholas has written a private letter to the King of Denmark asking whether he and his family would be welcome at Copenhagen were certain circumstances to arise making it seem advisable for him to take a holiday in Scandinavia. During the past twelve months, it is added, the Czar has been continually sending money away to his bankers in Paris and London, and it is believed that a sum of money of at least two million rubles has already been deposited abroad.

Of late Czar Nicholas has had a fear that his death will be brought about through poison; therefore, in order to guard against, so far as possible, the possibility of his being poisoned, every scrap of imperial food is tasted by Lieutenant Kameler before being allowed to pass to the imperial lips. The same care is exercised in the preparation of the food for the young heir, the Czarina looking after the making of the baby's foods personally.

◈

Castro Believes in Monopolies

DOWN in Venezuela, President Castro has entered into contracts with natives by which one is given the exclusive right to establish four mills for a period of twenty years, and to another the exclusive right to manufacture glass and crystal articles for fifteen years. While the importation of glass, grain and flour is not prohibited, the holders of the concessions are given such great advantage that competition, it is said, will be practically impossible. The contracts permit the importation of materials with which to carry them into effect duty free. They are not transferable to a foreigner.

◈

An Elephant Has the Stage

SOCIETY of London, England, has gone daft over a baby elephant known as Jumbo Junior, said to be the smallest elephant that has ever visited Europe. No function during the present season would be considered smart without Jumho Junior to hand around the ices or conduct the orchestra of ten pony musicians. The elephant is said to have a whole lot of clever tricks.

The elephant's triumph came recently, when King Edward commanded his presence at Buckingham Palace to assist in the celebration of Princess Victoria's birthday. The boy princes were delighted with him, and the queen fed him with sweets, cakes and bananas until he became her sworn friend and refused to leave her side.

With great difficulty he was eventually persuaded to mount his little tub and was given his mouth organ. But music had lost its charm for Jumbo.

He quickly left the tub and walked back to the queen's seat, where he remained for the rest of the afternoon. When the queen left her chair Jumbo trotted with her like a poodle.

Since then the bahy elephant has been known as "The Queen's Pet," and his social engagements are now so numerous that Signor Volpi complains that instead of being Jumbo's trainer he appears to be his secretary.

◈

Dynamite Destroys Liquor House

CARRIE NATION has been outdone. Over in Pike County, Indiana, the opposition to the sale of liquor was so great that it culminated in the destruction of the wholesale liquor store of Curtis & Agee, at Hosmer.

Early in the morning of August 8th the villagers were awakened by a loud explosion, and when they reached the streets they found the wholesale house rent almost in two by dynamite. The liquor was running from numerous barrels and kegs which had been burst by the explosion, and the building was almost a complete wreck. No investigation has been made, and none of consequence is likely to follow, as the people are in sympathy with the dynamiters.

THE TAFT PARTY

Secretary Taft and Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President, are indicated by crosses. The photo was taken at the Nuuanu Pali, five miles from Honolulu, and is published by courtesy of "The Evening Bulletin," Hawaii. The Taft party remained in the Philippines until August 10th. A two weeks' tour of the archipelago was begun on August 13th, when the party sailed for visits to several ports, going as far south as Jolo. The homeward journey was scheduled to be made by way of Hongkong, Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe and Yokohama, the date of arrival at San Francisco being October 4th.

The Housewife

Harvest Festivals

When the fruits and grains of the earth are all garnered it seems very appropriate to turn our thoughts to rejoicing and festivals and to give outward expression to the gratitude we ought to feel for Nature's bounteous gifts.

In some form or other the harvest festival has been celebrated from the remotest time. The Jewish Feast of Tabernacles was a harvest festival. It was held annually at the head of the harvest, when the fruits, the wheat and the oil were gathered in. It was considered one of the most important festivals held by the Hebrews. During this feast the nation gathered together at Jerusalem. Booths or huts were formed out of palm, olive, pine or myrtle branches, and then decorated with flowers and fruits, presenting a gay and striking spectacle. For seven days the people lived in these, and on the last day of the feast they were dismantled. During this festival no work was done, the people spending the time in worship and festivities. Each day had its ceremonies. There were magnificent processions, pomps and splendid rituals. Songs of thanksgiving were sung and costly sacrifices offered. Silver trumpets led grand marches of choruses in the finest oratorios that ever were sung. In addition to these public ceremonies and pageants, every household had banquets, offered peace offerings and engaged in worship. It was a season of thanksgiving and gladness.

Both the Greeks and the Romans held festivals at the close of the harvest. The Romans called their harvest festival the Cerealia, taking its name from Ceres, the goddess of cornfields and harvests. It was held about the first of October. The people refrained from their labors, and engaged in feasting and sacrifices. The temples were decorated with garlands, and the household gods were crowned with flowers. Mirth and rejoicing prevailed in villages, as well as on the hillsides.

The harvest-home festival was observed away back in the history of our English forefathers. This festival was a time of frolic and gaiety. Large bonfires were lighted on the greensward and dancing engaged in, also athletics by the swains. The rural belles were gaily decorated with wreaths of flowers and grain, and sang pastoral songs. The feast was spread in the evening, usually in the dooryard, but often in the open fields.

In our own country we celebrate no annual harvest festival, as did the Jews, Greeks, Romans and English, yet it has been the custom of some to make our national Thanksgiving Day services a harvest festival, which is most appropriate. Our national festival is of a religious origin; nevertheless, it recalls the harvest-home of the motherland and partakes something of its character. The Feast of Tabernacles, the Greek Feast of Demeter, the Roman Cerealia and the English harvest-home were held either in September or October, which seems a more appropriate time than in November, the month in which we hold our thanksgiving festival and render praise and thanksgiving for bountiful harvests. But it is a time, also, which commemorates the piety and heroism of our Pilgrim forefathers, and we should endeavor to keep it in the same spirit in which it was inaugurated by them.

The most appropriate decorations for these harvest festivals are found in all the fruits of Mother Earth. Charming effects can be produced with rosy red apples, the glowing yellow pumpkins, the purple grapes, the sheaves of golden grains, the dark red and blue green cabbages, the white-stalked celery, with its light green foliage, the ears of red and yellow corn, the abundant foliage of gaily tinted autumn leaves, the goldenrod and other late flowers, the berries of the bittersweet, mountain ash and asparagus vine. There is certainly a wealth of material for decoration, and no one can have an excuse for not giving their homes and dooryards a festive appearance. Remember, in decorating, that the heavier parts of the decoration should be grouped at the base of columns. Sheaves of wheat can be massed with potted plants, and tall stalks of corn can be used most effectively as groundwork. All such things as fruit, vegetables and so forth should be grouped to make a harmonious color effect. Suitability to surroundings should be considered when decorating, and grain, grasses and the like should be given plenty of room to show their individuality. We can make our decorations so beautiful and abundant that they will be expressions of our gratitude and praise.

During the Feast of Tabernacles the Jews sent portions of their feasts to the poor, so should we make this day a day of benevolence and charity, as well as of mirth and festivity, praise and thankfulness.

PANSY VIOLA VINER.

PHOTO BY J. B. KENT, CHANDLER, OKLA.

A COUNTRY REFRIGERATOR

When the Children Start to School

Some mothers, and very good women, too, consider all their troubles over when the children start to school in the fall, and breathe a sigh of regret when the bell ceases to ring in the spring. They argue that the teacher is paid for teaching and looking after the scholars, and then they thankfully turn to the array of work awaiting them, without little hands and feet to hinder them as they get ready for winter. It is a good thing to have the restless children well dressed and in charge of a competent teacher, but the responsibility of the parents by no means ends with these duties accomplished.

If some one were to gather up statistics of how many fathers and mothers visit the schoolroom every year, it is hardly likely he could find one in one hundred who had ever ventured inside the door since their childhood. "What for?" mothers have said time and again when asked if they visited the schools. "What business have I in the schoolroom?" they will say, in astonishment. "I have not kept up with the times in school matters, and have no time, anyway, for visiting. If I go to see the neighbors when they are sick, and attend church on Sundays, it is all I can possibly do."

But what business have parents ever to get rusty on educational matters as long as they have children in the public schools? In these days of cheap newspapers it is possible to keep informed along many lines of work without overtaxing the mind at all. If a farmer paid no attention to anything beyond his own line fences, the sheriff would soon take him into partnership, for he must be keen and alert in the business life if he expects to succeed. And how do you know your children are making progress unless you ask and visit and study the conditions? Since the boys and girls must be fitted in a few short years for life and its duties, it is necessary to see that none of the precious years are wasted.

Taking an interest in the school and visiting it occasionally does not mean that you should be a fault-finder and make life a burden for the teacher. The old fashion of "boarding around" had some advantages as well as disadvantages, for it gave parents and teacher a chance to become acquainted, whatever other faults it had, and a glimpse into the home life is always beneficial to the earnest teacher. Why not at least revive the custom of asking the teacher to spend the evening or stay all night a few times every term? I well remember what a treat it was in my childhood to have the beloved teacher come to supper and stay all night, and I fully believe that the lonely young women enjoyed those visits. We are becoming quite citylike in the way we treat teachers in the country, for it is not uncommon to hear parents say they never met the young man or woman who instructs their children.

So this fall, when the children start to school, turn over a new leaf, and you start, too. It may be that you can spare only an afternoon once in a month or two, but during that short time you can make the teacher feel that you are her friend and are deeply interested in the work. If the work keeps you from the schoolroom in the first warm months, give the children permission to invite the teacher home some evening, and don't go to too much trouble to entertain her. Even if you hear she is incompetent and partial—that final and most dreadful sin of the teacher—give her a chance to show her friendly feeling, and refuse to credit all rumors until you are sure they are true. Remember that your daughter may be a teacher some day, and have trials and tribulations herself, when you are tempted to repeat something you have heard about the weary worker in your schoolroom.

And do not fail to mention to the teacher early in the term the things she should know about your children. If there is a defect in the eyesight or hearing of any pupil, the teacher should hear it from the parent as soon as possible. Many a time mothers have been angry and have made endless trouble for a teacher by allowing her to guess instead of being certain about her pupils, when a little common sense at the start would avoid all difficulty. If your child is sick or weak the teacher should know it, and if you have not time to go to the schoolhouse a kind note will be greatly appreciated by her. In short, treat her exactly as you would like to be treated if you were in her place, and the school year will be all too short for parents, pupils and teacher.

HILDA RICHMOND.

The Fruit of the Vine

GRAPE PIE.—Line a pie plate with good paste, and fill it with sweetened grapes dredged with flour; bake twenty minutes, then pour over the top a batter made with three well-beaten eggs, one cupful each of sugar and flour, two tablespoonfuls of water, a pinch of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour; return it to the oven, and bake until very lightly browned.

ANOTHER GRAPE PIE.—Beat one egg and one cupful of granulated sugar together, add one heaping cupful of ripe grapes which have been washed, drained, and dredged with one tablespoonful of flour, and a dessert-spoonful of butter cut in little bits; bake in two crusts.

GRAPE SHORTCAKE.—Sift together half a pound of flour, one salt-spoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; work in well one fourth of a pound of cold, well-washed butter, add gradually one cupful of milk, and mix quickly with a knife; when well mixed, roll out to half an inch in thickness; cut in two rounds, and bake on buttered tins in a hot oven. Let cool, and split the cakes through the center. Prepare the grapes for filling in the following manner: Remove the skins, and simmer the pulps for a few minutes in a porcelain kettle, then press through a colander to remove the seeds; put the skins and pulp together, sweeten to taste, and spread between the cakes and on top. Serve with sweetened whipped cream heaped over all.

GRAPE SHERBET.—Mash Catawba grapes (or any similar variety), and strain off the juice through a jelly bag; to one pint of juice allow one pint of water, one pound of granulated sugar and the whites of two eggs; let it come to a boil, then freeze like ice cream.

GRAPE TARTS.—Remove the skins from ripe grapes, and stew the pulp until soft; press it through a sieve to remove the seeds, then add the skins and three fourths of a cupful of sugar for each cupful of fruit; stew fifteen minutes, then fill into baked tart shells, and serve cold with whipped cream.

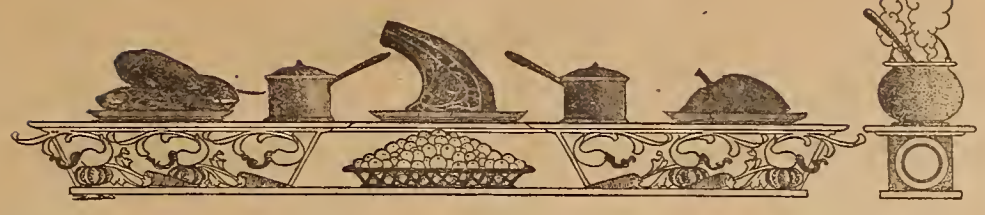
GRAPE BLANC-MANGE.—In a bowl mash one pint of stemmed grapes with one cupful of granulated sugar; let stand one hour, add one pint of water, and strain through a sieve; take out half a cupful of juice, and boil the remainder; mix five level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with the half cupful of juice, stir it in the boiling juice, and cook for eight minutes, stirring constantly; remove from the fire, pour into wetted molds, and set aside to harden. Serve with sweet sauce or whipped cream.

JELLIED GRAPES.—Place two cupfuls of washed and stemmed ripe grapes in a pudding dish, sprinkle among them half a cupful each of soaked tapioca and granulated sugar, pour over two cupfuls of water, cover, and bake one hour in a slow oven. Serve very cold with sweetened cream.

CRYSTALLIZED GRAPES.—Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, dip fine ripe, dry grapes in this, roll in granulated sugar, put on plates, and place in a warm oven for two minutes. Set away until cold. These are nice for dessert.

MARY FOSTER SNIDER.

The Housewife



Fall Work with Outdoor Plants

THERE is much work in the flower garden that should be done in autumn to insure the best results during the following summer. Not only is it the time to do much of the pruning and to provide protection for the winter, but it is also the time to plant out lily and other bulbs. Every one should have a bed of hardy lilies, as they pay for all the work one may put on them. In my opinion the lily equals, if it does not excel, the rose in beauty. My bed of lilies has been admired by all who have seen them, and I have learned that lilies do best in a rich, loamy soil mixed with plenty of sand. They should be partially shaded from the midday sun, and, above all, should have good drainage. Too much water around them will cause the bulbs to decay. Lilies should be planted at least six inches deep, and most of them should be planted in September or October. To increase my stock of bulbs I lift some of the old bulbs, and around them I find a number of small bulbs. I remove the small bulbs and plant them out, and in a year or so they will bloom. By choosing different varieties one can have lilies blooming almost all summer.

The lemon lily is among our earliest blooming flowers, and it is usually out for Decoration Day. The "Lilium candidum" blooms in June, with the roses. This lily should be planted about the first of September. The "Lilium Wallacei" blooms in July, the "Lilium longiflorum" and "Lilium speciosum" in August, as also does the superb "Lilium auratum."

The hyacinth is sure to give satisfaction as a spring bloomer, so one should not forget to plant a bed of these. The best time to plant them is in October or November. Mix plenty of sand with the soil, and set about six inches deep. Like all bulbs, they should be given good drainage. Tulips and narcissus should also be planted about the same time as the hyacinth.

Autumn is the best time to prune most shrubs. Of course, an exception should be made in the case of those that bloom early, such as the lilac and the like, or the flower crop will be destroyed. Rose bushes are always better for autumn pruning. In pruning, first remove all decayed branches, then prune the old wood so as to give the shrub or plant a symmetrical shape. Carefully cut out any thick growth. To keep a plant in the best condition the old wood should be cut away and new allowed to grow. The clematis should be cut back to within a foot or two of the root. Always use a sharp knife or scissors in pruning.

Many plants need protection for the winter even if classed among the hardy plants. In most cases leaves will serve this purpose best, although hay and evergreen branches can be used. When plants are in beds it is best to make a box around the beds, then fill this with leaves, putting boughs on the top to keep them from blowing away. Rose bushes and vines should be laid down to the earth before covering. Care must be taken not to remove the covering too soon in the spring, for it is well to remember that "one swallow does not make a summer."

PANSY VIOLA VINER.

◈

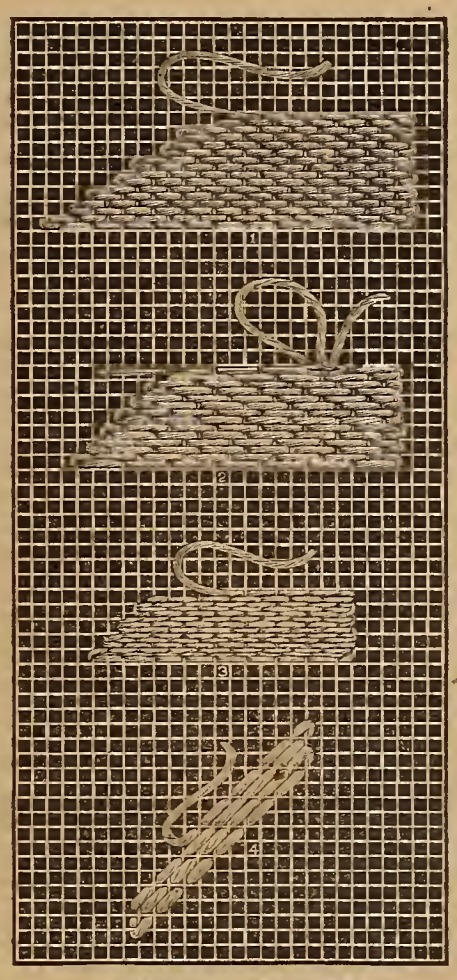
Gittertyl Embroidery

The peculiar name for this embroidery, which is of Danish origin, is pronounced "gitter-tull," and designates the kind of material upon which the work is done, "gitter" meaning "mesh," referring to the evenly woven bars, forming perfectly square meshes of the filet or cloth upon which the work is done. "Tulle" designates the dainty lacelike appearance of the work.

As there is no basting of braids or cutting of thread, as in Hardanger and the various lace designs, the work is very simple, while being at the same time effective. Any cross-stitch design can be used. The filet comes as wide as sixty-seven inches, and is therefore adaptable for table covers, curtains, for doors and sash, bedspreads and innumerable articles.

But four stitches are used in this work. Darning stitch single, as in No. 1: Bring the needle alternately over and under one thread, making two rows of stitches in each hole. Darning stitch double, as in No. 2: Work same as in No. 1, only bring your needle over two threads and under one thread of the cloth. Piqué darning stitch, as in No. 3, is worked by bringing the needle alternately over and under one thread, making four rows in each hole of cloth. Bias darning, as in No. 4: The needle is brought in bias lines alternately over and under, making two rows in each hole. The darning, or weaving, is done with an imported linen thread, or floss, called "Perlegan," which comes in three sizes, or Hardanger, which comes in four sizes and a variety of colors. A long, blunt tapestry needle should be used.

Gittertyl filet is a firm, evenly woven net imported especially for this work. It is not expensive, owing to its width, which makes a little go a great way. The firmness of the net has much to do with the effect of the work, and consequently great care should be exercised in the selection, to get none but the genuine. It comes in green, cream and white.



EMBROIDERY STITCHES

This embroidery is suitable for collar-and-cuff sets, bands for waist decoration, and in fact many articles of attire. For instance, a white gown with bands of cream filet worked in two shades of delft blue or any other desired color makes a handsome effect. The scarf illustrated is green filet darned in white Hardanger linen. A beautiful border is worked over the edge after a hem is laid, the inner border is worked upon the single net, and the center dotted with small designs, in which the bias darning is used. The effect is very pleasing, and it is quite simple to execute. Started pieces, with materials to finish, can be had at most dealers in fancywork, and are a great help to those who wish to do the work and do not have the opportunity to see it as displayed in the stores.

GITTERTYL EMBROIDERY

The work recalls the old-time darning on net. To those familiar with the stitches employed in it this embroidery will be quite simple.

HEISTER ELLIOTT.

The Fall Housecleaning

The annual fall housecleaning time is upon us, and housewives will soon be busy dusting and cleaning from garret to cellar.

To clean upholstered furniture, cover the material with a towel and whip with a rattan. Wash all visible wood in tepid soapsuds, dry it very quickly, then rub hard with a flannel and a few drops of kerosene. This is for walnut, cherry and oak in any finish. Mahogany merely needs to be wiped with a damp cloth, then rubbed with a clean flannel. Brush the upholstered parts very hard, then wipe them quickly with a cloth wrung dry out of clear hot water. Follow this with a clean white flannel dipped in alcohol. As soon as the flannel shows dirt, wash it clean in tepid water; otherwise the alcohol will dissolve the dirt and deposit it in streaks upon the surface of the fabric.

Clean out tuftings with a little swab of cotton wool tied on the end of a stout skewer and wet in alcohol. Throw away the cotton as soon as it gets dirty. Clear alcohol lightly used will not mark the most delicate brocades, but the swab must not be wet enough to trickle under pressure. Clear the intricacies of carved wood with the same sort of swabs, but take especial pains not to have them too wet.

Clean gilt furniture with sifted whiting made into a cream with alcohol. Cover a small space at a time, and rub off before it hardens. If a spot sticks, touch it very lightly with clear alcohol. If there is much dirt or deep tarnish, wash quickly with borax soapsuds, wipe dry, then cover with the wet whiting, and let it dry. Brush it off with a stiff brush, and polish afterward with a soft leather. This is the best way of cleaning all manner of gilt frames. A gilt frame specked but tarnished needs to be rubbed with a flannel wet in alcohol and polished afterward with a soft leather stretched smooth over the palm.

Brasses, as knobs and handles, are commonly lacquered, so they can be cleaned with alcohol and a soft cloth. Dampen the cloth instead of wetting it, and rub quickly. Unlacquered brass can be cleaned in various ways. One of the best is to wash it well in warm soapsuds, then rub with salt and vinegar, using a flannel swab, and polish afterward with dry whiting and a clean cloth. Take care not to let the acid and salt touch the wood. If the brass is either open or intricate it is better cleaned with tripoli mixed to a soft paste with sweet oil. Rub hard and quickly, and polish afterward with tripoli in powder.

To clean matting, sweep it twice, first with a stiff broom, working along the grain of the straw, then crosswise with a soft broom dipped in warm water. This brightens all sorts of colored matting, and also in a measure saves it from fading.

◈

Hot Apple Triangles

Press through a sieve together half a pound (two cupfuls) of flour, one fourth of a cupful of sugar, two and one half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; into this mixture with the tips of the fingers work one fourth of a cupful, or two ounces, of shortening, and add two tart apples, pared, cored and cut in small pieces; beat an egg, add about one third of a cupful of milk, and stir into the dry ingredients to make a soft dough; add more milk if needed; the dough should be soft enough to be spread with a spoon in the pan; pare and core another apple, cut it into eighths lengthwise, and press these into the dough equal distances apart; sprinkle the top with granulated sugar, and bake in a hot oven. Serve cut in triangles and with powdered sugar.

◈

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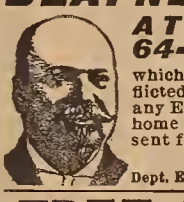

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The Young People

When I Learn to Spell

BY B. W. MCCLURE

It won't be long till I know some things,
  For I started to school to-day;
An' when I hear folks spellin' their words,
  I'll know just what they say.

They can't allus fool a little chap,
  But I'll not tell 'em so;
An' when they begin to spell an' sign,
  They'll think that I don't know.

When ma tells Kate where the cookies is,
  Or where she'll find the pie,
I'll just 'tend that I don't hear,
  An' 'en I'll get some on the sly.

An' when Chris'mas time comes 'round ag'in,
  An' ma goes off to town,
An' comes back home with bun'les an' things,
  I'll happen to be stan'in' 'roun'.

An' when she spells to Kate, with a knowin' nod an' wink,
  "P-u-t-h-e-s-s-o-n-t-h-e-p-e-n-t-a-r-u-y-e-l-f,"
I won't say a word, but wait my time,
  'En, you bet, I'll help myself.

When ma spells to Kate, "T-h-e-p-e-c-h-e-s-e-z-r-a-i-p-e,"
  I'll look way off an' keep right still
Till I get a chance to climb the tree,
  'En, you bet, I'll eat my fill.

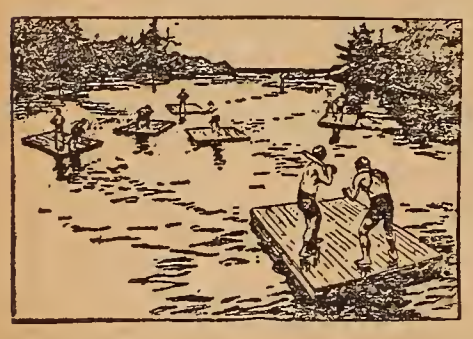
When pa comes in, with a wise look on,
  An' spells to ma where she'll find the tool case,
I'll just play on; but when he's gone
  I'll nail ever'thing on the place.

Oh, they've treated me awful, I tell you what;
  But now I'll have my way,
An' they'll have to learn another trick,
  For I've started to school to-day.

◈

Water Baseball

WATER baseball is positively the very latest addition to the already long list of sports in which the American athlete of to-day participates. The sport was inaugurated at the Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, and throughout the Middle West it has



become exceedingly popular among swimmers. The beautiful point about the game is that a participant need not be an expert swimmer nor a professional baseball player. The sport is gaining ground rapidly, and soon will be recognized from coast to coast, according to the prediction of a Chicago promoter. Describing the fun, an enthusiast says:

"All the game requires is a rudimentary knowledge of baseball and fair swimming ability. The outfit consists of a tennis ball, a yard or less of broomstick and four rafts, one large and three small. The batsman and the catcher stand on the big raft. On a small raft ten yards away stands the pitcher. He may deliver the ball in any style he chooses so that it crosses the plate. In striking, everything goes—bunt, bingle, swat or foul tip. There are five men on a side. The moment bat and ball come in contact the batsman must start for first base. It doesn't matter how the ball is hit, you count it as fair; indeed, it is a triumph of skill to turn and swing with the ball, and send it flying past the catcher.

"Suppose you have driven a good ball out near third base. You pile overboard with a dive toward first. As you rise to the surface you see the third baseman and the pitcher furiously swimming after the ball. To your excited eyes it seems as if first base were a mile away. As you near the base you see the pitcher seize the ball and turn in the water to throw it while he is treading water. The chances are that the throw is a bad one and you are safe. You now turn your attention toward second. To steal it seems easy, so as soon as the pitcher delivers the ball you start. But if all goes well with the other team, when you have gone about one third of the distance you notice that the second baseman has the ball. Giving up hope of gaining second, you turn to regain first, only to note that the first baseman has followed you and waits for the ball about five feet to your rear. You once more turn your efforts toward second, only to see the second baseman swimming toward you. With much splashing, you try to evade this latest comer, but you are put out and retired amid the yells of the onlookers."—Evening Lamp.

◈

A Trip to Magic Island

Many years ago, down by the seaside lived three little girls. Their mamma was very good to them. When they were very good she used to make cake for them, and every night tucked them carefully in their cribs. These three little cribs were placed not far from the windows, and when they woke up in the morning they would always look out of the windows to see the ships, and to talk about the great big ocean that seemed to stretch way out to the clouds.

The youngest of the three little girls was called Millyflops, because she was always flopping about and climbing onto high chairs—in fact, often fell off and hurt herself very much. The other two little girls were usually very good, although sometimes they also forgot their mamma and were as naughty as Millyflops. One thing the three little girls were fond of doing was to climb into the boats that lay on the beach near the water and jump about in them. Millyflops often fell and bumped her head and scratched herself in jumping about, but she was a brave little girl, and did not seem to mind it.

One day when the three little girls were jumping about in a boat by the seashore Millyflops said, "Oh, I think it would be very nice to sail on the water like big people!"

"But how shall we do it?" said the other little girls.

"Oh," said Millyflops, "it is very easy. We can push and push until the boat gets into the water, and then we can climb in and sail all day."

The three little girls were very glad when they thought they would have a pleasant sail on the water, and immediately commenced to pull off their shoes and stockings, so as to be able to paddle about without wetting them. But when they were just ready to start Millyflops said, "Oh, I cannot leave without my little white pussy cat!"

So Millyflops ran back to the house, found the little white pussy cat, tucked her in her pinafore, and ran down to the boat as fast as ever she could.

The little white pussy cat was very glad to get off on the ocean, but it jumped about in the boat so much that the three little girls trembled lest it should fall overboard and be drowned.

Well, at last the three little girls managed to push the boat out into the water, and began to float about in a very pleasant way. They took the oars, and rowed and rowed and rowed, and the white pussy cat sat up looking at them, as much as to say, "I think it is very good of you to take me sailing on this nice water."

But the three little girls at last grew tired of rowing, and began to feel hungry, and thought they might now go home and get their dinner. But when they looked around they found that the boat had sailed far away from shore—so far, in fact, that they could not see the house where their mamma lived, and where they had their three little cribs. They all three commenced to cry and wish they had stayed at home, and said that if they ever got home again they would be very good, and not go away in boats without first asking mamma's permission.

The eldest said, "Oh, I feel so hungry!"

The second said, "Oh, I feel so thirsty!"

Millyflops said, "Oh, I feel so sleepy!"

The little white pussy cat could not talk, so she rubbed up against Millyflops, and said, "Mew!" which sounded as though she wanted her dinner, too.

But crying did no good, for the boat kept going away from shore, and at last it began to grow dark, and they could not see anything. So they snuggled together in the bottom of the boat under a large piece of sailcloth, and by keeping very close together and tucking themselves in very carefully they managed to keep themselves from catching cold. The white pussy cat curled up close to Millyflops, and slept well.

A SUMMER SHOWER

PHOTO BY WILL G. HELWIG.

When the three little girls and the white pussy cat woke up in the morning they found themselves in a little bay belonging to a strange island. Beautiful sandy beaches were about them, and close by were many trees on which were hanging big nuts that tasted like bread and milk. The three little girls jumped ashore as quickly as possible, taking the white pussy cat with them, and immediately ran to see if they could not pick some of the nice big nuts that tasted like bread and milk. But the trees were so high that not even Millyflops could climb up. So she said to the white pussy cat, "Pussy, can't you climb up the trees and pick us some nuts?"

Pussy looked up at the tree, then looked at Millyflops, and then jumped up the tree very quickly, and began to pick the nuts and throw them down to the three little girls. When the white pussy cat had picked enough she came quickly down from the tree, and all sat down on the ground and had a very good breakfast, for they were very hungry and very glad to have something good to eat.

Just as they finished their breakfast, however, they heard some strange, rough talking in the woods, and turned around to see what it was. They were very much frightened when they saw three big black men, with feathers all over them, carrying in their hands long sticks with sharp knives at the ends, and showing their teeth in a very savage manner. The three little girls jumped up, and tried to run away, but the three big black men ran after them, and caught them by their skirts and held them fast.

"Who are you, little girls?" said the biggest of the black men.

"Please, sir," said Millyflops, "we are three little girls that went out sailing with our little white pussy cat and got lost."

"Why did you steal the nuts of our Princess?" said the biggest black man, very fiercely.

"We didn't know they belonged to your Princess," said little Millyflops.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the biggest black man, "and to punish you we shall take you to our Princess, and she will have you whipped with long, hard sticks until you are as black in the face as I am, or blacker."

When the little girls heard this they cried harder than ever, and begged the three big black men not to whip them with sticks, but to let them go home to their mamma. But the three big black men took them by the arms, and made them go along to the house where the Princess lived.

The three black men tried to catch the little white pussy cat, but could not, for she quickly ran up a high tree, so that no one could reach her. But when the three little girls reached the house of the Princess the pussy cat ran and hid herself behind Millyflops, so as to be near her. The Princess was very angry at the little girls because they had eaten her best nuts, and asked them how they had climbed up into the trees so as to get the nuts.

"Oh," said Millyflops, "little girls like me cannot climb high trees, but we have a little white pussy cat that knows how to climb very nicely, and she picked the nuts for us."

Then said the Princess, "Now, if you will make me a present of this white pussy cat of yours I will not have you punished."

"And will you send us home to our mamma?" said Millyflops.

"Yes, indeed," said the Princess, "I will send you home to your mamma; but you must first give me the little white pussy cat."

Now, Millyflops did not like to leave the pussy cat with the Princess without first asking the little cat what she thought about it, so she turned to her, and said, "Pussy, would you like to stay with this Princess so that I can go back to my mamma?" And pussy said, "Yes, I think I shall like the Princess very much when we get acquainted."

So Millyflops took the pussy cat up in her arms, and gave her to the Princess, and then the Princess turned to the three big black men, and said to them, "I wish that you three big black men would be very good to these three little girls; and I want you to take these three little girls back to their boat, and see that they get safely to their mamma."

And the three big black men took them to the boat, and rowed very hard until they saw the nice little house where their mamma lived. And they said good-by to the three black men, and ran as fast as their legs would carry them up to the house where their mamma was waiting for them. They were all very sorry that they had gone off in the boat, and told their mamma that they would never again do so; and their kind mamma kissed them all, and gave them a nice supper of bread and milk and a little cake, and afterward tucked them away in their little cribs, where they all slept soundly until very late the next morning.

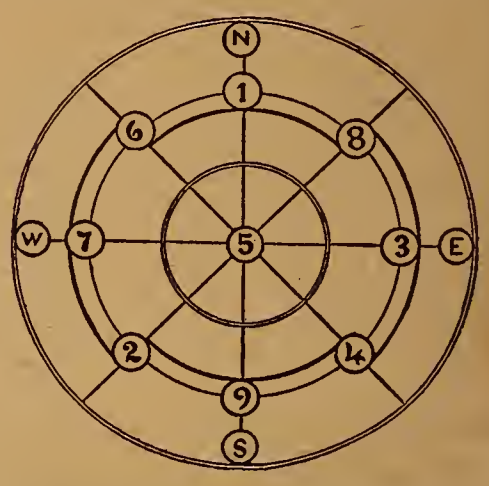
And the three little girls lived very happily afterward, and grew up to be three tall young ladies; and they heard that little Miss Pussy Cat also was having a good time on the island with the Princess, and was getting bigger every day because she grew so fast.

◈

The "Wheel of Wealth"

This is a very interesting game. To make the "wheel of wealth" get a square board about fifteen by fifteen inches. On it make the figure shown in the diagram, the largest circle being twelve inches in diameter, the rest in proportion. In the center of each of the small numbered circles drive, quite erect, a one-and-one-fourth-inch French nail. Provide some heavy iron or brass rings about one and one fourth inches in diameter, or wider for very young children—thick India rubber rings will do.

Any number can play the game. Each player has three turns in rotation, and at each turn is provided with three rings. The board being set on a table, the distance from it must be regulated by the age and proved skill of the players. The object is, of course, to make the greatest



score by throwing the rings onto the nails, and prizes should be given—a tiny box of candy or any pretty little trifle will do. For fun, each number should represent so many dollars (for elder children, hundreds of them).

The specialty of the game is that any one making fifteen at a turn scores treble—that is, forty-five. This may be done on any diameter and four of the quarter-circles, E, W, N and S, as shown by the broken ring. Fifteen may be made by two rings, 9 and 6 or 8 and 7, but in this case it scores double only—thirty. The order of play may be settled by drawing numbers. There should be an efficient scorekeeper, a grown-up one being best.—McCall's Magazine.

◈

What Bishop Vincent Would Try to Be

"If I were a boy," says Bishop Vincent, in an exchange, "I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights or stories in my imagination, and no foul words on my tongue. I should treat little-folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants; be tender toward the unfortunate—all this I should strive to do for the sake of being a comfort to people, a joy to my parents and a help to the next century.

"If I were a boy I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers and be able to do all the manly things that belong to the manly sports; love and study Nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study hard and with a will when the time came for study; read the best literature—works of the imagination, history, science and art, according to my taste and need; get a good knowledge of English; try to speak accurately and distinctly; go to college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer or a mechanic; spend my Sabbaths reverently; try to be a practical, everyday Christian; help on every good cause; never make sport of sacred things; be 'about my Father's business,' like the boy of Nazareth; 'use the world and not abuse it;' treat old men as fathers, 'the younger men as brethren, the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity,' and thus I would try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous."

◈

A Game for Rainy Days

An amusing pastime is to have a ring hung from the chandelier at a convenient distance from the floor. Each child must walk directly up to the ring and without hesitating try to run a pencil through the ring. This sounds very easy, but if you try it yourself you will be surprised at how difficult it really is.

◈

Have you decided to send FARM AND FIRESIDE that one new subscription of your neighbor friend? When shall we hear from you?

Sunday Reading

Hope

You scarce can wander in a wood so dense at night,
But, if the heavens be clear,
Some trembling star, rejoicing in its grateful light,
Gleams through the atmosphere.

You scarce can tread a track so sadly dark in life,
But, if thy beart be right,
Some kindly hope, benignly beaming o'er your strife,
Illuminates the night.

—Wilbur V. Bell.

Teddy, Jr., and His Class

SEVEN boys of Oyster Bay are members of the Sunday-school class taught by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. All the other boys wish they were in it. The seven who belong to it get to the church an hour before Sunday school opens. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., not yet out of his teens, has mucb of the earnestness and tbe vigor of his father, and be has entered Sunday-school work with the energy his father shows in his larger affairs. The Roosevelts have been members of Christ Episcopal Church at Oyster Bay for years.

Forced a Confession

The late Mary A. Livermore was a shrewd woman who believed in "fighting the devil with fire." She was converted to this idea by the example of an old friend, a clergyman. With a solemn air he announced from the pulpit one day that a button had been found in the collection. "Only one individual in the church could have been guilty of the trick," be said, "and I shall expect a coin."

After service a member of the churcb owned up to being the culprit, and asked, "How did you know I was the man?"

"I did not know," said the clergyman.

"But you said only one person could have done it."

"Just so," was the reply. "Two persons could not bave put the same button on the plate."

Work and Originality

Improve; be a slave to your task; play the game alone. If any one should come to me, and ask, "What had I better do?" I should answer, "It makes no difference what you do, as long as you do it better than it is now being done."

Our present standards of work are not advancing. We of the passing generation are not improving. We arc doing most tbings as they were done ten or twenty years ago. We are not working as well as we should. I fancy that most women are baking bread just as they did when they were first married, and that the only reason why their husbands still survive is that tbey are now able to hire a cook to assist them. If our boys are wanting in one thing more than all others, it is the quality of self-reliance. But there is a great difference between self-confidencc and self-conceit. Hard work is the other important factor. It is the price of success.—Leslie M. Sbaw, Secretary of the Treasury.

Governor Hoch on Character

Next to character, a college education is thc best equipment for life that any one can have. But let me enlarge a little upon what I mean by an education. The word is a Latin contribution to our language, and means, primarily, "leading out." An education, therefore, is not so much an acquisition as it is a development, and I bave the highest educational authority for saying it is a development of all the possibilities of the person—physical, mental and spiritual—and any so-called education or educational system that neglects the development of either the physical, mental or spiritual nature is to that extent deficient and erroneous.

But, above all, let me emphasize the importance of character to those who would make a success in life. In every field of human endeavor it is character that counts most in the sum total of success. In the commercial world and in the political world as well as in the social world the standard of character is constantly being elevated. Never make the mistake of sacrificing conscience for temporary success. Be assured that purity of thought and cleanliness of conduct are the greatest elements of success in all realms of human effort.—E. W. Hoch, Governor of Kansas.

Life and Death

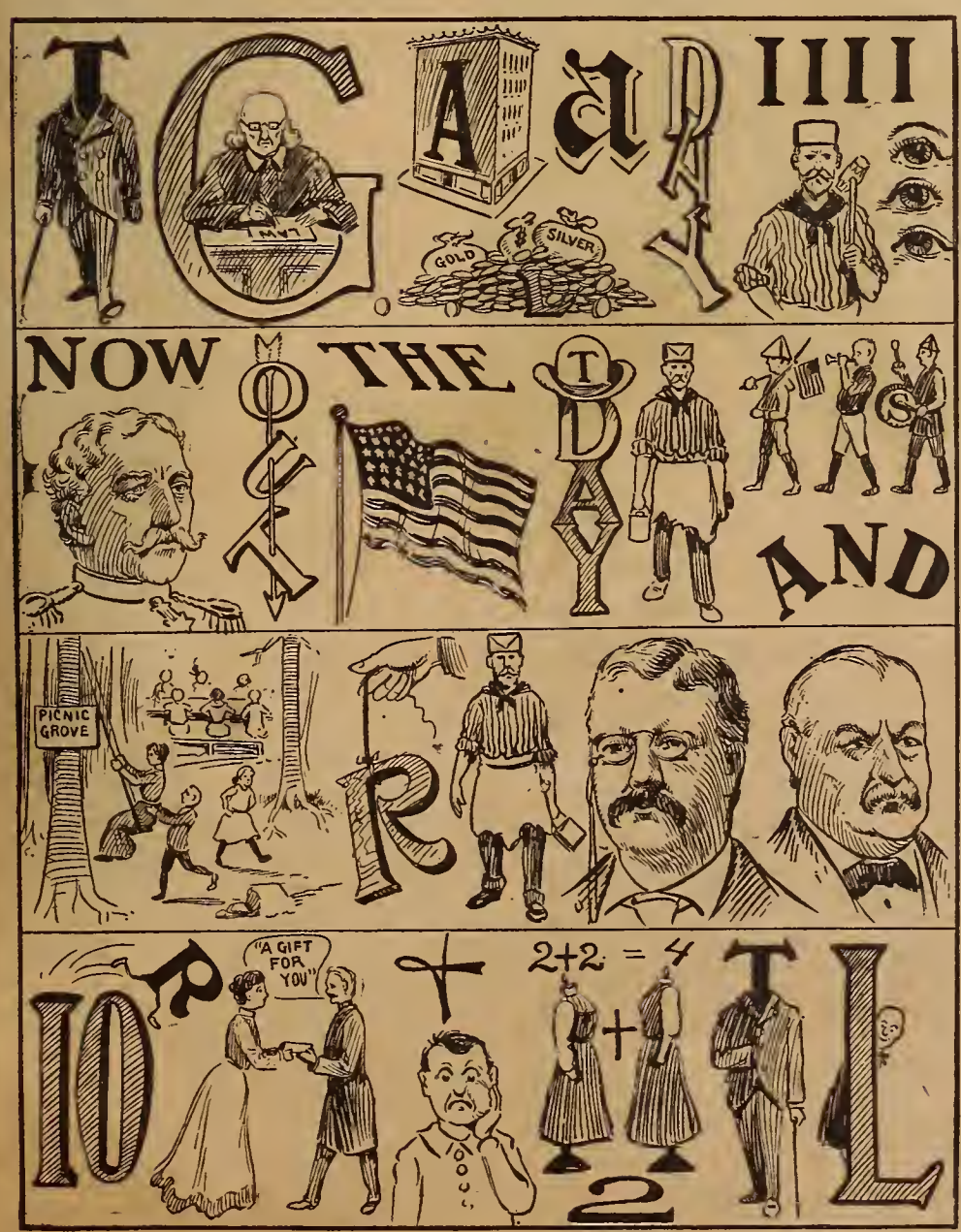
What is life? 'Tis loving God
And loving man,
And serving both, witb spirit true,
As best we can.

What is death? It is to take
The dear Lord's hand,
And let him lead us out of Night
To Morning's Land.

—Emma C. Dowd.

Labor Day Rebus

The Drawing Below Tells, in Short, the Story of the Laboring Man's Annual and Special Holiday. Can You Read It Correctly?



Answers to Puzzle in the August 15th Issue—Buttons, Stockings, Crash, Silk, Embroidery, Linen.

Two Beautiful PICTURES FREE

HUNDREDS of thousands of people were pleased and delighted with the art supplement, consisting of two grand pictures *in colors*, sent out with the August 15th Farm and Fireside. Because so many more people wanted them, we therefore decided to print an extra supply.

We Will Send, Free and Postage Paid

THIS BEAUTIFUL ART SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING TWO CHARMING PICTURES

TO ALL WHO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS DURING THE MONTH *of* SEPTEMBER

There is only one condition—when you send in your subscription to Farm and Fireside you must ask for the "Farm and Fireside picture supplement No. 6." Understand that on account of the great demand and cost of this art supplement it will be sent only when it is requested and accompanied by a subscription or renewal to Farm and Fireside. Subscription price of Farm and Fireside, 25 cents a year—twenty-four numbers.

This is one of not less than Six Grand Picture Supplements which will be sent out with Farm and Fireside during the next few months

THE FOLLOWING IS A DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURES:

"At the County Fair"

This is the title of one of the pictures, and at this season of the year it seems very appropriate as a picture supplement. It depicts an exciting scene at the county fair. A horse race is on in full blast, and as it is "over in a couple of minutes," everybody is rushing to get a glimpse of it. Who in the United States does not know the county fair, with its exhibition of "big pumpkins," fat cattle, prize stock, side shows, horse races, gambling games, toy balloons, lemonade stands, and the wonderful "six-legged calf"—don't forget to see that—the crowd, the dust (or the rain), the neighing horses and the continual stream of humanity pouring hither and thither to see "the sights and wonders?" Oh, it is a great time, and one long to be remembered!

The scene of the picture is evidently in Virginia, as the picture was painted there in 1891 by Edward L. Henry. The time is at the races, and excitement runs high. Perhaps some dollars are about to change hands—at least, every one seems interested to know which horse will win. The picture that we here offer is our own reproduction, made from the original painting.

"The Lady of the Lake"

This is a very beautiful work of art. The picture was painted by the noted English artist, Walker, and our reproduction of the painting is an excellent portrayal of the original painting and an exquisite product of the engraver's skill. All the original colors used by the artist are carefully preserved, and the picture appears in at least six colors and tints. It is about the size of a regular page of FARM AND FIRESIDE.

The boat, "The Lady of the Lake," the water lilies, the beautiful expanse of water, the swans gracefully gliding here and there, the border of the lake fringed with trees and flowers, broken by a view of the distant hills, all contribute in making one of the grandest pictures ever painted by any artist.

The two pictures, "At the County Fair" and "The Lady of the Lake," are widely different in conception, therefore giving our readers a variety and choice, which is a new and distinct feature of FARM AND FIRESIDE picture supplements.

¶ **Be sure that you send in your subscription at once; or, if you are already a subscriber, see to it that your subscription does not expire, or is now promptly renewed, and you will then be sure to receive all of these beautiful and valuable art supplements. The little yellow address label shows the date to which you are paid.**

FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

The Black Oath

A Graphic Story of the Famous Kuklux Klan Society

By HENRY WHITNEY CLEVELAND, D.D., LL.D.
Author of "Storm and Sunset," "Seal and Clay," "Easter Island," "War Between the States," etc.

Some who know the facts below this much of fiction have said that, like the author of "Hot Plowshares," I am an enemy of the South. I do not know that he was, but for nearly five years I wore worthily the gray uniform of those Confederated States, and we carried them upon our bayonets until the Southern cross of red fell from its field of blue.

The Kuklux Klan, claiming its name from the cock sounds of the musket, consisted of men who burned no powder other than in shotguns after quail, and whose army life was branded "conscript," and consisted in skulking with the wagons or raiding for buttermilk, horses and calico-petticoat goods—they were not even politicians or ballot stuffers.

"The Cedars" of this story is a well-known Georgia estate, taking premiums on cotton, corn and wheat, and situated sixty-four miles from Augusta, one hundred and ten miles from Atlanta, and seven miles from Liberty Hall, the home of Alexander Hamilton Stephens.

The railways through the "black belt," or lands once tilled by negro labor, and famous, too, for black "bottom" soil, follow ridges, and miss the better lands—construction and right of way come cheaper there. Hence, the traveler may see little of the cane-producing creek and river lands, of good soil, and lying in the most delightsome and equal climate of the earth. There are no poisonous insects, the hogs leave few reptiles, and, as Byron said, "All, save the spirit of man, is divine."

The Cedars consists of six hundred and twenty acres of this best land. Part of this is in the bottoms of Sherral's Creek, as level as a floor, and with from five to twenty-five feet of the inexhaustible black soil; the remainder, in rolling upland, was clothed at the period of my story with the finest native timber then standing in the central part of the state. This was my patrimony, but my father and mother were gone to their rest, and had left me an orphan of twelve, ignorant of my right to select a guardian, and equally ignorant that my uncle, Lyne Thomas, a hard, grasping man of some fifty years of age, had been trying to cheat my parents out of this valuable property for years before they died. His own land, on the other side of Sherral's Creek, had all been cleared a century before, and by constant cultivation in cotton was only a series of low red hills, water furrowed and worthless. He was land poor in the sense of having a thousand acres worth little more than the yearly taxes, and when he applied for letters of guardianship and administration he anticipated the use of the lands during my minority. If there were other purposes this story will possibly show them. He had no children and no wife, but his favorite was a nephew named Asbury Lyne, whose patrimony, not yet fallen due, was too nearly exhausted to covet.

From the time Uncle Lyne took charge began the first real sorrows of a lad who had not known what it was to receive a blow in anger or to hear an unkind word. Hard work, schooling suspended, and never a word of sympathy or kindness, were endured for several months, and in May, 1857, upon returning from the mill and the lifting of bags heavy enough for big Aaron, my father's largest negro, I was abruptly told that Congressman Stephens had been telling Uncle Lyne that it was his duty under the bond he had given as guardian to send me to school, and that I was to start in the morning for the Hancock County high school. This was bad news, for Doctor Beeman, the principal, was famed all over the state for his severity, and only the hopelessly bad boys of rich planters were ever sent to him, I had been told.

A hard day's ride in a jolting buggy brought me to Sparta, the name of which village was suggestive of the heroic treatment a child might expect there. The school and boarding house was a big frame thing, square, ugly, without shade trees or window blinds, and set in the middle of a field of red clay sparsely grown with the yellow broom sedge and wild blackberries. Uncle Lyne had not driven over with me, but had sent me by one of my own negroes, Hansell Ruff, who claimed royal African blood, and who was surely a nicer companion than my uncle or my Cousin Asbury could have been. As it was my first day, the Doctor received me in his parlor, and I was relieved to find his looks much less terrible than I had anticipated. The boys, also, playing in the big field, or yard, bore no visible marks of the reported tortures—at least, not with their clothes on.

Doctor Beeman gave me his hand, and then opened the letter I had brought. After reading it he silently passed it over to me. It simply consigned me to his care for four years without vacation, and gave me a character utterly undeserved. It said that I should begin Latin with Cæsar, and if not prepared for it the reason would be my idleness in the past winter. Being an orphan, he had hesitated to whip me, it said, but he thought a severe whipping at the start was necessary to "break me in" and learn me what to expect. I was tricky, he said, and made my slight appearance a pretense of ill health which did not exist, and that my word could not be trusted.

By this time my eyes were used to the dim light of the parlor, and I saw that the Doctor had brought in from the schoolroom a formidable switch of hickory, such as our negroes used to drive oxen with. I felt pale if I did not look so, but said, "Doctor, will you look at my tongue?"

He did so, and said, "White and with an ugly fur on it, certainly. Anything else?"

"Will you call in Hansell, our man?" I asked, and he did so.

"Hansell," I said, "did you ever know my uncle to whip me?"

"Lawd, mah little massa, it wah only dis very mawnin' dat I laik to got a whippin' mah own se'f fo' tellin' him it wah a shame ter whip a sickly little boy as had just lost his pa an' ma, 'deed I did. Ole massa, dat little boy has got his back all marked up now."

"Shall I show you?" I asked.

"No," said the Doctor. "Anything else?"

"Yes," I said. "Judge Linton Stephens has been asked to examine us at the school in my town, and he lives here close to you. He knows that I had only begun Latin grammar when he was there last. Also, he visits his brother, the congressman, and has seen me off and on all winter hauling wood to Crawford. He knows that I have had no chance to go to school since my parents died. That is about all there is of the letter, and it is all false."

"And why should your uncle write such a letter if it is not true?" he asked.

I answered, "He cursed me once, and said that if I was dead and buried, like my other kinsfolk, The Cedars would have a master that would know what to do with it. That was one day when he had found out that under father's will the woodland could not be cut down for railway cross-ties until I was of age. He had made a four-thousand-dollar contract with the railroad company, and I spoke to Mr. Alex. Stephens about being sorry for it, and he made Uncle Lyne let my big trees alone. My uncle beat me, and said what I tell you. I know it all sounds like a book, but Hansell there was making up the fire and heard him."

By the moonlight I saw a line of masked horsemen drawn up across the road

The faithful negro gave a vigorous nod of his kinky head.

Doctor Beeman put his hand on me very kindly, and there were tears in his voice, if not in his eyes, as he said, "My little boy, your courage has saved me from a great wrong, for I should have put you at books far too hard for you. Only do your duty here, and you will find that my name is much worse than I am and that you will have a friend in me. Judge Stephens dines with me to-morrow, and I have no doubt he will confirm all you tell me. Come with me." He went out into the big yard, and called the boys about him. "My lads," said he, "this is the new boy, and he is not very well. Don't be rough with him, and help him, in school and out. I shall depend on you as young gentlemen."

"Hurrah for Doctor Beeman and the new boy!" sang out an evident leader, and with that introduction began my school life and health and happiness, where I very truly believe I was sent to meet my grave or to lose my mind.

The dinner the next day was at a common table, with the same fare for the Doctor and his family as for us, and good breeding was part of the instruction. Judge Stephens was present, and Doctor Beeman led him to talk of me and my estate without any mention of the cruel letter. The great man spoke more strongly than I had about my uncle, and said that his brother but for ill health would have moved the court to revoke the letters of guardianship. This "set me up," as the Georgians say, and a little incident made of me quite a hero.

Judge Stephens, then of the State Supreme Court, liked to call for a first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," of which the Doctor was very proud, and ask the new boy to read the sublime invocation, "Hail holy light," etc. To master the long "s's" and square type was one difficulty, and to read the passage with such accent as showed an understanding of the blind bard was a worse one. But my father had an inheritance of such books, and had read Milton's poems aloud to me and talked to me of his Puritan theology. This passage was to me better than even the wars of the devils and the angels, and I was the first one not a man who had the understanding of it which Judge Stephens believed to be right. Doctor Beeman said before all the boys that he expected to make of me a pupil for the school to be proud of, and when I say that I was as one of his family for four years, and that I was never punished, it may be said that we both succeeded. He did sorely "lick" the other boys, if I may use their expression, and looking back with manhood's eyes it seems to me that they mainly deserved it.

I got on well with the other boys, with few fights, for they wanted to "stand in" with the favorite, and I was soon able to help any lad in my class with his lessons. I may also say that I made a change in the school government. The larger boys were very wild, and to transfer a carpenter's sign to the door of a doctor and his to a minister's, and to take gates off hinges, were some of their practical jokes. This grew so bad as to threaten the removal of the school by the town trustees, and detection of the guilty seemed impossible. The Doctor once said to me that he did not see what to do unless he punished the whole school, and that would be an injustice beyond him. As for informers, he detested them, and would not encourage them.

I said to him, "When I came here you put them on honor as young gentlemen to treat me well, and they did. Suppose you stop whipping them, and put them on honor in their lessons and their outdoor life."

"I don't think that will work with boys," he said, sadly.

I answered, "They are mostly of good families, and blood is of value in cows, horses and people. I don't believe it would work with my cousin, Asbury Lyne, for he is of the stock that our negroes call 'poor white trash.' These boys are different."

The next morning he astonished the school by a speech. "Boys," said he, "you are all sons of Georgia gentlemen, and this school will be broken up and my employment gone if the mischief about the campus does not cease. I now appoint the two higher classes a committee to prevent such things. It may all be done by factory boys, and if you catch them at it you may have to fight. You are at liberty to be out at all hours of night, and I give you full police powers, as do the town authorities. Furthermore, I put all of you large boys on honor about your lessons. You are too large to be whipped without a sense of disgrace, and if you do not study I may send you home; but there will be little whipping in this school from this time. It is making a brute of me, and that you must not do. I can go to my farm if need be."

The lads looked at each other, but said nothing. That night at nine o'clock all of the junior and senior forms, armed with their sticks, left the house in a body and returned at ten. It was a test of the new liberty. The next day there were some miserably bad lessons, but not a blow was struck, and the hickory lay half burned on the hearth. The Doctor looked troubled, but was relieved when the town constable reported all quiet, all gates and signs in order, and the threat to put a cow in the church steeple unfulfilled. Then began an era of good lessons, and pupils who could have been organized as a bodyguard to Doctor Beeman to protect him with their lives. Best of all, no one ever called me the "favorite" again.

So passed my boyhood, with only one more effort to harm me. Judge Linton Stephens came to me one day, and said, "Henry, my brother has an offer from Mr. Lyne Thomas to sell him The Cedars. He says he wishes to send you to college and law school, and that The Cedars does not make such an income as he wishes for you. He proposes to invest the money in railway and bank stock until you are of age, and says that you wish it. Is it so?"

"How could he make titles?" I asked.

The Judge answered, "Only by order of court and a decree of sale for your benefit."

"And what security is there for my money?" I asked.

He answered, "Only his bond, which is worth just what you could sue out of him and his securities, and that only when you are of age."

"Then," said I, "please let me engage you as my lawyer to prevent it. I will pay your fee and interest when I am of age. He is one of the directors of that Macon bank, which father told me was a fraud, and I know the notes are nearly worthless. It is my wish to keep every acre and every tree as father left them to me, and if he ever gets it sold, then good-by to my money."

The Judge gave me his hand, saying, "When I found that you could read 'Paradise Lost' I gave you credit for good sense, and this assures me of it. Never sell the land, and I will see that it is not sold without your consent."

Then my uncle came to see me for the first time, and said he would take me home and put me to work. I was now fifteen, and said, "You can't whip me now, for I am the strongest boy in school. If you try to stop my education or sell my land I will apply for the appointment of Doctor Beeman as my guardian."

"How can you love a man who whips you every week better than your own flesh and blood?" he asked, in a tender tone quite new to me.

I answered, "The only cruelty of my life came from you, and there has not been a boy whipped in this school this year."

He looked at me strangely, seeming to dwell on my tall, athletic form and red cheeks, and left me without a word.

When next I saw him it was in the month of March, 1861. It was early Monday morning, and the air was full of military music. Judge Stephens was organizing his famous regiment of minute men, and nearly four hundred, in their uniforms of gray jeans, which decided the color of the Confederacy, were encamped upon the school campus. At eleven o'clock Judge Stephens—or Colonel, as we then called him—made a speech, which was followed by a barbecue given to the soldiers by the ladies of the county.

One of the companies was largely made up of the higher class boys of our school, and I looked on with longing eyes as they enrolled their names in the ranks of men. Six other companies were to be added, one being from my own county of Crawford, and while I thought, with a shamed face, that I had no right to the beef and mutton cooked in the hot pits over glowing coals my uncle touched me on the arm and then hooked his in mine.

Said he, "You boasted that I could not whip you, but you took good care to stay under the wing of Doctor Beeman and Colonel Stephens. I thought you would prove too great a coward to enter the army with your class."

I jerked away from his hand, and went directly to the Doctor with the words, "Please, sir, may I enlist? My uncle is willing."

He looked long at me, and then said, sadly, "If you greatly wish it, yes. Your country will need you all and more; but, my dear boy, you have been like a son to me, and indeed so have the others since I treated them properly. After you march I shall not see many of you again, unless on the battlefield, for I feel that I shall go also before many months."

My uncle watched me as I signed my name to the muster roll, and said, "Come with me, and I will order you the best uniform to be had in Augusta, and buy your sword if you are elected an officer."

He did both, for I was chosen from the ranks and commissioned first lieutenant of Company G. For once in my life I had pleased him, and I was then too simple-minded to suspect why. My cousin, Asbury Lyne, paraded with the minute men, and made speeches about how he would step out at the first tap of the drum to glorious victory or a soldier's grave. But he did not march with our regiment, saying that it was his duty to stay and recruit more men. Let me say here that he did not go until he was conscripted, and then deserted before Malvern Hill, and hid out in the mountains of North Carolina and Georgia until the war ended. He was a little over my age.

I was at Manassas on my sixteenth birthday, and Doctor Beeman was major of our regiment. I have nothing to write of the war, save that at twenty I was major, the Doctor being dead, that I was wounded twice, but not so as to require amputation, and that as ordnance officer for the state of Georgia I surrendered after Lee did. I took the oath of good behavior necessary before I was allowed the use of the mails. I managed enough money (not Confederate) to get black buttons sewn upon my old gray clothes and save my sword, which I keep. I had nothing to surrender save two hundred muskets altered from flintlocks to percussion and some five hundred kegs of very fine powder. After General Sherman passed this had been in our county schoolhouse, and I asked Davy and Tom, two of my negroes, now free, to get half a dozen of the kegs, some lead and caps, and carry them home for me.

In a week I would be twenty-one, and Uncle Lyne knew that a writ, only waiting the day and date, was in the pocket of my late colonel, requiring him to vacate my property and give an account of the money received from the crops during his guardianship. The ex-vice president said I need not wait, as I had been legally acting as a man from the time I enlisted. I had secured my father's Bible, with my age in it, when wounded two years before, and now the war was ended I refused to join the county Kuklux Klan, organized to keep the negroes respectful and humble.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 19]

An Aërial Elopement

By HARRIET L. DONHAM

THE little town of Masonville was in a ferment of excitement. The last day of the county fair had come, and farmer folk from all the surrounding countryside had congregated to enjoy the yearly festival. One of the attractions, advertised in great letters on handbills, was to be a balloon ascension by "Professor" Airley, and the hour for the feat was at hand. The Professor had published in that week's issue of the Masonville "Bugle" a paragraph reading:

> "WANTED—Three persons to join me in my aërial voyage on Friday. Perfect safety and a novel excursion guaranteed."

That three of its citizens had accepted this invitation Masonville knew, but the identity of the intrepid trio had been kept a profound secret. Hence, when Professor Airley appeared at the determined starting point, and began examining the balloon, pulling a rope here, tightening one there, and making sure that the airy ship was in perfect navigating order, he was besieged by eager questions from every quarter.

"Who's a-goin' with ye, Perfessor?"

"Wait and see," was the answer.

"But why don't they come? Skeered out, more'n likely."

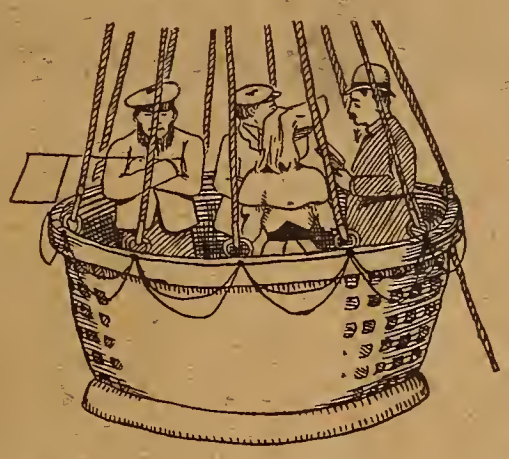
But Professor Airley smiled knowingly, and as the town clock tolled out three solemn taps (a thing town clocks have a habit of doing at the most inopportune moments, as though to keep humanity in constant thought of its mortality) the aëronaut raised his hand as a signal, and three persons stepped from the crowd and entered the balloon. To the unutterable astonishment of Masonville, the three guests of Professor Airley were the Rev. Mr. Presserly, John Cassell, his guest from Chicago, and Annabelle Brooks.

"Well, did I ever!" shrieked Mrs. Susanna Tompkins, a neighbor of the young lady's. "Who'd 'a' thought that a decent, respectable girl like Anniebelle 'u'd do sich a thing! It's downright disgraceful!"

"I should say," responded Miss McDunagan, a spinster whose frozen visage suggested a congealed pickle. "When I was a few years younger girls didn't do sich things."

Just what stage of unmaidenly indiscretion Annabelle had reached when she started on a little holiday excursion with her pastor and her fiancé has not yet been explained by the scandalized spinster; but that is neither here nor there, for the balloon, loosed from its moorings, rose like a great bird into the air.

"Sakes alive! Goodness gra-cious! Bring 'em down! Bring 'em down!" screamed a shrill female voice, as Mrs. Lucinda Peters, Annabelle's aunt, with whom she lived, learned the identity of the balloon excursionists. "Oh, I'll die, I'll jest die, if somebody don't bring 'em down! My poor Anniebelle. She'll be kilt way up there in the clouds, an' me a-standin' here quietly an' lettin' her do it."



Had any one else had the temerity to accuse Mrs. Lucinda Peters of standing there quietly he would probably have been voted a harmless lunatic by the assembled multitude, for her screams were quite capable of being heard through the whole length and breadth of the village. Meanwhile the balloon rose steadily, to the uncontrollable delight of the small boys, who are ever unprejudiced observers.

Annabelle Brooks was a girl of spirit. Orphaned at a tender age, her life had not been a bed of roses in the home of her widowed aunt. Mrs. Lucinda Peters, having lived her narrow little life in a narrow little house situated on a narrow little street in a narrow little town, had never known the wholesome and healthful touch of the outside world. She might have learned much from papers, magazines and other ever-available sources, but it was not a part of her hard religion to expand. Her niece was wholly different. Her bright young mind absorbed knowledge as the eager earth drinks summer showers, and like the rain, the things she read made fruitful the ground on which they fell. Having learned all that could be gained at the village school, Annabelle took every opportunity of gaining knowledge of men and things, and it is surprising how many things present themselves voluntarily to the mind that yearns for knowledge.

One never-to-be-forgotten visit had been hers. Two years before the day of this narrative she had been sent, with much fear and trembling upon the part of Mrs. Peters, to see an uncle in Chicago. This kinsman was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of enterprise and push for which the Windy City is justly noted. His wife, a bright little woman and a native of the town, took genuine pleasure in showing Annabelle the points of interest and beauty of which Chicagoans are pardonably proud. She presented her attractive niece to many interesting young people. One of these, a young university man, grew fond indeed of the fresh-cheeked, pure-hearted, bright-brained country girl, and when he came, several months after, to renew acquaintance with an old college friend, the Rev. Mr. Presserly, of Masonville, Annabelle's neat parlor knew him often as a guest.

Annabelle had never formed any liking for or found any points of affinity among the youth of Masonville. In this respect her judgment and that of her aunt were identical. Not so with regard to John Cassell. Mrs. Lucinda Peters did not like the young man from Chicago. In vain did Annabelle assure her of his perfect respectability, his irreproachable character and his exceptionally good standing in the business world. Aunt Lucinda didn't have "no faith in them city fellers."

Some growths are stimulated by opposition, and resistance is sometimes needed to achieve results. Love has this characteristic in a marked degree. Aunt Lucinda's belligerent attitude toward young Cassell had helped his cause immeasurably, and the pair were betrothed. To escape Mrs. Peters' vigilance, however, was a most serious problem. In their few brief meetings since Cassell's arrival in Masonville for a second visit with his ministerial friend the lovers had canvassed the subject thoroughly, but until very recently their combined wits had been used in vain.

Higher and higher rose the balloon, smaller and smaller grew the black speck in the heavens, and wilder and still more wild grew Aunt Lucinda's moanings.

Meanwhile, far above in the blue sea of the air, the Rev. Mr. Presserly was saying, "Do you, John, take this woman to be your wedded wife?" And firmly came the answer, "Yes."

"Do you, Annabelle, take this man to be your wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony?" And sweet and clear, though somewhat tremulous, came the answer, "Yes, I do."

The ceremony was brief. Under the circumstances it could scarcely have been otherwise, but the bride was quite as lovely as many another who goes to the altar in shimmering satin down rose-scattered aisles. The groom was jubilant, and the Rev. Mr. Presserly said, "God bless you, my children!" in a most emphatic and satisfied way. Perhaps he, too, had had dealings with Mrs. Lucinda Peters; perhaps he had met the stern opposition of her will sometime, for she was numbered among his flock.

The wedding party took a short cruise after the ceremony, and then the Professor suggested that the time had come to descend. This was indeed a most novel wedding journey, but Annabelle and her husband were too happy to consider trifles. The dignity of the party was somewhat shaken by the sudden landing of the balloon on the flat roof of an old lady's woodshed, and a bit disconcerted by her "In the name of goodness, what is that?" as she appeared at her door. But good-natured explanations were at once forthcoming from Mr. Presserly, and the young people repaired to the parsonage to discuss the best means of imparting the great news to Aunt Lucinda. With trepidation they went to her, expecting a frightful castigation from her sharp tongue.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Peters the moment Annabelle opened the front door, "I've been so skeert, Anniebelle! I've been a-thinkin' an' a-thinkin' how I'd feel if you'd 'a' been kilt up there in the air an' me a-denyin' you the right to marry yer feller. I'm so glad you've got down ag'in safe an' sound that 'pon my word I don't care if you do git married."

"Thank you, Aunt Lucinda," put in John, who stood in the shadows, and whom she had not observed in her agitation. "We have anticipated your kind permission. We were married in the balloon. Allow me to present—my wife."

"Good lands! you don't mean it, do you? Why, Anniebelle, this is a surprise. An' who'd 'a' thought o' sich a thing? But do sit down, Mr. Cassell, I—"

"John, please," spoke up the young benedict. "Call me John, Aunt Lucinda."

Aunt Lucinda's sharp eyes grew suspiciously dewy as she gave him a little peck of a kiss, and she actually blushed as she hurried out into the kitchen.

"We must have a weddin' supper, an' I want the minister an' the balloon man to sit at the bride's table, too," she called.

Such a clattering of pans and rattling of dishes as had not been heard in many a long year in that prim kitchen was then inaugurated, and did not end until the bride and groom, the Rev. Mr. Presserly and Professor Airley, who had been prevailed upon to grace the occasion, sat down to Annabelle's wedding feast.

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DRESS WITH SAILOR COLLAR

How to Dress

Tucked One-Piece Dress

The one-piece dresses are very desirable for school frocks. This little model is tucked both back and front. At the back the tucks extend from shoulder to hem, simulating a box plait.' In the front there are three tucks on each side of the center, which produce the effect of a triple box plait. The dress closes at the left side. The pattern for the Tucked One-Piece Dress, No. 603, is cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The quantity of material required for medium size, 8 years, is five and one half yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or four and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material, with half a yard of twenty-inch material for shield and collar.

TUCKED ONE-PIECE DRESS

GIRLS' PLAITED BLOUSE AND SKIRT

Dress with Sailor Collar

Wool crash is a serviceable material to select for this little one-piece frock, using a contrasting shade of the crash for the deep collar and belt; or serge may be selected, with linen collar, cuffs and belt. The pattern for the Dress with Sailor Collar, No. 597, is cut for 4, 6 and 8 years. The quantity of material required for medium size, 6 years, is five yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or four yards of thirty-six-inch material, with half a yard of twenty-inch material for collar and belt.

◈

Tucked Waist with Yoke and Tucked Gored Skirt

Check fabrics are to be fashionable this fall, and for this dress a brown-and-white check, either in mohair or wool material, would be desirable. Natural-color linen in eyelet embroidery would look well for the yoke, cuffs and belt. The waist has tucks extending from the shoulder to the belt. The seven-gored skirt is made with tucks at the back edge of each gore, stitched to yoke depth. The pattern for the Tucked Waist with Yoke, No. 598, is cut for 10, 12 and 14 years. The quantity of material required for medium size, 12 years, is three yards of thirty-inch material, or two yards of forty-four-inch material, with five eighths of a yard of embroidery for the yoke, cuffs and belt. The pattern for the Tucked Gored Skirt, No. 599, is cut for 10, 12 and 14 years. The quantity of material required for medium size, 12 years, is three and one half yards of thirty-inch material, or three yards of forty-four-inch material.

TUCKED WAIST WITH YOKE AND TUCKED GORED SKIRT

SHIRRED COAT

◈

Girls' Plaited Blouse and Skirt

This plaited blouse and skirt make a good-style school frock. Two box plaits form the front of the blouse. Toward the upper part they are made with eyelets, and then laced close together. The lacing, which is also repeated on the cuffs, gives an attractive little touch to the frock. On each side of the box plaits in front are two plaits, but the back of the blouse is made plain. The prettily hanging skirt is side plaited, with a box plait at the back and front. Cheviot, mohair and poplin are all good-wearing materials to use for a dress of this sort. In dark brown, with scarlet lacings, the little frock would look well, and also in deep red, with the lacings in black or gilt. The cuffs and collar may be adjustable and made of piqué, so that they can be laundered when necessary, or cloth may be used in a lighter shade than the dress material. The pattern for the Girls' Plaited Blouse, No. 397, is cut for 8, 10 and 12 years. The pattern for the Girls' Plaited Skirt, No. 398, is cut for 8, 10 and 12 years.

◈

Jacket with Shawl Collar

This design will prove a most attractive jacket for the young school girl. It is made half fitted, and shaped with under-arm seams only. The fullness at the waist is drawn in closely with a belt. The jacket closes in double-breasted style, and is finished at the neck with a shawl collar of velvet edged with embroidery or cut-out cloth. The pattern for the Jacket with Shawl Collar, No. 602, is cut for 12, 14 and 16 years. The quantity of material required for medium size, 14 years, is three and one half yards of thirty-inch material, or two yards of forty-four-inch material, with one and one eighth yards of velvet and one and one eighth yards of embroidery for collar and cuffs.

◈

Shirred Coat

This dainty little model will be found most useful. It is up to the moment in style, too. And to have it look its very best it should be made of pongee or Rajah silk in either linen color, brown or reseda green. The material is shirred to yoke depth back and front. The coat has a cape collar with a scalloped edge. Over this is worn a rolling collar of white piqué. The pattern for the Shirred Coat, No. 553, is cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

JACKET WITH SHAWL COLLAR

◈

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

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The Black Oath

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

The name comes from the sound of half cocking and cocking the old musket, and the real object was to whip and terrify all citizens, the negro population no more than the white. The first victims were whites, and many persons gave them whisky, corn, oats and wheat to escape violence, and, as they said, to reward them for their hard duties.

On the day after I had my powder kegs safely hidden under a pile of wheat in the attic of the noble home which now seemed mine I had received the receipt of General Steedman for the rest of the powder, and was late in getting home. By the moonlight I saw a line of masked horsemen drawn up across the road, and knew that no Federal was so cowardly as to hide his face.

One who seemed the captain, and whose voice I recognized as that of my Cousin Asbury, called out, in what were intended as terrible tones, "You are now surrounded by the Bloody Clan of Sworn Brothers. Ride up and surrender, and give an account of your giving up the Confederate powder to the enemies of the South."

Knowing that lawless bands still infested the state, I had asked the adjutant general of the Union forces for a gun, and he had given me a new repeating rifle from the state stores surrendered to him and a permit to keep my powder for personal use. This rifle I had with me, and my army sword and revolver, worn that day for the last time as an officer of the Confederacy. Therefore I simply replied, "Disband, you scoundrels, or I will have you all in the military prison. I have the authority of the United States to kill all men unlawfully in arms, and when I have counted ten I shall begin to fire. Asbury, it is a repeating rifle, you see, and I have the drop on you. One, two, three, four—"

I ceased, for the road was clear and the woods full of horses. Two shots were fired at me from long range, and hit trees near me, and I fired my revolver five times in the air to accelerate their speed. After this I rode in daylight mainly, as the assassins could lurk in the thick trees and have me at a disadvantage. They could also lurk in the day, but I relied on their cowardice, proved by five years of evading duty, not to risk themselves unnecessarily.

Thus stood affairs upon my birthday in 1865, and my uncle, with great pretense of good feeling, gave me a farewell dinner. He asked me to invite Asbury Lyne, as he most solemnly declared and swore he had not been in the nocturnal gang. I told him he could do so, and he came, with his squirrel rifle on his shoulder, reloaded at my gate.

While waiting he asked me if I could shoot well, and taking my repeating rifle from my room, I said, "Put up a mark on that stake at the first cherry tree. It is just sixty yards from the steps, and about as far as your little gun can carry. I can hit you with mine at a thousand yards, and will the next time you stand in my road."

"I never got in your road," he said, shortly, but put up a paper on the stake and a wet powder mark as big as a dollar on that. We shot three times each, and I hit the paper every time, and cut the patch, or black spot, twice. Asbury missed the stake once, and cut the outside of the paper twice after long sighting at it. I had fired as in the army, offhand and promptly.

He said, with a sickly smile, "You've been practicing, and have the best gun."

I retorted, "I practiced for all of the years of your skulking, and when the target is doing some of the shooting I shoot just as well. If you doubt it, stand out there with your rifle, and you will find out without waiting for a dark night."

He snarled, "It's not fair to ask a man to dinner with you and then pick a quarrel with him. You are rich now, and we poor, and you ought to be good to us."

I went in to clean my rifle and fill the cartridge chamber, and there in my room I found Mandy, a fourteen-year-old mulatto, who said, "Aunt Ceiley say you come down in de kitchen. She's all r'iled up."

I went down, and found my father's old fat cook, who had been taken to Paris to learn her art, and who resented any slight upon her accomplishments even more than she did a beating my uncle once had given her. The pride of her life was a special soup, the secret of which she claimed to alone possess, and which was really a very fine ox-tail. She was standing with my mother's big silver ladle over the great china tureen almost speechless with indignation. She began with, "Dat low-lived Lyne Thomas, he ain't no marster o' mine now, fo' Abrum Linkum done sot us free!"

"Certainly not," I said. "I shall pay you wages if you stay with me, and no man can ever strike you again by right."

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE]

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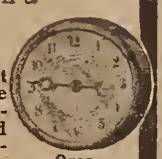

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Wit and Humor Old and New

Free contributions to this page are invited. When jokes are not original, author's name should be given. No manuscripts will be considered unless plainly written on one side of paper

Bil's Letter

Farm and Fireside.

Dear Sir:—I wil rite too you too let you no how we are. I hope you are wel an doin wel. Pa is not, havin ate too mutch water melon, wich made him Dethly sick ever since Last mundy. He wus plowin in the Feeld an got sizzlin hot an cum in almost Famisht an hollerd melon. Wel ma foolish like got the nives an wacked open a button buster wich wus the best wun we had had this yeer. Wel pa not thinkin ate more an more til his slice was gone neerly too the rine an so he helpt his self too a nuther woppin slice, havin had the Biggest wun before. Wel he also devoured the secund slice feelin purty thick an it even hurt him too laf wich he dident feel like doin. Wel Time past by, pa feelin wurs an wurs, an soon he lay down on the Floor havin no piller, an kinder gronde. So ma went on about her wurk thinkin all the time thet pa wus gone also wich wus not true for pa had managed too git too the bed, an wen ma cum in he looked like a plank wich had bin warpt by the hot sunshine, only it wus cole melon wich warpt pa. Wel pa kept gronin an moovin til he wus like a ranebo in a awful Thunder cloud wich also hapens in the summer time. But unlike the ranebo an thunder wich soon Passes away, pa got no eazier neether did the pane wich seemed too be awful to behold. But pa dident keep the melon inside ov his akin body long, frum wich too draw the Nourishment ov life, havin takin sum awful red stuff called Eppykak, wich almost took away his Breth ov life. Finelly the pane Abated an pa slept sound for more then a da, wen he agen woke too Mizzerys of this Worl. He is sum better now, but I rite too Warn you an your Ignerent millyuns ov the danger lurkin in Cole melons.

Hopin I hev dun a Worl ov good I wil agen cloze my letter after sayin thet ma is wel only sleepy after settin up nites helpin pas awful pane wich si sumwat over at Present. Bil.

◈

She Was Right

Have you ever tried to tell your people that you were engaged and to whom? "The Independent" tells of an only son who had just unbosomed himself to his family:

Ma—"What, that girl? Why, she squints."
Sister—"She has absolutely no style."
Auntie—"Red-headed, isn't she?"
Grandma—"I'm afraid she's fidgety."
Uncle—"She hasn't any money."
First cousin—"She doesn't look strong."
Second cousin—"She's stuck up."
Third cousin—"She's an extravagant thing."
The son (thoughtfully)—"Well, she's got one redeeming feature, anyhow."
Chorus—"What's that?"
The son—"She hasn't a relative on earth."
Pa—"Grab her, my boy; grab her!"

◈

Took no Chances

A Scotch farmer went to town to have a troublesome tooth extracted.

The dentist said, "It is a very ugly one. I would advise you to have it out by the painless system. It is only a shilling extra."

He showed the farmer the apparatus for administering gas, remarking that it would cause him to fall asleep for a minute, and before he awoke the tooth would be out.

After a slight resistance the customer consented, proceeding to open his purse.

"Oh, never mind paying just now," said the dentist, kindly.

"Hoots!" answered the cautious old Scot. "I wasna thinkin' o' thot; but if I'm gaen tae sleep I thocht I wad like ta coont ma siller first."

◈

The Swearing Polly

A lady owned a parrot which was terribly addicted to swearing. Whenever Polly forgot himself his mistress would souse him in a handy pail of water as a punishment and a possible cure. One day a chicken fell in a rain barrel and was nearly drowned. The lady brought it into the house, and placed it behind the stove on a rug until it should recover. Polly happened to notice its wet condition, and after eying it critically for a moment or two, blurted out, "You've been swearing again, you little fool, you."

◈

The story is related of a son of the Emerald Isle who as he was nearing the dock where he was to land noticed a diver appear on the surface and climb into a boat. After recovering from his astonishment, he exclaimed, "Well, begorra, if I'd 'a' knowed the way I'd 'a' walked over, too."

A Monument to Adam

Mark Twain, writing in "Harper's Weekly," tells how he suggested a monument to Adam. This was thirty years ago, and though the matter started as a joke, Mr. Clemens says it came pretty near to materializing. He writes:

"Mr. Darwin's 'Descent of Man' had been in print five or six years, and the storm of indignation raised by it was still raging in pulpits and periodicals. In tracing the genesis of the human race back to its sources Mr. Darwin had left Adam out altogether. We had monkeys and 'missing links' and plenty of other kinds of ancestors, but no Adam. Jesting with Mr. Beecher and other friends in Elmira, I said there seemed to be a likelihood that the world would discard Adam and accept the monkey, and that in the course of time Adam's very name would be forgotten in the earth; therefore this calamity ought to be averted. A monument would accomplish this, and Elmira ought not to waste this honorable opportunity to do Adam a favor and herself a credit.

"Then the unexpected happened. Two bankers came forward and took hold of the matter—not for fun, not for sentiment, but because they saw in the monument certain commercial advantages for the town. The project had seemed gently humorous before; it was more than that now, with this stern business gravity injected into it. The bankers discussed the monument with me. We met several times. They proposed an indestructible memorial, to cost twenty-five thousand dollars. The insane oddity of a monument set up in a village to preserve a name that would outlast the hills and the rocks without any such help would advertise Elmira to the ends of the earth—and draw custom. It would be the only monument on the planet to Adam, and in the matter of interest and impressiveness could never have a rival until somebody set up a monument to the Milky Way.

"In the beginning—as a detail of the project when it was yet a joke—I had framed a humble and beseeching and perfervid petition to Congress, begging the government to build the monument as a testimony of the great republic's gratitude to the father of the human race and as a token of her loyalty to him in this dark day of his humiliation, when his older children were doubting him and deserting him. It seemed to me that this petition ought to be presented—it would be widely and feelingly abused and ridiculed and cursed, and would advertise our scheme and make our ground-floor stock go off briskly. So I sent it to Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, who was then in the House, and he said he would present it. I think he explained that when he came to read it he was afraid of it; it was too serious, too gushy, too sentimental—the House might take it for earnest.

"We ought to have carried out our monument scheme. We could have managed it without any great difficulty, and Elmira would now be the most celebrated town in the universe."

◈

Appearances are Deceiving

Soon after Singleton's first baby was born, Mrs. Singleton went upstairs one evening and found her husband standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. As she stood still for a moment, touched by the sight, the tears filled her eyes, and she thought, "Oh, how dearly Charlie loves that boy!"

Her arms stole softly around his neck as she rubbed her cheek caressingly against his shoulder. Singleton started slightly at the touch. "Darling," he murmured, dreamily, "it is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as that for ninety-nine cents."—Modern Women.

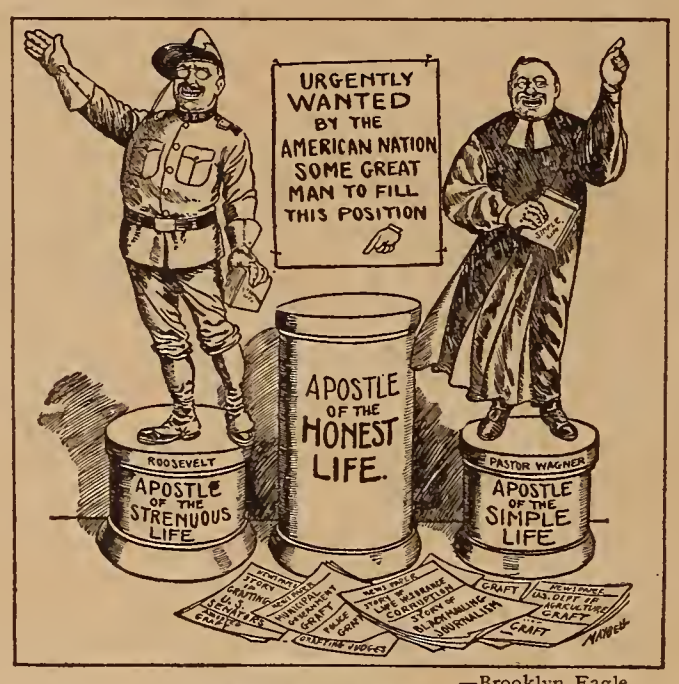
◈

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, what is the meaning of the word 'purchase?'"

Tommy—"Don't know, ma'am."

Teacher—"Well, if your papa gave your mother ten dollars to go and buy a new hat what would your mother do?"

Tommy—"She'd have a fit, I guess."—Yonkers Statesman.



—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE MOST NEEDED LIFE
And the greatest of these is honesty

Divided His Wealth

It is related of Baron Alphonse De Rothschild, who died recently in Paris, that on one occasion tbree strangers called at his banking house. They said tbey had been deputized by a committee to inform him that a movement then on foot would at no distant day compel all rich men to aid in the redistribution of wealth and that his name headed the list. The Baron listened patiently, and then drew a sheet of paper toward him. "Please tell me the population of France and her colonies," he said. One of his visitors gave the desired information, whereupon M. De Rothschild made some calculations, at the conclusion of which he said, "According to your estimate, gentlemen, my fortune, divided equally, represents three cents to each man. I have much pleasure in giving you your share now." So saying, and to the astonishment of his visitors, he tendered three cents to each and politely bowed them out.

◈

Courting the Milkmaid

"Oklahoma" Dave Payne lived on a farm when a boy, and his raiment consisted of a linsey sack, with holes for his head and arms. According to the story, he was deeply in love with a neighbor farm girl. One evening he went over and sparked the girl while she was milking the cow. She sat on one side of the cow, and he squatted on the other so he could look her in the eye while she milked. Dave felt his love for the girl growing rapidly. It affected him in a peculiar way. Something warm would chase itself up and down his spinal column. He was sure it was love. Just when the sensation was the greatest the girl remarked, "Davie, the calf is chewing the back out of your sack."

◈

Old Yarn

Pat and Mike, just across from the Emerald Isle, were dining at a New York restaurant. On the table was a box of grated horse-radish. Knowing nothing of its uses, Pat dipped out a spoonful, and put it in his mouth. Presently Mike said, "Faith, Pat, an' phwat are yez cryin' about?"

"Well," returned Pat, "I'm cryin' about me ould father, who was hanged manny years ago."

Mike soon tried the horse-radish in the same manner.

"Well, Moike, an' pbwat are yez cryin' about?" said Pat.

"I'm cryin' beca'se you wasn't hanged whin your ould father was," said Mike.

◈

Governor's Credit Was Bad

Edward C. Stokes, governor of New Jersey, invited a friend to dine at a Trenton restaurant, and afterward discovered that he had forgotten his pocketbook.

"I am the governor of New Jersey, and will settle tbis little matter when I come in again," explained Governor Stokes to the cashier.

"I'm President Roosevelt, and you'll settle now," said the cashier, who was new.

Happily the governor found somebody who would vouch for his honesty.

—Record-Herald.

A "GRAFT" ITEM OF THE FUTURE

"Mr. Luther Burbank, California's "Plant Wizard," who declared some time ago that it would be possible to apply his methods to the human race, has evolved from the common garden variety of grafter a new and distinct type of financier, fingerless and pocketless. The new species is very ornamental, and the fact that it requires no attention whatever makes it highly desirable."

A Difficult Position

Two Irishmen were crossing a bog, when one of them fell into a mudhole. His companion, running to a near-by farmhouse, asked the loan of a spade.

"What do you want it for?" asked the farmer.

"Sure, Moike is shtuck in the bog, an' I want to dig him out," was the answer.

"How far in is he sunk?" questioned the farmer.

"Up to his ankles," replied Pat.

"Then he can easily walk out," said the farmer.

"Begorra, he can't," exclaimed Pat; "he's in wrong end up."

The Long-Nosed Sow

by M. D. Brand

I'm a peaceable man, as my neighbors all agree,
But there is an evil beast which angers even me;
I love the songs of birds, I like the warble of the cow,
But I cannot bear the wailing of tbe long-nosed sow.

I retire to rest and woo the goddess of sweet sleep,
But an uncanny yell will cause my very soul to creep;
I ran from it in childhood, I fear it even now,
It's the everlasting babble of that long-nosed sow.

At last I sweetly sleep, and hope to be at peace,
I travel to a land where sows and sorrows cease,
Where slabsided hogs never go—at least, not now—
But waken with a jerk to hear the long-nosed sow.

When I am to enter the sleep that knows no waking,
Ring bells, toot horns, or set the earth a-quaking;
Ring anything you will except, I humbly beg you now,
Ring off that devil's foghorn, the old long-nosed sow.

◈

Hard to Ketch

by G. V. S.

Wen me an all the utber boys
Wat go to our skule
Are playin baseball at recess,
We hav a lot of fun I gess;
But they call me a fule,
Cos wen the ball cums roun my way,
Sumhow, but wy I cannot say,
The ball I hardly ever tetch;
So I say balls are hard to ketch.

Wen me an pa an ma go down
To try to ketch sum fish,
We take our poles an lines an hooks,
An all our brite an happy looks,
An each wun makes a wish.
But, oh! the fish they're scared with frite,
An hardly ever wil wun bite.
Sumtimes yu get a little wretch,
But genely fish are hard to ketcb.

Wen Mister Johnson (he's the man
Wot pa owes lots ov munny)
Cums roun our place, wy off pa scoots;
In cums the man wat wares red boots,
An sez, "It's mitey funny
Thet evry time I cum aroun
Yure pa is allus gone to town!"
But I say, "Pa he likes to rome;
It's awful hard to ketch him home."

◈

"Peebles Ham"

Lieutenant Peary was extolling the merits of tea as a cold-weather drink.

"In our dash for the pole," he said, "it will be hot tea that we will depend on rather than Peebles ham."

"Peebles ham?"

"Yes, Peebles bam," said Lieutenant Peary. "Did you never hear of Peebles ham? Well, this is the story:

"There were two old Scotchwomen, Mrs. MacWhirter and Mrs. McBean, who met on the road one day, and Mrs. MacWhirter said, 'Losh me, woman, yer far frae bame the day.'

"'Aye,' said Mrs. McBean. 'I was just yont at Peebles. Sanders MacNabb, o' Peebles, keeps rale guid ham. Oor John, ye ken, likes a bit guid ham, and is aye yammerin' aboot the ham bein' ower fat and ower saut.'

"'Oor Tom,' said Mrs. MacWhirter, 'is the same way. There's nae pleasin' o' him wi' his ham. Faith, I'll hae to gie MacNabb a trial.'

"So Mrs. MacWhirter journeyed into Peebles, and said to Sanders MacNabb, the grocer, 'Gie's a poond o' yer ham.'

"'What kind wad ye like?' asked Sanders.

"'Oh, the kind thot Mrs. McBean gets,' says the lady.

"A faint smile flitted across McNabb's face. 'A' richt,' says he. 'Whaur's yer bottle.'"

◈

Hard Lines

A little boy once told his young friend that his mother gave him a nickel every morning so he would take his cod-liver oil quietly.

"Well, what do you do with it?" inquired the little friend.

"Mother puts it in a money box until there is a dollar."

"And what then?"

"Why, then mother buys another bottle of cod-liver oil with it."—The Pathfinder.

To Honor "Arbor Day" Founder

THE memory of J. Sterling Morton, who when secretary of agriculture under President Cleveland became the "father of Arbor Day," is to be kept green by the erection of a statue in his honor. The statue will be unveiled shortly at Nebraska City, Neb., in the public park which Morton in his life donated to the city.

The Chinese Boycott and Its Origin

THE recent Chinese boycott of American goods is now said to have grown out of the actions of three Chicago Celestials of wealth whose wives were barred from the United States. The rigid enforcement of the provisions of the exclusion act stirred up the Chinese to dabbling in economic studies, especially those living in the Windy City, with the result that the organization that is now coaching the Chinese all over the world found successful development. As early as last December, at the time of the expiration of the Geary Exclusion Law, Chin Pak Sun, the mouthpiece of the Chinese association, declared that if fairness was not shown in the readjustment of the immigration laws a boycott would follow on American goods such as would be possible nowhere else in the world. The Chicago "Chink" evidently knew what he was talking about.

Filipino Governors Register a Complaint

THE provincial governors of the Philippines have registered a vigorous complaint through Governor Wright for a reduction of tariff on fifteen different articles, and make serious charges against the constabulary. The governors ask for a reform in municipal government, and recommend the vesting of the governors with judicial authority. The policy carried out by Governor Wright is said not to have been at all popular with the Filipinos as a whole, many of the natives insisting that they have never been sufficiently represented since Taft severed his connection as governor of the islands. The recent visit of Taft was made occasion for fiery speeches and long petitions to the Washington government for speedy reforms. The Taft party is likely to prove a mighty good vehicle for the inhabitants of our island possessions in getting their wants and needs made known in Washington. The congressional committee will no doubt have much to talk about, and of interest, too, upon its return.

Miners Say No Strike

MINERS in both the bituminous and anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania are vigorously opposed to the proposed joint strike during the coming winter, and declare the report that they are preparing for a joint struggle to be without foundation. The stockbrokers are blamed for the reports sent broadcast that such preparations were being made. The "United Mine Workers' Journal" emphatically states that instead of preparing for a huge strike the organization is getting the men in such condition that a strike will be averted.

The present contracts will be kept both in spirit and letter; there will be no strike unless the operators are deaf to all justice and common sense, a thing which no one will admit at present. There are, to be sure, several little hitches here and there in the various fields, but these petty troubles have always been with the miners, and cause no serious trouble and have no ulterior purpose.

A solid organization in the anthracite field will mean permanent peace. That was the sole object of President Mitchell's recent visit there.

Farm on a Skyscraper

HIGH up on one of the tallest apartment hotels in the world, the Ansonia, in New York City, is one of the most productive chicken farms in the country, size considered. A few weeks ago seven hundred chickens of all sizes, ages and breeds were shipped from there by the young proprietor, Master W. E. D. Stokes.

Master Stokes has seen nine years of life, and his ambitions and energies are in inverse ratio to his age. Having decided to go into chicken raising on a large scale, his father encouraged him to the extent of purchasing several incubators and installing them in the best places on the broad roof of the Ansonia. Every morning at daylight the little hen farmer would hie him to the aërial nests and watch anxiously the progress of development of his charges. He personally saw to it that the temperature of the incubators was right and helped the weaker chicks to break out of their shell prisons. Of course, he had assistance in his incubating pursuits, but it remained for him to strut around hundreds of feet in the air with his hands in his pockets and discourse learnedly upon the advantages of some kinds of chicken food over others.

The Rescue of Fiala

THAT part of the will of the late William Ziegler providing for the rescue of Arctic Explorer Anthony Fiala has been fulfilled, and Fiala, with all of his crew, with the exception of one Norwegian, who died, are safe and sound on the good ship "Terra Nova," now en route to the States.

Fiala is aged thirty years, and is the youngest pole hunter the world has known. Speaking of the rescue, Fiala said, in brief:

"The rescue was most timely. By my order the 'America' wintered in Neplitz Bay, where early in the winter of 1903-4 the ship was crushed in the ice and became a total loss, together with large quantities of coal and provisions.

"Supplies of stores left at Franz Josef Land by various relief parties saved us serious privations.

"Three attempts to reach high latitude failed. The scientific work, however, as planned was successfully carried out by William J. Peters, of the United States Geological Survey.

"Our rescue was due to the splendid efforts of William S. Champ, commanding the relief expedition, who failed to reach us last year, and to the untiring zeal of Captain Kjeldsen and his Norwegian officers and crew, who for six weeks persistently forced their way through solid floes of ice and finally reached us.

"An abundance of stores had been left in the Franz Josef archipelago by the expedition commanded by the Duke of the Abruzzi and the André relief expedition, so that we did not suffer serious difficulties on that score."

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French Gray Handles

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The primary feature of this pattern, which we are now offering, is its extreme beauty of design. The great popularity of a floral pattern in the **French gray finish** among the users of high-grade silverware is well known, but the serious error of most manufacturers has been in seeking after ornamentation at the expense of simplicity and a natural design. Since the production of this pattern there has been established a reputation for artistic designs which has placed these goods in a class by themselves. Appreciating the fact that the American housewife to-day makes style the very first consideration in selecting goods for her home, we have met this demand by giving the very utmost attention to the artistic side of this silverware, for true art is the prime requisite in creating anything stylish or of lasting beauty.

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A Sterling-Silver Design

We believe there has been nothing created in the line of silverware heretofore that surpasses this design in real beauty. It requires an expert to tell the difference between these spoons and the regular sterling ware that costs seven dollars and fifty cents for a set of six spoons. This ware is absolutely guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear and give perfect satisfaction under ordinary circumstances for a period of ten years, and any defect within that time will be made good by us.

"The Wild Rose Pattern"

Now, in this latest pattern, the "Wild Rose," we feel that we have something even more beautiful than any design yet offered at such low prices. It has met with the most enthusiastic praise from expert judges, being pronounced equal to the best sterling in artistic design and the working out of a unitary conception. In it you have a representation of the growing wild rose carried out to the minutest detail, with back design to match the face, and the whole effect is that of the very best sterling silver. Sent prepaid.

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The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Mother's Right to Daughter's Effects

R. W., California, asks: "What is the law in Kentucky regarding a mother's right to her deceased daughter's effects, the daughter having left no will? There is a husband and three step-children."

I doubt if you have much legal right to her effects. If they are not of considerable value it will not pay you to bother with it. If there are no children, the husband probably has as good a right to them as any one. By law the husband is entitled to half her personal property.

◈

Widow's Dower Merged into Estate

H. V., Pennsylvania, writes: "A man dies, leaving a widow and children. The farm is sold through orphans' court, and bought by a son, who in turn sells it to the widow. If she now sells the farm, will there be a dower in it for her?"

When the widow bought the land her dower was merged into the estate granted her; she then owned the entire estate, or, as lawyers say, the fee, and if she now sells by ordinary deed she would convey all the right, title and interest she might have therein.

◈

Dower Right—Husband's Death Before Death of His Father

Dewdrop, Illinois, asks: "A., a married son, dies before either of his parents, leaving a widow, but no heir. Now, if A.'s father makes a will and disinherits A.'s widow, can A.'s widow claim any share by law after A.'s father dies?"

There is no need for the father making a will. The father being alive at the son's death, the son never would inherit any of his property, and as the wife gets her share through the husband, she would have none.

◈

Execution of Contract of Deceased

W. H., Iowa, asks: "A woman died, leaving property which is all in her name. She had heirs and left a husband. Can the husband give a legal deed to the property or any part of it without the signatures of the heirs? One house and lot was sold on the installment plan before her death. It is not yet entirely paid for. Who should sign this deed to make it legal?"

The husband could not sell the property unless all the heirs should join in the deed with him, and in order to do this all the heirs would need to be of age. If before she died the wife entered into a valid contract to sell the house, the husband, all the heirs joining, could make a deed, otherwise the administrator of her estate would be the proper person to make it.

◈

Deed Not to be Recorded Until After Death of Grantor

E. McM., Ohio, asks: "Can a person make a deed to one of her children, with the provision that the deed is not to be recorded until the death of the parent?"

In order for a deed to be valid it must be delivered, and in order to accomplish the object which seems to be desired in the query, the deed should be properly executed, and delivered to a third person, with instructions to deliver it to the child upon the parent's death. It might even be delivered to the child; but if the child was so inclined he might have it recorded or even sell the property. I would not like to risk making a deed with a provision not to have it recorded. Better consult a competent lawyer, and let him advise what should be done.

◈

Survivorship—Conveyance

W. M. L., Illinois, asks: "My wife and I each have property (real estate) which we earned and saved together. Can either one sell out and give a deed without the signature of the other?——There being no children, how will the property be disposed of in case of the death of either?"

The answer to your query will depend largely upon the fact in whose name the property stands. If it stands in the name of both I should think either could sell an undivided one half subject to the dower rights of the other. In case of the death of one, the other would not get all unless there was a will to that effect. The survivor would get one half of the property of the one deceased—that would be one fourth of the whole. The other one fourth would go to the brothers and sisters of the decedent.

◈

Breach of Contract, etc.

F. C. H., Kansas, asks: "A. took a job of cleaning out a portion of an open ditch for B. A. was to receive the sum of eighty dollars, which was to be paid when the ditch was completed, which should have been the first of the following May. Said ditch was to be made by the farmers who were benefited by it. A. got his portion about two thirds done during the fall and winter, but those below did not clean their portions out, thus making it impossible for A. to complete his job by May 1st. In February A. drew sixteen dollars on the job from B. B. now refuses to pay any more on the job, which has never been completed, but declared not lawfully gotten up. Can A. collect any more from B. for the work done, or can he go ahead and complete the job, then collect the whole amount from B.?"

Under the circumstances you mention A. ought not to lose the money for his work, and if the situation is such that A. can now finish the work, and can do it properly, he should finish it and sue B. for all. But if the situation is such that it cannot be properly done, then B. is only liable for the work by which he is benefited.

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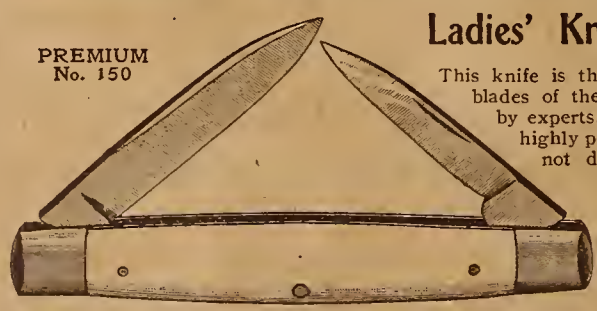

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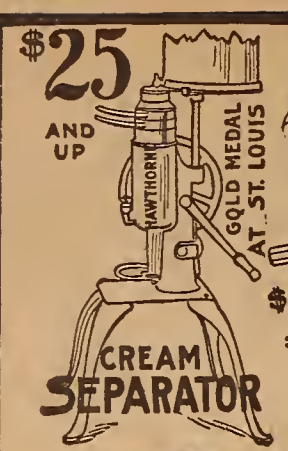

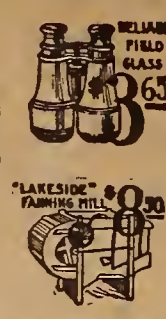

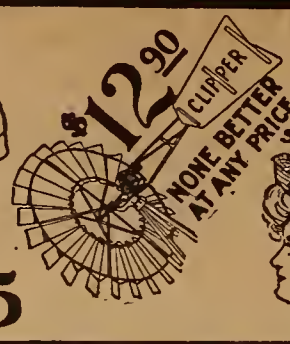

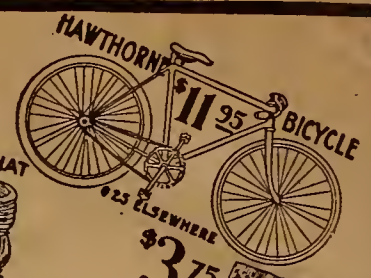

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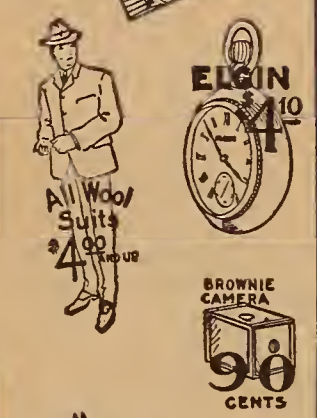

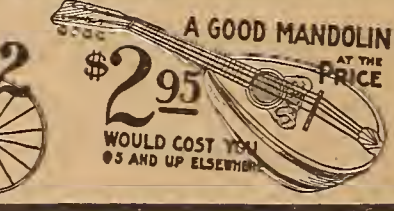

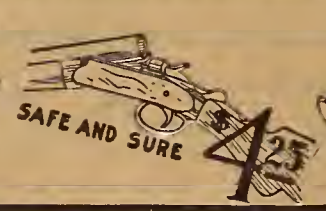

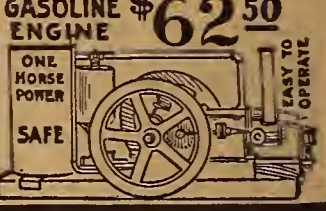

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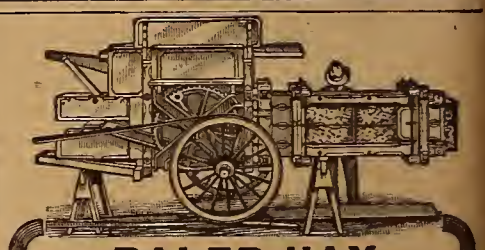

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

AN ILLUSTRATED FARM AND FAMILY JOURNAL

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Modern Japan

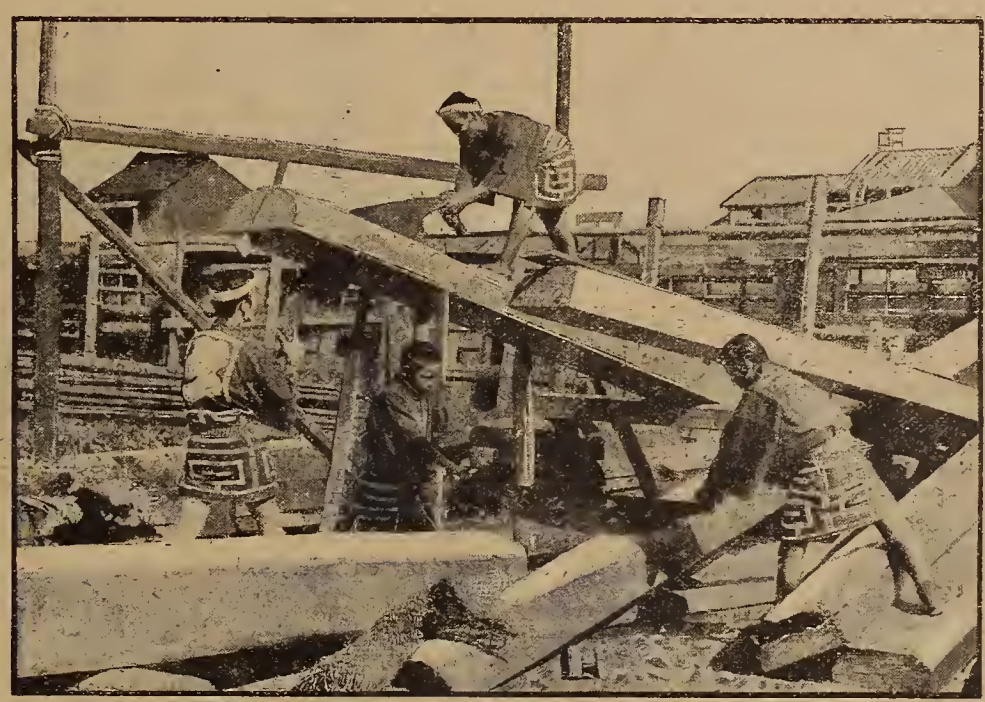
By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

MODERN JAPAN presents many contradictions to the mind of the Western observer. After the brilliant manner in which its fighting men have crushed the power of Russia one expects much from this new star of the Orient. But it does not take long to discover that its civilization is only half complete. Its splendid military perfection has been accomplished at the expense of everything else; or if this be putting it too strong, the martial phase of its national organization has been allowed to run ahead of all other development.

It does not seem consistent to see the frock-coated, high-hatted official trained in the usages of international diplomacy praying to wooden images in the temple. When one is told that all the horses killed in the war received the honor of a funeral service by the Japanese, he finds it hard to reconcile such an absurdity in a people who have shown so much intelligence in other respects.

A further instance of the unequal development of Japan is shown by the fact that its private soldier, skilled in the use of the world's most improved implements of war, will have to return to straw sandals, a cotton kimono and a wage of twenty cents a day when he goes back to private life. This is true because the commerce, the agriculture and the industries of the island kingdom are years behind its military system. Japan is skilled in firing off powder, but her ability to pay for it is limited.

If Japan's national ambition is to be realized, her trades and industries must be developed to an equality with her governmental branches—particularly the military—because modernized warfare is tremendously expensive, and the present wealth-producing power of the masses is quite inadequate to the vast expenditures of the recent operations. Aside from any question of final indemnity, it is quite true that if the first reverses of the war had fallen to Japan rather than to Russia the credit of the former might have suffered to such an extent as to make her case hopeless.



JAPANESE CARPENTERS AT WORK

The earning capacity of the Japanese people is extremely small. On every hand one sees a dreadful waste of human energy. Modern tools and machinery are almost unknown, and even beasts of burden are too expensive for general use. How can a self-respecting horse hope to earn its feed in a country where a cooly will work all day for less than the price of a peck of oats? On every highway one sees men doing the work of animals.

One memory that clings to every traveler is the sight of these poor wretches straining at their dreadful tasks. Their cotton garments are gay with fantastic designs, which indicate the guild to which they belong, as well as the firm that employs them. Their mournful, labored chant rides on every wind, carrying with it a sense of sorrowful subjection to the menial. Truly they are brothers to the ox! Considering the pittance given them for their servitude, as well as the hopelessness of their toil, the characters on their poor clothing have about the same significance as the brands upon a herd of steers.

The women take their places beside the men in many kinds of manual labor, and seem to be equally as skillful and enduring. One sees female laborers digging in the marshes of the rice fields, shovcling dirt in excavations, passing baskets of coal on board ships or staggering under burdens on the roads. The extreme poverty of the class which must earn its livelihood by unskilled labor is better shown by the statement that a man and wife together cannot earn more than six or eight dollars a month. Yet these stocky little people, wearing a few cents' worth of clothing, existing upon a few cents' worth of daily fare, labor cheerfully, maintain cleanliness, and serve their race by bringing up children to take their places in the ranks of burden bearers when old age unfits them for service.

Low wages are universal among all the laboring classes of Japan. Carpenters and printers receive but fifty cents a day. Painters and shoemakers are among the highest-priced workers, and they get sixty cents for a day of ten hours. The engineers and conductors on the railway have to support their families on the meager sum of fifteen dollars a month. Girls working in factories at such tasks as packing boxes or pasting labels on bottles are paid but six or seven cents a day—

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 8]

A JAPANESE RICE PADDY

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Always give your post office at the beginning of your letter.

From Our Friends

We deem it proper to acknowledge in this way the receipt of many kind letters received recently from FARM AND FIRESIDE subscribers in nearly every state in the Union. We wish that we could answer them all personally, but the great numbers received make it utterly impossible.

All these letters contain the very highest praise for FARM AND FIRESIDE as a Farm and Family Journal. Many of the people who wrote these letters have been subscribers to FARM AND FIRESIDE anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five years. They all speak of its excellent and superior qualities, wish it continued success, and pledge their loyalty and support to its worthy cause. Nearly all sent one or two new subscriptions to FARM AND FIRESIDE along with the letter. These were subscriptions from their neighbors who had not been taking FARM AND FIRESIDE. Similar letters continue to come to us every day.

FARM AND FIRESIDE is now the greatest twice-a-month farm and family journal in the world, and hundreds of thousands say that it is by far the best and most valuable farm paper of its class in the world.

It is now nearly thirty years old, and if it were not the best it could never have survived these long years and continued to grow and increase and spread its helpful influence.

How much faster it would grow if every reader would send one or two new subscriptions of their neighbors to FARM AND FIRESIDE. Please be so kind as to do this little favor for FARM AND FIRESIDE. It will be highly appreciated. Please sign your name, so we can tell who sent them. Shall we have the pleasure of hearing from you? THE EDITOR.

About Rural Affairs

BY T. GREINER

HYGIENIC EFFECTS OF CATTLE SPRAYS.—In spraying my cows and horses for flies I have sometimes kept them in an atmosphere charged with vaporized kerosene, oil of tar and carbolic acid in a closed stable for more than a few minutes, believing that the inhalation of such vapors would be not only perfectly harmless, but even a good thing in troubles of the throat. In fact, I have remained at times, and kept some of the boys, when having sore throat or slight cough, for a while in a room charged with these vapors. Kerosene, like carbolic acid, is a strong germicide, and oil of tar ought to be good for the lungs if all the old teachings count for anything. But I am not sure on all these things, and would like to hear from those who really do know or think they know. What really are the hygienic effects of the vapors of the substances mentioned when passed through throat and lungs?

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"ALCOHOL" VINEGAR.—An Idaho lady reader asks for a recipe to make "alcohol" vinegar, which she is told is the best vinegar made. I believe that all genuine vinegar is alcohol vinegar, as in the process of vinegar making the apple or grape or other fruit juice must first change its starchy or saccharine matter into alcohol, and this in the further process of fermentation into acetic acid. I know of no better vinegar than pure cider vinegar. Usually in late fall we make a few barrels of cider, using good windfalls or other apples that are sound and free from rot and worms. We may boil down some of this for "boiled cider," which comes handy for various uses in cookery or bakery, and may drink a little of the juice while perfectly fresh, when it acts as a tonic or stomach wash. The rest is put in clean vinegar barrels in the furnace room of the cellar, where it is allowed to undergo the first, or alcoholic, fermentation. It is then drawn off into a newly cleaned barrel, and with a few gallons of good old cider vinegar, or at least some good "mother," added, allowed to complete its second, or acetic, fermentation. In sometimes less than a year's time it has developed into good and strong cider vinegar. I am afraid that we shall not have many apples to spare this year for cider and vinegar making. The New York State Experiment Station, Geneva, N. Y., has recently issued a bulletin on the subject of cider making. Perhaps the inquirer may be able to secure a copy by applying to the station for it.

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SPRAYING TREES.—A Kentucky lady reader says that she has a lot of crude petroleum, and wants to know in what proportion to use it for fall spraying. As she pastures sheep in the orchard, she is afraid to use Paris green. The only object of spraying with petroleum can be the destruction of the San Jose scale. If our reader's orchard is free from that pest, she does not need petroleum to spray with. It cannot take the place of Paris green, which is used only for leaf-eating insects. The San Jose scale is a sucking insect, and must be killed by contact. I have used a proprietary oil preparation which is offered under the name "Con-sol." This appears to contain some free oil, and perhaps may not be quite safe to use on trees in full leaf. It has seemed to kill the scale on the trees and bushes which I treated last spring. But if I were to use crude petroleum again (as I undoubtedly shall next spring) I would apply it in full strength just after the buds have broken in early spring. At that time the clear petroleum can be applied without danger to the leaf or tree.

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MOLES, ROBINS, HAWKS AND OWLS.—A lady reader in South Prairie, Wash., speaks a good word for the mole. When the army worm visited that section, and destroyed whole gardens, hers was kept almost entirely free from this pest by moles. In most of these cases the best help is self-help. It is true that the mole lives on insect food, yet I am glad that there are no moles in my garden. I can manage the cutworms, the white grubs, the wireworms, etc., without the mole's help, and I am not annoyed by having moles tunnel all through the garden and lift out my plants. I believe that I would also be able to manage the army worm, an enemy which has never yet given me any trouble. Kerosene would probably be the proper remedy for that insect. Our reader hopes that I shall not destroy many robins, as she loves them even if they do eat cherries. But she does not love hawks, owls and blue jays. Again I believe that self-help is the best and most efficient help. I love all birds, and seldom care to destroy any, unless it be fowls for eating. But I look at this question wholly from a practical, and not from a sentimental, point of view. Robins, hawks, owls, etc., are useful in a way. They make insects and other injurious animals at least a part of their food. Yet if they would stay away from my premises I think I would try to manage the insects, mice, etc., and also keep my cherries, chickens, pigeons, etc.

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THOROUGH WORK.—If I ever lose my patience, it is when I see slovenly work. We often have workmen who when plowing or harrowing a piece of ground seem to be bound to leave some odd corner unplowed or unharrowed, or when mowing to leave a spot here and there unmowed if the patch is irregular or has some obstruction somewhere, or when weeding to leave a weed here and a weed there. Still more annoying is the style of work that some of the boys do with the hoe. The other day I gave a young man the job of hoeing the rows of grapes and currant bushes, and when I later examined what he had done I found the surface of the ground scraped over and every root of the weeds left to sprout up anew. It is strange that so few of our hired helpers know how to do a really first-class job of hoeing. Most aggravating, however, it is to have a man unhitch the team promptly at noon in the farther corner of the farm, and turn in for dinner, when he could have finished his job in ten, or at most fifteen, minutes' time, and thus could have avoided the necessity of making another extra trip to that part of the place after dinner. The best way to cure workhands of doing slovenly and thoughtless work of this kind is to send them right back doing the job over or finishing it. If you will send the man or boy back to the field to finish his job before he gets his dinner just once he will be cured forever of that trick. Or if a fellow thinks he has his job of hoeing done, and he is sent back with instructions to dig the ground over thoroughly to the depth of at least two or three inches, he will learn a lesson in hoeing that he most likely will not soon forget.

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PROTECTING CATTLE FROM FLIES.—A reader in Convoy, Ohio, asks me for my recipe for spraying cattle. In the meantime, however, I have read with much interest Mr. Grundy's account of using kerosene, plain and simple, for ridding his cattle from flies. In the liquid that I have used right along kerosene forms the most essential part. It is just what kills the flies that are sticking to the flanks and legs and necks of the poor cattle closer than a brother. When the spray reaches them they let go their hold, and soon give up the ghost. You who have "been there" know what it means to sit down to milk a cow in hot weather with flies swarming around even in moderate numbers, and feel the cow's tail switching around your neck and into your face, and possibly into the milk, or brushing off your hat or cap. As a good man you may endure this in silence; but if you are a better man you will just apply a little kerosene, or my mixture (say a pint of kerosene, a couple of tablespoonfuls of oil of tar and a couple of teaspoonfuls of crude carbolic acid, both of the latter mostly for flavoring) by means of a thirty or fifty cent tin sprayer, and there will be no more switching of tails or gnashing of teeth or elegant flow of inelegant language. You will be able to do the milking in comfort and without the use of harsh language, a result which alone pays ten times over for all the expense connected with the spraying. We can well afford to apply this spray two or three times every day in summer and fall. It does not last long. Where fish oil can be had to be added to it, the spray can be made to last for several days. Perhaps the following mixture can be recommended: "Dissolve one and one half pounds of resin in a solution of laundry soap in water by heating; add half a pint of fish oil and enough water to make two gallons, then add half a pint of kerosene." This would be a more lasting application; but to save bother, the plain kerosene spray, diligently and frequently applied, will do.

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SOIL FOR HAIRY VETCH.—A reader wants to know on what kind of soil I grew the hairy (or winter) vetch which made such a tremendous growth, with great clumps of nodules on the roots. All my soil here consists of a good clay loam resting on clay subsoil. It is rather level, and I have to look closely after the drainage, either by throwing the soil up into beds, with deep furrows between that allow the surface water to run off, or better by tile drains. My land produces good common field crops, and by means of a rotation in which clover forms an important link, and an occasional dose of barnyard manure, or even of mineral fertilizers, especially phosphates, I can easily keep it in a high state of fertility. Of course, I do not expect to raise a crop of rye and vetch such as I told of in an earlier issue on land that is thin and has been run to death. A mass of green stuff which will hold a scythe three feet high above the ground anywhere over the field cannot be made out of nothing, even with bunches of root nodules furnishing nitrogen from the air. The mineral elements must be present in the soil. Soils like mine, however, are apparently well provided with potash, so that it is necessary to look more closely after the supplies of phosphoric acid. Red clover, white clover, Alsike clover and sweet clover seem to be natural to these soils. They are crops that have been grown here for many, many years—in fact, for generations—and we have had nice crops of clear clover from fields that had simply been left without plowing or further attention for one season. Even the roadsides in this vicinity, where not occupied with sweet clover, were a mass of red, white and Alsike clover. I expect any ordinary field crop on land as here described to do quite well, and vetch will make no exception. This does not explain, however, where and how this soil became inoculated with the specific vetch bacteria, which our authorities claim are entirely distinct from clover, bean or pea bacteria. I shall use vetch more largely as an orchard cover crop hereafter, without taking extra pains to inoculate the seed or soil. I shall also sow the cornfield, where the soil appears to be getting a little thin, with rye and vetch in a few days. If chopped up by running a sharp disk harrow or pulverizer over the field in May (provided we can manage to get the horses through it), and then plowed under, I believe it would fill the soil choke-full of humus, and be as effective in enriching the land as a coat of manure.

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MORE ABOUT NITRO-CULTURE.—The subject of nitro-culture has lately occupied much of my attention, as it has that of every progressive and thinking farmer of the land. From Dr. B. T. Galloway, chief of the bureau of plant industry, Department of Agriculture, I have the following letter in response to my request for certain information: "I may say that we have repeatedly called the attention of the parties responsible for these advertisements of nitro-culture to the overstatements made for advertising purposes, and have been assured that their printed matter will hereafter be carefully revised and made more in accordance with the facts. The extravagant claims made, of course, do much to discountenance the really valuable work which has been done in this direction—namely, the inoculation of leguminous crops—and we hope to see the matter properly understood by the public. Our circulars and publications have called attention to the fact that the use of cultures cannot be expected to result in any gain in soils which are already rich in the nitrogen-fixing bacteria, and where we have been unable to supply cultures we have always warned our correspondents against experimenting with any similar bacterial preparations without a careful study of the conditions under which their use forms any possible gain. As to the need of special cultures for each leguminous crop, we have always advised and practiced this course. Last year we distributed a single culture for garden beans which gave satisfactory results on string beans and wax beans (both "Phaseolus vulgaris"), but very little benefit on Lima beans ("Phaseolus lunatus"). The culture for garden pea ("Pisum sativum") will not give as good results as a specific culture used on sweet pea ("Lathyrus odoratus"). It is largely a question of botanical relationship as to how wide a range of cross-inoculation may be possible with the same culture. While the bacteria are not distinguishable morphologically, and are properly to be classed under one species, nevertheless they show wide differences in infective power, due to slight physiological differences, which are, no doubt, the result of adaptation to a particular host. I agree with you that soil and climatic conditions play a very large part in securing the proper results from inoculated legumes, and that more work is necessary along these lines." In a circular issued by A. F. Woods, pathologist and physiologist, and approved by Doctor Galloway, I find the following disclaimer: "Upon application the department has furnished all necessary information to the bacteriologists representing commercial concerns which claimed to be properly equipped, but we cannot make any statement which could in any way be regarded as a guarantee of the commercial product." In other words, the department disclaims all responsibility for the statements and advertisements of the parties who offer nitro-cultures, or for the genuineness of the cultures themselves. It is a warning to all to do their own thinking, and a lot of it, and then, if the case warrants, to try these cultures in an experimental way, which means on a small, or trial, scale.

All Over the Farm

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

"TINY FARM."—Occasionally one hears of something he has said or done in the past that has borne fruit he little expected—some crumb of bread cast upon the waters that returns and makes him think that, after all, he probably has not lived in vain; some little incident that happened years ago that changed the career of some one for the better, that put a spark of hope and courage in the heart of some one who was just about to give up in despair, and made a prosperous, self-reliant man of him. When one hears of something of this kind it makes him all the more determined to never let pass any good opportunity to say a cheering word or do a little kindly act, even though the result desired may seem very remote.

Some years ago a FARM AND FIRESIDE reader wrote me that he had a wife and seven children, the eldest only fourteen years old, and he had only forty acres of land from which to make a living; that he was then in debt nearly two hundred dollars, and was getting worse off and poorer every year. He said he had written to several people whom he thought could advise him what to do, and most of them told him to sell out and move to one of the Western states where land was cheap, and buy a larger farm and begin again. He said his wife vigorously opposed such action, because she would be going far away from all of her people, and probably never would see them again. She declared she would stay with the little old farm, and go down with it, then take in washing to buy bread and butter. He said it was plain to him that the farm was not large enough to support such a family, and that a mortgage, a foreclosure and the poorhouse loomed up in his dreams.

I wrote him a letter telling him to dream a little less and work a little more, trim up his brains a little, and take them into partnership with him in the management of the farm, and the only thing that would "loom up" in fact would be prosperity, and his dreams would be pleasant and his sleep refreshing. He wrote me again, and gave me several names that I did not recognize, and wound up his letter by telling me that he had written for advice and I had given him nothing but sarcasm. I had written as I did because the tone of his letter aggravated me, but it occurred to me that I had not treated him right. I showed his first letter to a very successful two-hundred-acre farmer, and asked his opinion. He said, "Tell him to go West and get more land; his farm is too small for a family like that." I then took it to a man who owned a farm of only fourteen acres and apparently was making a good living from it. He read it, and then asked me what I was going to write the man. I showed him a draft of the answer I had prepared. He changed a few points a little, then he said, "A man that cannot make a thousand dollars a year off a forty as good as that ought to be led behind the barn and thoroughly horsewhipped. His wife is the best man of the two, and she ought to do the whipping, then take the farm away from him and run it herself. Your letter is all right. If he heeds the advice he will soon drop his whine."

I advised him to stay where he was; to keep two good cows, instead of the six things he was trying to keep, to supply the family with milk, and to so manage them as to have an abundance of milk the year round, and instead of pasturing them, to grow soiling crops for them and keep them in a small yard with good stable for cold and stormy weather; to manage to turn off at least twenty fat hogs each year, and to make it thirty if possible; to keep two good big horses to do the farm work, instead of the four pony scrubs he had; to make poultry one of his largest income-getters; to start with a pure breed, and by breeding from the best to keep it pure, and to so improve it that people would hear of it and come to him from all the country round about for breeding stock; to apply to the farm every pound of manure he could make and buy, and to grow only such crops as he could handle without help—either hired or neighbor help; to grow clover hay for his cows, as a change from corn fodder only, and let somebody else grow the timothy, of which he might buy a ton or two for his horses to eat during spring and early summer work, and, above all things, to grow an abundance of vegetables for his table and a good supply of fruit. His home market was a small village where there was very little demand for vegetables or fruit, hence he was obliged to grow only what might be termed staple farm crops. In reply he wrote me a letter thanking me profusely, and saying he believed he could now see his way clear out of the muddle he was in, and when he had the thing a sure go he would write me.

Not long ago I received a letter from him telling of his great success. "I followed out the line of your advice," he wrote, "and have done splendidly. I went out of debt and put a little in the bank the second year after writing you. My little boys and girls are giving me lots of help now, my wife is very much pleased at our success, and our farm is kept like a garden. I aim to turn off about thirty hogs a year—made it thirty-five last year—and they go at top price. Three of the children have charge of the poultry, and they have over a hundred dollars in the bank now out of their share, and are really only just beginning to get under good headway. They keep the garden in good trim, and we have plenty of vegetables all the time for our table, and they have managed to sell several dollars' worth to parties in the village. They also do all the chores and feeding, and that gives me all my time in the field. I can tell you that everything looks bright and prosperous at 'Tiny Farm,' as the children call it. Instead of two large horses, we have three medium-sized ones, so that one can be used for driving to the village without stopping work on the farm. We use the three for plowing, harrowing and nearly all the farm work, and our tools are large in size, so that we can go over a good deal of ground in a day. When one of the horses is used for driving we do such work as the other two can handle. We grow soiling crops for the cows and pigs, and you would be surprised if you could see how little of our heavily manured land is required to supply them with green feed. Clover has been our mainstay for this purpose, with sweet corn later; but we have tried alfalfa on half an acre two years, and the quantity of green feed it supplies—three good cuttings last season—settles it to take the place of clover. There is a whole lot of other things we have learned about successful farming on a small farm that I may tell you of later. Suffice it at present to say that we would not swap 'Tiny Farm,' with its comfortable home and all its other conveniences, for two thousand acres and a dugout in any Western state."

The above shows, or gives an inkling of, what can be done on a thoroughly farmed little farm. Good, skillful farming has sent the "blues" and visions of mortgages and poorhouses glimmering, and instead of a discouraged man, a despairing woman and discontented children, there is a whole family of cheerful, hearty, enterprising people at "Tiny Farm," with a bright and prosperous future before them.

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Wheat as a Reliable, Profitable Crop

There are farmers who continue persistently to raise wheat who are ready to acknowledge that they have not grown a bushel in years which did not cost more than it was sold for. This preference is general among farmers in the region where wheat can be counted on with any degree of certainty. In the Middle West, where land is high in price and the operations of wheat farmers must be of necessity restricted, the best possible returns must be realized, else there will be no money in raising wheat. The average the country over of winter wheat was 14.3 bushels to the acre for 1905 by government estimate August 1st. This average yield must be increased by farmers in the middle states if any profit is to be enjoyed for the labor and expense incurred. Too many farmers plant wheat hopelessly and reap harvests which come up to their expectations. Such farmers follow methods adopted by their grandfathers, imitated by their fathers and promptly adhered to by themselves. They regard the business of raising wheat as a losing proposition, but they have always raised the crop, and would not know what to do without it. They look doubtfully upon any new method, and do not hesitate to express the belief that "God makes the harvest, man's only duty being to plow and sow." Argument will never knock such notions out of the mind of him who solemnly gives it utterance. An object lesson is required, and even then it must usually be seen at close range to be believed.

The farmers of Wayne County and eastern Indiana generally have had such an object lesson before their eyes for nineteen years, and they have profited by the example. Jerome Shurley, of the firm of farmers known as Gaar and Shurley, on their farm of one hundred and forty acres two miles northwest of the city of Richmond, Ind., has had an average yield of wheat of thirty bushels to the acre for the past nineteen years. To-day he is plowing oats stubble for wheat, and declares that if he had any idea that the resulting crop would be less than forty bushels to the acre he would leave the field for corn. This year his yield of wheat was forty-eight bushels to the acre, and it weighed sixty-two pounds to the measured bushel. These are facts which can be verified by any one who cares to do so. Growing wheat is a profitable business, and Mr. Shurley says he knows of no more certain, satisfactory or profitable crop that can be grown in this section. Mr. Shurley is not a faddist farmer. He farms for profit, and beyond the satisfaction and pride he takes in his success, throws sentiment to the winds and goes in to get the money. He knows just how to go about getting such results, and his advice to all who are not willing to work, and work hard, is not to undertake to raise wheat; in fact, to get off the farm.

In the first place, the farm now owned by Mr. Shurley was a poor grade of upland, entirely without artificial drainage. He underdrained it thoroughly, not alone with the view of getting the water off, but to provide for aërating the soil. This is within itself a branch of the subject worthy of exhaustive study. With the land well drained Mr. Shurley first began to fertilize with manure hauled from town. This slow process lasted for several years, but he ascertained that the expense was too great, so he abandoned the method and adopted commercial fertilizer in every case. His plan is to rotate the crops—first planting wheat, then sowing clover the next spring, then corn, following this with oats, after which wheat is again planted. This method is seldom varied. The fertilizer is applied always with the wheat. The way it is applied to the land is a most particular part of the process. Mr. Shurley declares that no fertilizer known will produce satisfactory results unless it is applied on soil which has been properly prepared. This will be news to many farmers who have spent their money for fertilizer and believed that the mere act of scattering it over the soil was all that was necessary to produce big returns. There was never a greater mistake. And this is true not only of commercial fertilizers, but as well of barnyard manure. It is claimed that no man can properly apply such manure with a fork. It cannot be evenly distributed in this way, but will be bunched and spread unevenly. The manure spreader is valuable more on account of its even-spreading process than because of its labor-saving powers. This is a fruitful topic for farmers to investigate who have never given the manure spreader respectful consideration.

Mr. Shurley uses two hundred pounds of commercial fertilizer to the acre. This costs eighteen dollars a ton, which makes the cost one dollar and eighty cents an acre. Ordinarily this will take three bushels of wheat to pay for the cost of the fertilizer, and observant farmers should have no trouble in reaching a solution of the question of whether the method is profitable. Mr. Shurley has found it profitable, but he has much else to do besides applying the fertilizer.

In the first place, the way he prepares the ground for sowing wheat indicates just how precarious he regards the whole business. He makes it like an onion bed, and the comparison must not be taken liberally, but with exactness, for the entire wheat field is as fine as dust, and all uneven places and depressions are filled even with the surrounding surface. Mr. Shurley's directions are to plow shallow at a time when the ground is fit to be plowed—that is, not when it is so wet that it will break up cloddy. After the plowing is finished it is harrowed and rolled time and again until it is reduced to the proper condition for a seed bed. The object is to give every seed a chance to germinate and grow into a full-headed plant. In order to produce a big yield on an acre of land every plant must grow to full maturity and there must be no unoccupied ground in the field. If there are hollows and depressions in the field, these will fill up with water, and all seeds or plants therein will drown. In winter this water will freeze and kill whatever is growing there. These are the practical reasons for having a first-class seed bed. There is another reason, and this anticipates the next crop. Clover is to be sown in the wheat, and if there is a compact, packed and even surface the tiny clover seeds will be almost sure to catch and grow.

The seed is a most important item in Mr. Shurley's success. He thinks no other particular deserves so much consideration from farmers as this question of perfect seed. He screens down his seed wheat until all the seeds are as near uniform in size as he can possibly get them. The berries should look right, and this will appeal to every farmer as an adequate description. They should be lively, well formed, smooth and bright. Such seeds will pass through the drill evenly, and an even stand is made sure by this precaution. Again, each seed will probably grow, and as each one contains a sufficient germ, it is probable that each plant will grow to maturity and not be crowded out by its stronger neighbor.

C. M. GINTHER.

A SHEEP HERDER'S HOME IN THE SOUTHWEST

Gardening

By T. GREINER

MELONS AND PUMPKINS will not mix, no matter how close you plant them together. There is not the least danger that the flavor of the melons will be injured by the association. In rare cases I have known cucumbers and muskmelons to get "mixed." The "garden lemon," or "vegetable orange," is probably the result of such "mixing."

◈

HORSE-RADISH FOR PROFIT.—Many try horse-radish as a market crop, and few succeed in producing a salable root. In fact, it is not an easy task for an amateur to grow nice large, straight roots. In the first place, it requires a deep and rich soil free from stones and obstructions of every kind, while skillful management is also necessary. If one has a market for the grated product, roots that are not strictly first-class may be used, and in most cases the product pays very well.

◈

TO GROW SALSIFY AND PARSNIPS it takes the best part of a year when you want them in March or April. But at that time these vegetables come so very acceptable, and often are so well liked and taken up in our local markets, that they pay well for all the time and attention bestowed upon them. Many make a failure with parsnips, and this simply because they use old seed. Always get fresh seed from a reliable source. I try to raise what seed I want rather than buy it.

◈

NITRO-CULTURE NO PANACEA.—With the help of clover and good old-fashioned stable manure, good farmers have for generations been enabled to raise good crops and make farming a success. I don't imagine the time will ever come when without clover and without manure the poor farmer will make much of a success in crop growing, even by the most lavish use of nitro-cultures. The "nitro-cultures" found in good old stable manure have been the safe reliance of the farmers of the world for centuries, and they are in no danger of being entirely displaced. They, if any, are the real panacea.

◈

THE SPRAYER that I like and use for garden work is a good knapsack. It should be made of copper and brass, so as to stand corrosive liquids like Bordeaux mixture, and it should be capable of giving a forcible spray, being tested at fifty or sixty pounds pressure. This is for general use in spraying grapes, potatoes, currants or gooseberries, cabbages, etc., all provided that the patches do not cover many acres, except it be on hillsides where spraying with horse sprayers would be out of the question. I also use this sprayer for spraying the inside of the henhouse now and then with pure kerosene to get rid of mites. And while we are at it, we might also go through the orchard, and give the caterpillar nests, which are quite abundant this year, a good going over with kerosene pure and simple. Kerosene is very cheap and very effective. A sprayer of this kind costs from twelve to fifteen dollars, and is a good investment. Never buy a cheap knapsack sprayer. You will regret it if you do. For spraying cattle and horses for flies I use the cheap hand sprayer. This may be of tin, and can be obtained in most hardware stores at from thirty to fifty or seventy-five cents. It, also, is a good investment. In fact, I believe that it is entirely indispensable on any well-regulated farm.

◈

CELERIAC, or turnip-rooted celery, is on my list of garden vegetables this year, as in former seasons. There are a number of these odd things in the garden, such as cardoon, scolymus, sea kale, broccoli, Globe artichokes, etc., which I could easily dispense with, or which I would probably miss very little; but I think I must have celeriac, for I am much surer of the crop than I am of cclery, and it is really delicious when grown in rich soil and blanched like celery. Almost all of my early celery has gone to seed. I confess to having made a failure of the crop this year, either by having used a poor strain of seed or on account of its having been sown a little too early. The "Rural New-Yorker" says celeriac needs no earthing up or blanching, as the enlarged root is eaten, instead of the top or stems. This is a slight mistake. It is true that the root can be eaten without blanching, for it grows under ground anyway, but by earthing up and blanching we can also make a portion of the tops crisp and sweet and delicious eating. By covering with soil and litter at the approach of winter we are also enabled to carry the crop through a portion of the winter (or until it is caten) right where it is grown. In this shape we usually eat the root and part of the top raw. This vegetable also comes handy for flavoring soups, etc., or to be used in the boiled state as a salad. The "Rural New-Yorker" gives the following methods of using it: "The roots are peeled, put in cold water and cooked until tender. Drain, and serve with cream sauce. They are also used as a salad, boiled, sliced and served cold with mayonnaise or French dressing." We often use celeriac roots peeled, boiled and sliced with our raw cabbage salad.

◈

PIGS' SQUEALS AS AID TO CLEAN GARDENING.—Of course, we keep pigs. Perhaps as we are situated they are not excessively profitable, although we have great quantities of kitchen wastes, and also the skim milk from two cows, to dispose of. But in order to fatten pigs as we like to have them fattened—namely, so as to give us an abundance of nice, sweet home-made lard and plenty of fat pork to use whenever we may want it—we must feed a lot of corn every fall, and this costs money, or at least (as we grow it ourselves), is worth money. Whatever the cost, however, we must have the home-grown pork, for we would not care much for lard or pork bought in the butcher shop, and coming from we don't know where and fed on we don't know what. The other day, the freights having failed to make connections for a few days, we happened to run short of mill feed, and the pigs began to squeal. Mere skim milk and water do not seem to make very substantial food, and did not satisfy our porkers. I then thought of the pigweed (rightly named in this case), the chickweed, the purslane and other wild growths which had begun to make themselves rather obtrusive and impudent in the garden patches here and there, and I took the wheelbarrow and a hoe, and started with some of our little lads for the onion patch, where we had just begun pulling the immense Prizetakers, and where the weeds named had alrcady become quite plentiful. The children loaded the weeds on the barrow as fast as I cut them down and heaped them up with the hoe, and we soon had a big barrowful of nice pig feed and a nice clean spot in the old onion patch. The children learned how to do this work, and as the pigs resumed their squealing the next day, they went again for more weeds and enlarged the clean spot in the onion patch. Now, even when we have meal to mix with the swill for the pigs, the latter having become used to their succulent greens, want them, and squeal for them just the same. This means the continuation of this kind of weeding, and the good work of cleaning the garden patches goes merrily on. Sometimes I do it myself alone, but the children enjoy it, and often do it just for the fun of "feeding the animals" and to stop the pigs' squealing.

◈

SOWING SULPHUR IN THE DRILLS when sowing turnip seed, radish seed, planting potatoes, etc., has often been recommended as a preventive of the various worms and maggots that attack the roots of these crops. A lady reader (Mary L. Wade) writes: "For the good of all who may not have tried it, I want to suggest the experiment of mixing flour of sulphur with the turnip seed or sprinkling a little sulphur along in the drills. A friend told us of it several years ago. We tried it, and never had turnips so nice and smooth, large and free from worms. Perhaps it might be a good plan to mix a little sulphur with all small seeds, like onion, etc." The plan has one advantage—it could do no harm even if it failed to do some good. But sulphur is also a strong germicide, and in many cases might have a tendency to prevent attacks of plant diseases. Sowing sulphur in the drills or on top of the soil after sowing seed has been practiced and recommended for the damping-off disease. It is also a good thing to do for the diseases with which hothouse lettuce is liable to be afflicted. One of the older preventive measures recommended for lettuce mildew, for instance, was the painting of the hot-water or steam pipes with a sulphur paint, or the boiling of sulphur for a while in the tightly closed house until the air in the house is perceptibly charged with sulphur fumes. On the other hand, I have to report that in some tests I made last year with sulphur on radishes the rows in which the seed had been mixed with sulphur before sowing, like those on which the sulphur was applied over the surface after sowing, produced just as wormy radishes as where no applications had been made. For the potato scab the sulphur treatment (sowing sulphur in the furrows with the seed potatoes) has proved too expensive, as it requires quite a quantity of sulphur to insure freedom from scab. The corrosive-sublimate treatment is cheaper, and in most cases just as effective. But for the smaller garden seeds this use of sulphur deserves more thorough trial.

◈

GROWING ASPARAGUS.—A reader asked me this spring how to make an asparagus bed, and whether it was yet time to sow the seed. The question was overlooked at the time. Of course, the right time to sow seed to make good asparagus plants is early spring. What we want is good strong plants, and such can be secured only by giving the plants a long growing season. The selection of right variety is also of great importance. In some places the asparagus rust is giving a good deal of trouble. There is one variety which is most nearly rustproof of any asparagus variety, and fortunately this is also the one which usually gives the heaviest yield. This is Palmetto. When I set my next asparagus patch Palmetto will be the only sort planted unless we should find something still better before that time. In tests made by the New Jersey Experiment Station (reported in Bulletin No. 173, February 15, 1904) the Palmetto gave a yield exceeding that of the Elmira, the second in order, by between thirty-two and thirty-six per cent. If some neighbor has a patch of it, procure from him some of the tops after the crop of seed has come to maturity, which is shown by the berries turning red. Let the tops get dry, then thresh with a flail or strip the berries off by hand. Put the berries into a tub, and mash them with a wooden pestle so as to separate the seeds from the shell, or coating. Then clean by washing, dry quickly, and put the seeds away for sowing early next spring. But if you desire to save a year's time (and this is very desirable) purchase a supply of good strong plants, preferably one year old, from some seed dealer or plantsman, and set them, either this fall or in early spring, in a rich, warm spot of ground, somewhat sandy if it can be had for the purpose, making the rows four or five feet apart, and setting the plants two feet apart in the rows and at least six inches deep. If you wish to grow green stalks, however, and do not care to have them very large, the plants may be set somewhat closer. Give level culture, using a sharp harrow freely in early spring until the stalks begin to appear, cut very sparingly if at all the first season, and apply a good coat of manure every fall. For blanched asparagus the rows may be hilled considerably. Personally I like large, or "fat," stalks, and to cut them in the ridged row when only three or four inches high above the ridge. In cutting I sever the stalk about three inches above the root crown, as the lower portion is tough and stringy. A part of my plants (Giant Argentenil and others) were planted in ground prepared by trenching and filling with manure and other manurial substances. From this patch I obtained some stalks that were more than one and one fourth inches in largest diameter. Commercially, however, it will not pay to trench the ground for asparagus, or for anything else that I know of.

Fruit Growing

By S. B. GREEN

MILDEW ON PEACH AND STRAWBERRY.—D. E. P., Menno, Pa. The peach and strawberry leaves received from you are affected by mildew. This is quite abundant this year in various Eastern states, and must be due to some unfavorable climatic condition. The foliage of the strawberries could undoubtedly be much improved by spraying them with Bordeaux mixture, and it will probably very much improve their growth in autumn.

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LEAF-CUTTER BEE.—C. A. H., Harrisburg, Neb. The ash leaves which you inclose, and which have round holes made through them, have been injured by the leaf-cutter bee. This bee makes its nest in hollow trees and other convenient places. After laying its eggs it places one of these round shields which it has cut out of the leaves, and then puts in more eggs, and so on alternately. I do not think the injury will be serious or long continued, and there is practically no satisfactory remedy.

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LEAF RUST ON PEARS.—A. G. P., Collinsville, Conn. The specimen leaves of pears which you sent on, and which are spotted with dark raised spots, are injured by what is known as rust. This disease is especially abundant on some varieties which are more susceptible to its injuries than others. The best treatment for it is spraying with Bordeaux mixture as soon as the leaves unfold. This should be repeated at least three times during the season, at intervals of perhaps two weeks.

◈

MILDEW ON ROSE.—C. A., Warrensburg, Mo. The specimen leaf of Crimson Rambler rose that you sent on is infested with what is known as mildew. This is seldom troublesome on vigorous roses, such as the Crimson Rambler, unless they are growing in unfavorable situations. I am inclined to think that either your rose is not fully exposed to the sun and air, or else you have had cloudy, moist weather for some little time, which has reduced the vitality of the plants so that this mildew has appeared. I think dusting the leaves with flour of sulphur will destroy it.

◈

PEONIES FROM SEED.—E. E. B., Madrid Springs, N. Y. Peonies can be raised from seed, but it is a slow, tedious operation. The seed frequently will not start until the second year, and then the seedlings must be three or four years old before they will flower. They should be planted when about two years old. I had about sixty flower this year, some of which were very nice, and they embraced singles, doubles, semidoubles, and in colors from a deep crimson to a very light pink. If you save the seed in autumn it should be kept over winter buried in a box of sand in the ground outdoors where it will be frozen. It should be sown early in the spring. The trouble with such seed is that unless it comes up the first year many growers forget where it is, and the plants are lost in the spring work.

◈

THE AUSTIN DEWBERRY, plants of which I got from Texas some years ago, does not seem to be perfectly hardy here, yet I manage to have a big tangle of vines every season and a very moderate amount of fruit. Possibly this plant might do better on poorer soil, where it would not make so much growth of vine and set more freely of fruit. The berry is very large, and delicious when dead ripe, especially to be eaten with cream and sugar, as we usually eat the common blackberries. It is a pity that we cannot succeed in getting more than a few scattering berries. I have the plants trailed to a trellis now. Perhaps the plants stand too close in the row—they are only about two feet apart. I will take up every other plant this fall, and set them in another spot where the soil is not very rich. These will be set four feet apart and tied to stakes.

◈

NEW FRUIT CROSSES.—Thus far the various crosses, or hybrids, of our common fruits as they have been announced from time to time, such as a cross between blackberry and raspberry or between plum and apricot ("plumcot"), etc., have not appeared to be of much practical value. Even Mr. Burbank seems to be unable to make much headway against the current in this connection. Whether the outcome of the new fruit now announced as the creation of a nurseryman in a California town (not Yubedam, either) under the name "peacherine," and claimed to be a cross, or hybrid, between peach and nectarine, possessing all the good qualities of both parents, remains to be seen. Seeing (and eating) will be believing. I would suggest, however, that some genius of the Burbank type would try his luck in hybridizing the currant and gooseberry.

◈

SAN JOSE SCALE.—C. S. H., Toledo, Ohio. The pear twig you sent on is affected by what is probably San Jose scale. Nothing can be done at this time of year that will kill the scale, but after the leaves have fallen—and best at the latter part of the winter, on some bright, cold day—it would be a good thing for you to paint or spray your trees thoroughly with clear kerosene. Occasionally trees are injured by this treatment when it is applied in moist weather so that the oil does not quickly evaporate, but if applied in bright, cold weather there is little, if any, danger. There are other methods of treatment, but I take it that you have only a few specimens, and this will be the most convenient treatment for you to use. Pains should be taken to work the oil into the crevices of the bark and to moisten even the tips of the young twigs. In order to apply it thoroughly you will probably find it necessary to use a spray nozzle, and the best thing will probably be the Vermorel nozzle. This can be put on any ordinary force pump. The ordinary sprinklers apply too much oil, and do not distribute it sufficiently.

Poultry Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Marketing at All Seasons

When to begin and when to end in hatching chicks for market must be considered in relation to the location of the plant, nearest large markets, and prices. Late in the year—about September—there is usually a good demand for large chicks, and they bring better prices than are obtained even for the best fat fowls. When fowls sell at ten cents a pound, the chicks (which should weigh about three pounds each) will bring about fifteen cents a pound, and the dressed chicks from eighteen to twenty cents a pound, the average price for a three-pound chick being about fifty cents. The cost of the food for producing one pound of chicken does not exceed five cents, even when all the food is purchased, and the cost is reduced on some farms, as much of the food may be secured by the chicks when foraging. Allowing fourteen cents for the dressed fowls, and five pounds weight for each, the total is seventy cents, of which the cost should not exceed twenty-five cents. There is a clear profit of thirty cents on each chick and forty-five cents on each fowl, provided the birds are prime and bring good prices in market. It may be put in another way, by stating that it pays to buy ground meat, linseed meal, wheat, corn, sorghum seed, millet seed and other foods, and sell them in the form of poultry. If three-month-old chicks are made a specialty there will be a gain in time, which permits of marketing two chicks in place of each fowl, while the profit, compared with the expense of food, is more than double. The prices which often prevail, and which are frequently quoted as wholesale, show that chicks can be made profitable all the year, as they usually sell, even in the summer, for fifty per cent more than the fowls. The prices for live chicks leave a large profit, and as chicks hatched in the warm season should not cost less than during the winter, it is evident that they can be hatched the entire year with advantage. Although the cost in winter is more, the high prices compensate therefor. One can easily compare the advantages of summer feeding with those of winter, and allow equal advantages—the difference, if any, however, in favor of summer—yet the labor in winter is much more. Shelter, labor and constant vigilance make the business more difficult in winter, and it must not be forgotten that a relief from such in summer amounts to the value of the difference in prices. It is really the labor that the farmer sells when he sends an article to market, and where the most labor is essential a higher price is necessarily obtained. In the above only market fowls have been considered, but the eggs are also a source of profit.

Incurable Diseases

Some diseases are brought to the farm, and a single fowl may infect a whole neighborhood, though itself apparently free from disease when purchased. Some families of fowls seem to inherit disease, even the chicks dying, and instances have been known in which two flocks of different breeds were kept in the same yard, one lot keeping in good health, while the other showed symptoms of some disease that allowed them to mature before carrying them off one by one, all gradually drooping before dying; yet both flocks received the same kind of food and water, as they were together, and also roosted in the same building. The only remedy in such a case is to get rid of every fowl on the place, plow the yards and disinfect the quarters, leaving them unoccupied for a while. Other birds that may be purchased should come from well-known breeders who do not send to their customers any kind of stock that is not sound in every respect. It is laborious, tedious and a loss of time to attempt to give medicine to sick birds, the most economical plan being to discard them. It may sometimes be of advantage to attempt to cure a valuable bird, but to handle a flock will not pay. At no time should one be more careful in adding extra fowls to the flock than at this season of the year, for it is difficult to detect disease without a close examination, which is seldom made by those who procure fowls from elsewhere to add to the flock. Nor should the vigilance be confined to the individual birds, but the entire flock of which the birds are members should be carefully looked after, as disease in the flock of some neighbor may be carried elsewhere by apparently healthy birds taken from such flock.

Egg Eating

Egg eating is a vice, but it is claimed that a variety of food will prevent, and in most cases overcome, the evil of hens eating their eggs. Hens which are laying need and should have crushed bones, scraps of meat, green food (such as grass, cabbage, beets and onions) and a variety of grain, with access to clean gravel and pure water every day. Do not cut off the heads of choice fowls until you have tried the effects of good management on them. To do well hens need plenty of exercise, and if they can have the manure pile to work upon they will keep it in good condition and incidentally benefit themselves.

Plucking Ducks

The feathers of ducks are their covering and protection, which should admonish farmers not to pluck them during a cold spell or in winter. It costs something to produce feathers, as they are grown only from the most nourishing foods. Ducks that are in poor condition or that are not well covered with feathers should not be plucked. The rule is to pluck the feathers when they are "ripe," which may be known by the birds dropping them in the yards or by testing a few from the breast, the ripe feathers having no blood or colored fluid in the ends of the feathers. When in good condition some ducks will produce feathers every six weeks, or even more frequently, much depending upon the food. The feathers of the Pekin and Aylesbury ducks, being white, are nearly equal to those of the goose, and as both kinds are large of size, the feathers are an important part of the profit. The common puddle duck, however, is of but little value compared with the pure breeds. The Aylesbury, Rouen and Pekin ducks not only give a fair proportion of feathers, but also produce large and desirable carcasses. The feathers may be steamed, and then sun-dried, but some experience is necessary to properly dry them for market.

Fattening the Geese

Geese are largely in demand at certain periods, but they bring good prices the entire year. Do not sell old geese, as they are not desired by the purchasers, and are more suitable for the farmers as breeders. The ordinary scrub geese are too small to return a good profit for the outlay. No food of a good nature will fatten geese originally of a mongrel type. The quickest and best way to lay on flesh is to fatten a young goose of a Toulouse and Embden cross. Do not proceed to fatten suddenly. After giving free range of stubble and grass field, confine gradually, and allow several in a small yard, which should be kept clean. Wheat and other grains and corn meal, with brewers' grains, fatten well. Goslings may be put up to fatten when from eight to ten weeks old. Corn meal and bran mixed with cooked turnips are greatly relished, and give good results. Ponds are not required, but large troughs of water should stand about in the shade.

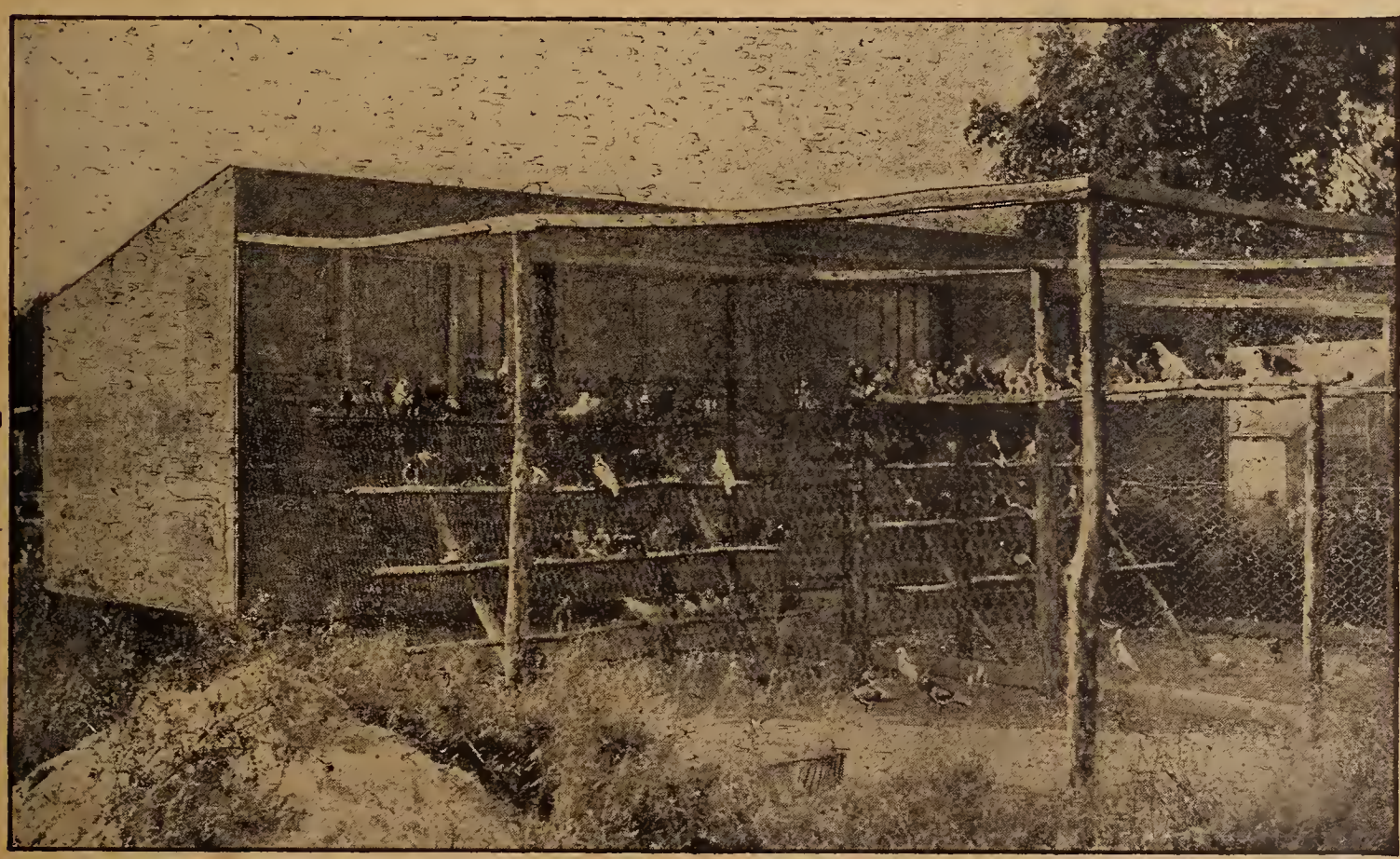
Inquiries Answered

Rye for Poultry.—R. K. W., Mt. Gilead, Ohio, asks "if rye is good for poultry." Both the grain and green rye are excellent foods for poultry, but should be used with other kinds.

Color Marks.—F. C. S., Nazareth, Texas, asks "if marks or colors can be influenced in birds by presenting before the dams certain fowls or objects of desired colors." No doubt instances may be related of such cases, but they are rare exceptions.

Ensilage.—P. G. S., Bakersville, Conn., desires to know "if clover, cut green and packed in a barrel, will keep so as to be fed in winter." If not cut too green, and the air can be excluded by great pressure, the clover may possibly be kept for a time, but a barrel is rather small for the purpose.

Buff and Barred Plymouth Rocks.—R. A., Sand Hill, Mich., writes: "Should Buff Plymouth Rocks have dark brown feathers in their wings? When should Barred Plymouth Rock pullets hatched in April begin to lay?" In reply it may be stated that the plumage should be a rich, clear buff (no brown), and the pullets hatched in April should lay in November or December.



A PIGEON HOUSE AND YARDS

This house has two yards, and the exterior is paper lined and painted. While similar in some respects to other pigeon houses, it shows an arrangement of outside roosts which comprises both the level and ladder features

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Live Stock and Dairy

Some Horse Foods

CRUSHED OR WHOLE OATS FOR HORSES

CRUSHING oats fed to horses instead of feeding them in their natural condition is often recommended, it being advanced in support of this plan that crushed oats are more easily and more thoroughly digested by horses than whole oats. As a matter of fact, however, the crushing of oats does not in any way increase or promote their digestibility, and as a general rule no advantage is to be gained by crushing oats when feeding them. The molar teeth of horses possess great grinding, or crushing, powers, and a horse whose teeth are in a normal condition is perfectly well able to chew and masticate whole oats in a thorough and complete manner. Oats, it should be remembered, are not particularly hard, but, on the contrary, they are of a comparatively soft character, as grain goes, and there exists no necessity as a rule to subject them to any preparation before feeding them to horses.

In exceptional cases, however, when a horse's teeth are not in good working order, and when the animal experiences difficulty or pain in chewing its food in consequence, it is advisable to crush the oats in preference to feeding them in a whole state. Crushed oats require less grinding on the part of the horse than whole oats, and the former are therefore more suitable than the latter for feeding to those horses that are troubled with their teeth. The amount of chewing required by a food has nothing to do with the question of its digestibility, and it is quite wrong to argue that because crushed oats are more easily chewed by a horse than whole ones they are more digestible than the latter. That, as has already been stated, is not in reality the case.

Experienced horsemen very generally hold that crushed oats are not nearly as suitable as whole oats for horses that are required to be in hard condition and worked at fast paces. Though it is difficult to give a satisfactory reason why this should be the case, practical experience certainly proves that this opinion is correct. Crushed oats are not as conducive to hard condition and hard muscle in horses as are whole oats, which fact renders it advisable to feed oats in their natural state in preference to the crushed ones in all cases where hard condition is of importance. The expense incurred in crushing oats is a drawback to the plan of feeding crushed oats that should not be overlooked.

It is often stated that

DRY BRAN

has a constipating, or binding, effect upon a horse's bowels, but this is a complete mistake, as bran in no wise possesses a constipating action. It is an exceedingly wholesome food for horses and very palatable to them. It is a particularly useful and suitable foodstuff for young horse stock, containing, as it does, a large percentage of mineral matter, which last is so essential to the proper development of the bones in growing stock. When mixed with water and fed in the form of a mash, bran of course has a laxative effect upon a horse's bowels, and bran mashes are invaluable in the stable on this account. Though coarse bran makes a useful foodstuff for horse-feeding purposes, other kinds of milling offal are not suitable as horse foods. Occasionally, however, sharps, pollard, etc., are fed to horses, and they agree with a horse well enough, but they are not in any wise to be recommended.

HORSES "OFF THEIR FOOD"

It not infrequently occurs that horses go off their food without there being any apparent reason for their doing so. In such cases their usual appetite may often be easily restored by the simple plan of omitting one of their usual feeds of grain. Trouble with the teeth is frequently the cause of horses temporarily losing their appetite and not feeding properly, and an examination of the teeth should therefore always be made when a horse is off his food and no reason can be assigned for this occurrence. A horse that is unable to chew its food satisfactorily on account of there being something wrong with the teeth very frequently "quids" his food. Horses are said to quid their food when they drop partially masticated lumps or particles of food out of their mouths while they are consuming their feed of grain.

OVERFEEDING

Overfeeding on grain is very liable to surfeit a horse and to put the animal off its food after a time. It is very easy to overfeed horses with grain, because the great palatability of this kind of food tempts them to eat more of it than they actually require if a larger allowance of grain is fed than is really needed. While it is, of course, necessary that horses in work should receive an ample allowance of grain, so as to keep them in good bodily condition, it is a bad plan to feed more grain than is required, as an excessive allowance of oats, maize and beans is wasteful and harmful.

EFFECTS OF OVERFEEDING

The injurious effects of overfeeding with grain manifest themselves by the digestive system getting out of order, by the horses suffering from surfeit, and by "filled" legs. Beans, especially, are apt to cause filled legs when fed too lavishly or when given to lightly worked horses. There is not as a general rule any risk of horses being overfed with hay or chaff even when fed to them "ad libitum." Hay, moreover, is not a rich and concentrated food, like grain, and no matter how large quantities are consumed, it cannot prove harmful in the same way as does grain, on account of the latter's concentrated and comparatively rich character when given in excess. Occasionally some gross and greedy feeders will unduly gorge themselves with hay when an unlimited amount of it is put before them. Not infrequently these voracious feeders fall back upon their bedding and eat that if their allowance of hay is curtailed. Under such circumstances sawdust should be substituted for straw as bedding material.—"Kisber," in Farmer and Stockbreeder.

The Western Wool Industry

The Western wool industry is a vast and growing interest. In many sections, as the cattle disappear the sheep are coming in, and you can find in almost any section of the West sheep raisers who will tell you stories of almost fabulous profits realized in this industry during the past few years. Indeed, there is no question but that if recent prices continue to prevail for any length of time the nation will number among its millionaires several newcomers who will owe their prosperity to sheep.

In many parts of the West the season of 1905 will go down into history as the most remarkable in the annals of sheep raising. The increase of sheep was unusually heavy, owing to a very favorable lambing season, and many ranchmen report an increase of over one hundred per cent in their flocks. With lambs bringing more than six dollars in the meat centers, and ewes costing about two dollars, it does not require much figuring to ascertain where the profits come in, even were wool not bringing extraordinarily high prices in many markets.

The two branches of the sheep-raising industry have indeed for some months past gone hand in hand in rolling up wealth for the sheepmen. The heavy returns from the sale of lambs are but another indication of the fact, which has been patent for some time, that the American people are becoming great consumers of mutton. This is largely due to the changes in breeding. Formerly the Merino was the principal species imported, and its flesh is not suited to the table like that of the Shropshire-Downs, Hampshires and other breeds. With the appearance of the higher-class grades of mutton the demand has increased tremendously in all parts of the country.

Despite the existing prosperity in sheep raising it is evident that the industry is undergoing important changes in many parts of the West. In the Pacific Northwest, for instance, there has been for some time past a continual decrease in wool growing because of the natural encroachment of settlers. The taking up of land and the cultivation of the soil where sheep formerly ranged is obviously limiting the grazing ground, and the cattlemen, who are bitterly opposed to sheep, are also aiding to discourage the industry in some sections. The result of these influences in the localities affected will most probably be the breeding of finer strains of sheep and the raising of higher-priced wools.

At the same time we find the sheep-raising industry, seeking an outlet for development, expanding phenomenally in one section of the country—the Southwest. All along the Santa Fe Railroad, the main artery of commerce through Arizona and New Mexico, the traveler may witness exceptional activity in this direction. Moreover, the natural conditions—mild winters, grassy "mesas,"

Live Stock and Dairy

watered valleys and sheltered cañons—appear to make this ideal territory for the white flocks. In New Mexico alone there are between five million and six million sheep upon the ranges, and upward of twenty-five million pounds of wool is produced annually. Moreover, the resident of the Southwest enjoys what is denied to many of his rivals farther north—namely, ample railroad facilities that entail no difficulty or delay in getting the wool crop to market.

During the past five years the grade of sheep in the Southwest has steadily raised, and it is safe to say that there are thousands of sheep in New Mexico and Arizona that will shear easily ten pounds of wool each. Ten years ago the average for sheep in this section of the country did not exceed two and one half pounds; as late as two years ago the average was about four and one half pounds, whereas to-day it is close to six pounds. Everything considered, this is a most marvelous increase. Even in the Southwest the present tendency in the sheep industry is to displace the large herds and holdings by the more modest flocks of a multitude of small owners; but in this section of the country the sheepmen are not being crowded out altogether, as they are in some places, and the division of the labor among a greater number of interests is simply tending to enable better sheep to be raised, a better grade of wool picked and an improved condition of things all around.

One of the unique characteristics of the sheep-raising industry in the West is that it offers opportunities to men with no capital. Instances are common where men starting as hands on monthly pay of say forty dollars, and having been found faithful, have been trusted with flocks of sheep on shares. With this as a stepping-stone they have progressed, until within a few years they have gotten together flocks of their own numbered by the thousand.

The Western farmer who is engaged in other industries on his land usually shows a disposition to keep a flock of from fifty to three hundred sheep as a "side line," and incidentally it may be remarked that some of the best yields of fall-sown wheat which have been secured in the Northwest in recent years have been from land on which the growing crop was grazed close down by the farmer's sheep in the early spring until the field looked absolutely bare.

The incidental expenses of the wool industry are seldom, if ever, excessive in the whole territory under consideration. Shearers can usually be had at from six to seven cents a head, and in many localities the work is now done almost wholly by machinery. Two general methods are followed in selling wool. One plan is for the sheep raiser to sell his product individually and locally. The other is that whereby he combines with neighbors and pools the wool. The former is followed almost universally in the case of flocks of extra grade, but the last-mentioned scheme has been extensively adopted where an ordinary grade of wool is to be handled.

Sheepmen in the West continue to suffer to some extent from the depredations of sheep shooters. In one county in Oregon twenty-five hundred head of sheep were butchered recently within a few months, one firm having lost more than a thousand head of sheep at a single shooting. In a number of instances the sheep shooters have openly defied the authorities, but happily these undesirable conditions are rapidly passing away in most localities.

No article upon sheep raising in the West would be complete without reference to the famous Baldwin Ranch in Crook County, Oregon, the greatest blooded-sheep ranch in the world. This ranch was established in 1873, and comprised at first only one hundred and sixty acres; but gradually additions have been made, until to-day the property comprises thousands of acres. The sole activity on this immense tract is the breeding of fine sheep, and for years the pick of the French shows have been purchased for that purpose. The owners of the ranch have taken innumerable prizes at international expositions with their Delaines, Rambouillets and Spanish Merinos.

The common practice in many parts of the West is to deliver wool to the warehouses in bales four by eight feet in size and weighing from three hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds. The wool is "in the grease"—that is, in just the condition that it was removed from the sheep. The freight rates are such that it would invariably be cheaper to have the sand, grease and dirt removed at a nearby local scouring plant, but frequently the mills in the East are anxious to secure the wool at the earliest possible moment, and it is shipped in its primitive state.

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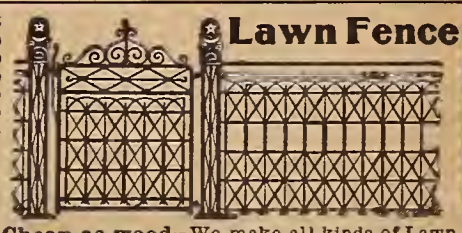

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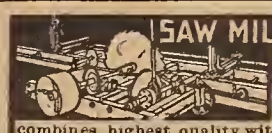

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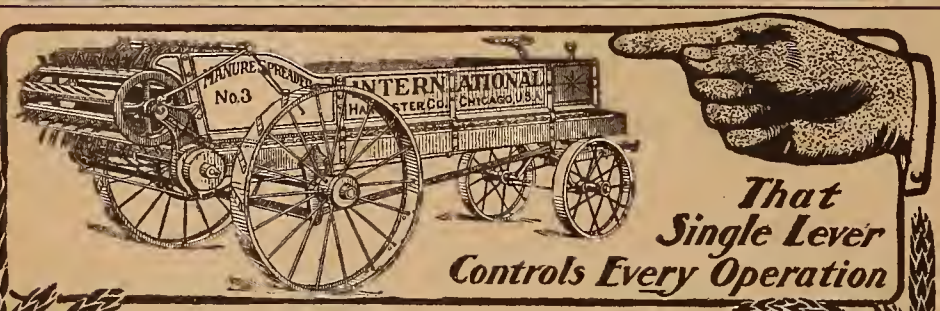

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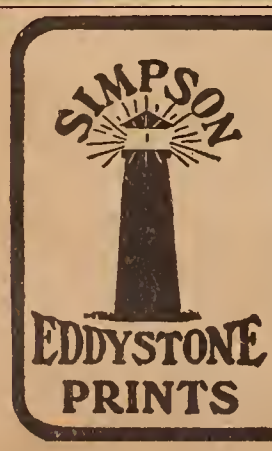

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In the Field

Provide Shelter for Machinery

If you were to pick out all the farmers in the country who just hold their own, and ask me what is keeping most of them poor, I would say that buying tools is an important factor. I would not like to say that this is the greatest, but I believe that it comes next to the waste of fertility of the soil. At any rate, it is becoming a serious question with the farmers of the land, and it is time that we open our eyes and take care of the tools for which we have to pay the hard-earned cash. It has been estimated that more machinery is worn out by the weather and not being sheltered than is worn out by actual use, and I believe this estimate to be not far from correct. This is a good way to keep the manufacturers rich, and it is keeping more farmers poor.

It will pay to build a shed just for the purpose. It will be an investment that you will never regret, for you will find it to be one of the most profitable investments that you ever made. One man has figured it out, and in the course of ten years, after counting the cost of the shed and the interest on the money and all the expenses to shelter the tools, he finds that he has saved and made over five hundred dollars.

It is not only the rotting of the tools, but in the shape in which the tools are in the spring after having taken the weather all winter. Just imagine a plow which was run in the fence corner as soon as the last furrow was plowed, and remained there until hitched to next spring, all rusted. The owner will have to work and worry half a day to get it in shape to do good work. This is only a fair example of the thousands of plows and other more valuable implements which spend the winter season in such places.

Then take a plow owned by the other kind of a farmer, and note the difference. As soon as this man turns the last furrow the plow is taken to the shed and put under cover, and given a good coat of grease; there it remains in the dry, and protected from all kinds of weather, until needed next spring. But the difference is that when this man takes his plow out in the spring he wastes no time, but the plow is in working order, and he begins work at once. And does not this pay?

But don't think that plows and other implements which directly till the soil are the only ones, but just think of a binder standing out and taking the weather for the winter and for the rest of the year for the use of it for a couple of weeks.

I know a man who used a mowing machine for fifteen years, and did cutting regularly, and I know another man who wore out three in the same time, and he did no more cutting than the first. There is a lot of difference in the care of a machine while using, as oiling, etc., which may have made some difference, but I know where a great difference was. The first would shelter his machine the best he could, and the other would run his machine under a tree until the next season (probably because his fence corner was full of worn-out tools). Which paid?

E. J. Waterstripe.

◇

Modern Japan

[continued from page 1]

not enough to keep the average American factory girl in chewing gum.

Only fifteen per cent of the entire area of Japan is suitable for agricultural purposes. Half of those who earn their living from the soil cultivate farms of less than two acres, while a comparison of the whole area under cultivation shows that on the average each holder cares for less than an acre of land. Half of all those engaged in agriculture are renters, the remainder being owners. On account of the arable area being so limited, both land and rents are high. The farmer seldom uses a horse or other draft animal in his work. Neither does he utilize implements or machinery. He depends on his own exertions, using only a few primitive tools.

He cultivates his small tract with the utmost thoroughness, forcing the yield by liberal fertilizing, so that in the warmer portion of the country a crop of barley, indigo, beans and rape are grown in succession upon the same ground within twelve months. The principal products, named in the order of their importance, are rice, rye, barley, wheat, beans, mulberries, sweet potatoes, millet, buckwheat, rape, red beans, tea, indigo leaves, potatoes, sorghum, tobacco leaves, cotton and hemp.

Stock raising is not successful in Japan on account of the high price of land. Another reason is that the native grasses are too coarse to make suitable food for animals. Although there is no reason why poultry raising should not be profitable, little attention is paid to it. Japan buys half a million dollars' worth of eggs from China every year. The Japanese do not care for butter and milk, and are just beginning to eat bread and meat. There has been objection to meat eating, for religious reasons. It was considered sinful to kill animals for food, which gave rise to the superstition that every butcher is sure to have a cripple among his descendants.

The Japanese are learning to eat bread, and it is believed they will form such a liking for this food that they will want it when they return to private life; also that they will spread the fashion among their friends. If this prediction proves true it will cause a boom in the trade of American flour, the beneficial results of which will in time reach the American wheat grower. The price of a pound of flour is the same as that of a pound of rice, and if it proves that the nutritious quality is also equal the annual consumption of wheat may be materially increased by converting the Orientals to its use.

Few sheep and swine are raised in Japan. The last statistics which were prepared on the subject quoted the total number of sheep in the entire country as being less than three thousand. A large portion of the land which would be desirable for grazing is owned by the imperial household. The Japanese have done little to develop fruit culture or bee raising.

Inasmuch as the agricultural pursuits are so restricted, the Japanese farmer often engages in some subsidiary industry, the rearing of silkworms being one of the most common departures. The houses where these delicate gluttons are reared must be kept perfectly clean and well ventilated at an even temperature. The layers bearing the eggs resemble sheets of sandpaper. When the worms are first born the mulberry leaves must be chopped as fine as dust before they can eat them. They are changed daily to fresh trays.

After feeding constantly for a week the worms sleep for twenty-four hours. They alternate this programme for five weeks, then begin to wind themselves into cocoons, when they are scalded, and wound into the skeins of shining silk which is so prized by the ladies of all lands. Silk is the most valuable article of export in Japan's list of commercial commodities, and the United States is her best customer. The most that we buy goes to Paterson, N. J.

Tea growing is another kind of cottage industry in which the Japanese farmer indulges profitably. Half of all the tea consumed in the United States comes from Japan. The tea plant grows on hills and requires no irrigation. The bushes begin bearing when four years old, and continue to yield until their twelfth year. The first picking generally takes place in May. As with coffee in other countries, the best quality is not sent to the United States, but retained for home consumption. We buy only a common quality.

Before the tea is shipped it must be cured, and one of these firing establishments is a busy and interesting place during the height of the season. The fresh leaves are poured into round iron pots, which are heated by charcoal furnaces. A man or woman bends over each pot, incessantly stirring the leaves to prevent burning. The work requires constant, skillful attention, yet the toilers lean over these blazing furnaces for a day of thirteen hours to get a wage of fifteen cents. Experts in other departments receive as high as twenty cents a day—or the equivalent to that sum in American currency.

In these firing houses I saw piles of green tea as high as haystacks—enough to make millions of cups of beverage. The laborers in these places are paid every night. All hands are searched as they leave the building, to prevent their carrying away any tea. Chicago is now the center of the American market for Japan tea.

As a last word it should be said that although Japan is a half-fledged nation, more military than anything else, it should not be taken lightly. No ruler in history has ever seen such improvement in the condition of his people as the present emperor of the island kingdom has witnessed. While these little brown people of the Orient have yet a long way to travel before they can average with those of the world powers, they have shown a surprising capacity for assimilation, and much may truly be expected of them when they have the opportunity to turn from the rigors of war to the more satisfying and substantial pursuits of peace. If they can perfect themselves commercially and industrially, as they have martially, conspicuous indeed will be their name in the future record of the world's affairs.

The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

Educational Work of Ohio State Grange

THE day has long since passed when it was necessary to present arguments to a farmer to convince him that he needs a large degree of intelligence in order to successfully prosecute his business. Should you tell him that the example of his father and of his neighbors is all that he needs as a preparation, he would laugh at you, and answer, "Why, man, we have problems with which our fathers had absolutely nothing to do, and my neighbors are not solving them very rapidly. What would experience do with the ravages of the insects that have come upon us unawares and the diseases that are a result of modern conditions that have been fastened upon our crops and stock? My father and my neighbor are quite as anxious as I to know how to combat and overcome these difficulties. They are not relying upon experience, for they have none, but upon the advice of those who have brought to their investigations trained minds and who have resources with which to experiment. And with those things in which they are experienced they are asking the judgment of others, because their experience has not always led to success. You demand training in your business. We demand it in ours, and we expect to secure it. Where you have one condition to take into account, we have ten, and we must know how to deal with them. Leading farmers who make their farms and homes attractive from farming, and not from some outside source of income, are always the most intelligent. They are proving to the world that the most beautiful homes, and the happiest as well as the most progressive people, may be found on our farms. And they are not doing it by knowing nothing of their business, but by knowing it and constantly increasing their intelligence."

This is the spirit which animates the intelligent farmers to-day, and they are constantly reaching out for more light and help in their business. It is to that ambitious class that the educational work that is being taken up by the Ohio State Grange appeals. It is a significant fact that those classes which took the first term's work are eager for the second at once; also that they are composed of the leaders in each little circle which they represent. They range in age from seventy years young to twenty. One of the members said, after a careful study of a certain soil problem, "Had I known that ten years ago it would have saved me hundreds of dollars and many a backache." That man was intelligent, a leader in his community, yet with all his reading and thinking he had not brought to bear upon that problem persistent, systematic thought. He had read and inquired, but had not delved into the subject in a systematic way, following up each thought to its conclusion until he reached a definite idea. His brain energy had been scattered and diffused instead of concentrated upon a certain point. The revelation will bring money to his farm, increased value to his land, an easier life for himself and family, an eagerness to master yet other problems, and an alert and trained mind to grasp facts and their relations.

Aside from the joy that there is in mastering one's business and the constantly changing conditions that make it necessary for one to keep abreast of the times, is the fact that about ninety-five per cent of our country youths get no more training than is afforded by the district school. The quality of this varies in different localities, the poorest usually sending out the most contented and egotistical pupils into the world to pit their meager acquirements against the trained workers. Their physical strength enables them to barely make a living in contest with those whose activities are wisely directed. There is no work in which a large per cent of humanity is engaged which has to deal more largely with scientific principles than farming. The public schools have given absolutely no attention whatever to these basic principles. In a few instances high schools have been established, and their number is bound to increase rapidly. The colleges have attracted a small fraction of one per cent of the youths, but the demand for teachers and experimenters by the awakened intelligence of the farmer makes it difficult for these young men to return to the farm, though in a very large majority of cases they desire to do so. The enthusiasm and desire to know that emanates from the agricultural press, the experiment stations, departments of agriculture and agricultural colleges has fanned into active life an earnest desire in farmers and in their families for better training. They have missed one opportunity in school, but are not to be too seriously handicapped through life because of something they could not help in their youth. On the other hand, they are determined to give to their children better opportunities than came to them, and to look out for their own interests at the same time. Father and mother are not to be back numbers with the young people from their schools, and they have the great advantage of experience and of proving all things for themselves.

In several states courses of study have been prepared by colleges and individuals that could be taken at home. These correspondence courses cost the student anywhere from fifty to two hundred dollars, and there were enough willing to pay the price to render the business of conducting such a school sufficiently remunerative to continue it and increase its facilities. It was left to the Ohio State Grange to provide for its membership a course of study absolutely free of charge that will compare favorably with any so far projected. This could be done, because the machinery was already in motion—there was an eager desire to follow out a systematic course of study, and our college of agriculture was ready to do all in its power to forward the work. Ohio is fortunate in having some broad-gauge leaders who are willing to give of their time and substance to forward a movement that appeals to them as wise. From the moment that State Master Hon. F. A. Derthick appointed the committee to prosecute the work there has been the most cordial aid and interest by those who are esteemed as leaders in our state. Although the first bulletins were sent out in the busy season, a number of classes have been formed. In each instance they report pleasure and profit in the study. It was left to Fairfield County to begin the movement as a county, and each of the granges now makes it a prominent feature of the work. In fact, the intelligent farmers of this county banded themselves together especially for this work. They are ordering not only the text books, but the reference works as well, for private libraries, while each grange has ordered the traveling library, that the reference works may be at hand in the grange hall. One unique feature of the work is that the state librarian and his wife (the latter is superintendent of the traveling library system) united as charter members of the University Grange, organized at the Ohio State University, in order to more thoroughly coöperate with the grange in this educational movement, and to come closer to the farmers and their families in order to serve them well. Either of these will go in a limited number of instances to give lectures to granges upon reading and books and library matters.

Those members who desire to take up the work will observe the following suggestions: The first outline prepared by Dean Price deals with soils. The text book is Brooks' "Soils," which costs one dollar and twenty-five cents. If six or more copies are ordered at the same time a discount of twenty per cent is secured. For reference works, Roberts' "Fertility of the Land," one dollar and twenty-five cents; King's "Soil," one dollar and twenty-five cents; King's "Irrigation and Drainage," one dollar and fifty cents, and Vivian's "Principles of Manuring," twenty-five cents, have been selected. The term's work is divided into eighteen lessons, and each lesson is followed with a quiz. The reference works may be secured, as long as the number lasts, from the traveling library. It is not necessary to have them to prosecute the work, but it is desirable. These are standard works, and will be for several years yet. They are books that every farmer should own. They are far more likely to be carefully read if used in connection with this work, when the mind is directed toward the question, than otherwise. I will quote a discount to the granges desiring to purchase these books. The outline has received the commendation of educators, and is worthy the attention of every ambitious farmer.

Owing to the fact that preventable diseases are taking off many of our most promising and helpful people—diseases that might be controlled—and that there are many who suffer continuously, whose power of earning and appreciation of happiness are diminished because the faculties are dwarfed by weakness that might be overcome, it was thought best to take up the first term's work for women along the line that will aid in correcting these tendencies. The outline was prepared by the writer, and deals with the sanitary arrangement of the house, including lessons on drainage, ventilation and sanitary arrangements in general. The text book in this is Ellen H. Richards' "Home Sanitation," price twenty-five cents; no discount. References, Burrage's "School Sanitation and Decoration," one dollar and twenty-five cents; Waring's "How to Drain a House," one dollar and twenty-five cents. Discounts on both of the latter. Every school district in the land should have "School Sanitation and Decoration." In addition to this, Doctor Probst, secretary of the state board of health, will prepare three bulletins for this work dealing with tuberculosis, contagious diseases and the county health officer.

Order all books through the superintendent. All inquiries should likewise be directed to her. She will refer them to the proper authorities for answer.

The following is a plan whereby members may do the work while contributing to the regular literary programme: Let some member of the class be prepared at each meeting to give a paper or talk dealing with the lesson of the day. This will constitute one part of the regular programme, and insure good material for each meeting. Let all, whether members of the class or not, take part in the discussions.

◈

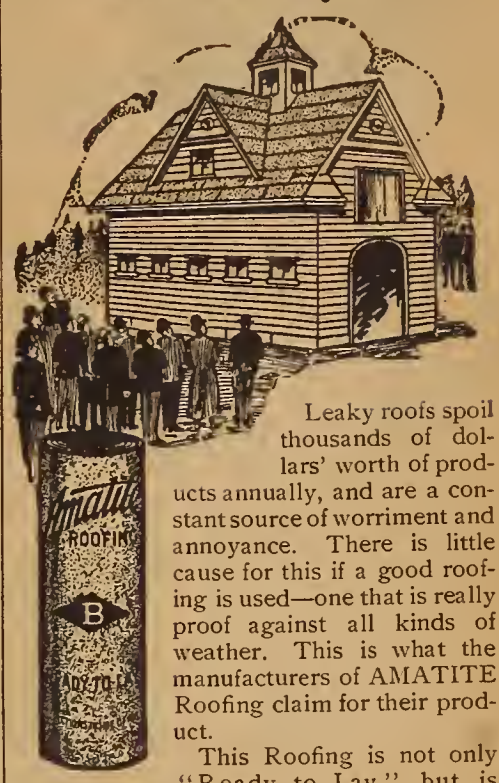
The Passing of Mrs. Derthick

After a year of the most intense suffering Mrs. Perlea M., wife of Hon. F. A. Derthick, passed away August 8th, in the fifty-ninth year of her age. She was born at Hiram, educated there, and there lived, and within three miles of the place, all her life. She was a member of the Disciple Church, and lived a beautiful and consistent life, loved by all who knew her. Owing to her own hospitable nature and the distinguished position occupied by her husband, her friends were drawn from all walks of life. Her hospitality was generous and gracious, her welcoming smile sincere. A spirit of peace and gentleness hovered about her home that was like a benediction to those so fortunate as to be under her roof. She was possessed of great fortitude. During her long illness, when the pain was almost beyond endurance in its severity, she was yet patient and resigned. Her faith in the goodness and mercy of God never faltered. She was appreciative of all that was done to alleviate her sufferings, though she knew that nothing could save her. She never lost her interest in the family circle, and was solicitous to the end. Herself unable to converse, she desired those about her to talk to and with her. She retained her mental faculties to the last. Hers was a remarkable memory, and it retained the best thoughts. She was a wide reader and an excellent traveler, for she knew all the incidents which distinguished a place above others. Though an invalid, she yet insisted on accompanying her husband to Portland to the National Grange meeting. Her suffering was great at that time, yet she bore it uncomplainingly, and took a deep interest in all that went on around her. She was averse to making any one "trouble," as she called it. Her interest in all that was helpful to humanity was ready. Especially was this shown in the grange and church. I visited her last spring, and though she was suffering greatly, she discussed the great problems confronting the grange, and expressed her hope and interest in the betterment of the condition of the farmer.

She died surrounded by her family and loving friends who had known her a lifetime. The simple and beautiful grange burial ceremony was used. Mantua Center Grange lined and decorated the grave. Many beautiful floral pieces were sent by societies and individuals, who thus sought to pay a last tribute to a loved and honored woman.

I will attempt no panegyric. The simple truth of her helpful, cheerful life is the highest praise. She found life glad, beautiful, rich in promise, full of performance. If she believed a thing to be right she went straight to it, neither swerving to the right nor the left. Her simple directness and her devotion to her ideals have made it easier for those who have come in contact with her to adhere to their own, to follow the path that leads to the highest and best. Such lives increase our belief and hope in goodness and truth. "Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men. They make the earth wholesome. Our religion is the love and cherishing of these Patrons." Who can set bounds to the influence of a good woman? It reaches beyond the limits of her own neighborhood and time, and becomes a power in shaping the destinies of other people and times. The life of the woman we mourn to-day was a manifestation of that beautiful strength which makes for the highest and best development of humankind and keeps alive our hope and faith in the ultimate perfection of humanity. She sleeps, but her influence is at work, and will work throughout all time.

No More Leaky Roofs



Leaky roofs spoil thousands of dollars' worth of products annually, and are a constant source of worriment and annoyance. There is little cause for this if a good roofing is used—one that is really proof against all kinds of weather. This is what the manufacturers of AMATITE Roofing claim for their product.

This Roofing is not only "Ready to Lay," but is coated and mineral surfaced at the time of manufacture, so that after being nailed in place on the roof it requires no further attention in the way of painting, coating or repairs for many years.

Ever since the day of Noah, Pitch has been used to resist water. Water is absolutely powerless against it. Thus, an AMATITE Roof, which consists of two layers of Pitch between sheets of tough felt, with a *mineral surface* on top, is absolutely waterproof, and most attractive in appearance. Not only is it water, wind and weather proof, but it is also a *fire retardant*, and will not take fire from sparks or embers falling on its surface.

No skilled labor is required to lay AMATITE; any man can do the work by simply following the instructions which come with each roll. Enough nails and cement are supplied free to complete the job.

Of importance to buyers—AMATITE is also the *lowest-priced* mineral surfaced Ready Roofing made.

Readers of this magazine who are interested in a good Roofing will do well to write to the manufacturers of AMATITE for a *Free Sample*.

The Sample is not large, but it will give a very good idea of what you may expect before investing your money.

The manufacturers are one of the largest and most reputable concerns in the country, and any claim of theirs can be relied upon.

We suggest writing to-day for the Sample to the nearest office. Address Barrett Manufacturing Company, at any of the following Cities:

New York, Chicago, Allegheny, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Minneapolis, New Orleans or St. Louis.

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That is Horse High, Bull Strong, Pig-chicken tight.

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At less than dealers' price and we pay the Freight.

Our Catalogue tells how Wire is made, how Wire is galvanized,—why some is good and some bad. You should have this information. Write for Catalogue.

KITSELMAN BROTHERS, Box 272, Muncie Indiana.

A Page of Pokes

By GEO. F. BURBA

PEOPLE are always making fun of the bull that tried to butt the locomotive off the track. They refer to it as a foolish creature that tried to impede the march of progress—something that cannot be done, they say. They point, mentally, to the picture of the deceased bovine, rigid by the side of the track, and to the train speeding on its way. No one gives the bull credit for anything but stubbornness, and no one for a moment gives the old fellow credit for any sentimental ideas of his own about this civilization—ideas that might have made death welcome.

As a matter of fact, there are a whole lot of bulls who do not take kindly to the modern tendencies, and while they are knocked off the track, and left bruised and dead beside the track, it may be some satisfaction to them to know that they at least jarred a little the train that struck them—taking it for granted that a dead bull is capable of taking satisfaction at anything.

Take, for instance, these old folks' homes and the county infirmaries and the asylums for harboring aged and infirm people and the orphanages and the like. A mighty part of civilization, you say. Monuments to man's humanity, you claim, and to his anxiety to aid the unfortunate. They were built by secret societies and churches and taxpayers, out of the goodness that grows within us—signboards on the road of progress showing the betterment of the race. The man who would dare raise his voice against them would be more foolish than the bull, and deader in a few days, perhaps, but still—

There ought not to be any use for such institutions. There is a use for them—that is not denied—but there ought not to be. And there was not for the first few thousands of years in the history of the race. They exist now not so much for the benefit of those within them as for the convenience of those without. It is the easiest and most inexpensive way of getting rid of the very young and the very old—the undesirable—when they are not our own. They are in the way, these young and old, and so a great stone stack is erected, it is dignified by the name of "home," and, presto! we point with pride to our good works. Maybe good old Saint Peter up above smiles and loosens up the locks on the gates in anticipation, and maybe he doesn't.

Man is the most egotistical mule on the farm. He will pat himself on the back oftener and give himself more credit than anything as yet invented. Every time a bat flies between him and the moon he thinks it spites the moon. He plants a handful of seed, and the winds and the rain and the sunshine cause them to multiply, and man gathers the crop, and says, "Behold what I have raised!" He struts like a peacock without having the purple glory of the peacock's feathers. He writes books setting forth what he knows, when he can't answer the questions asked him by his six-year-old son. He laments the ignorance of the savages, and calls it darkness, and his own ideas he calls light. He claims partnership with Deity in owning the earth, and will not even admit that he is only a tenant. He prates about the Golden Rule while dedicating these infirmaries, and secretly prays that some way may be found to enable him and his to forever escape being inmates of such things. In short, man is a cyclone in his own estimation, and less than a whirlwind in the minds of others.

There is no substitute for the home. Call it by any name you please, if it is not a home it is a prison, or, at most, a camp where one can sit within the shade until the angel beckons. That it is better to occupy a place in one of these great institutions than to be battered about from pillar to post there is no question, but—here comes the engine, and there may soon be a dead bull.

◈

This is the age when the mulley cow stands as much chance with the beef trust as the cow with horns—and no more.

◈

Had you noticed how few cow snake stories have been printed this season? People are not drinking so much this summer.

◈

A man never fully appreciates his wife until he is compelled to put his property into her hands to keep his creditors from getting it.

◈

The man who can invent something that will entertain the children without driving the parents to nervous prostration has a fortune.

◈

It would seem that the ice is softer away from home than at home. That is, we know a lot of people who cut considerable ice away from home who do not cut any at home.

A man never realizes what a dirty world this is until he puts on a pair of white trousers.

◈

After a fellow has established a reputation for being witty, everything he says is funny.

◈

A mule, like some white folks, has more illustrious ancestors than he will ever have descendants.

◈

When a man can't think of any other excuse for his foolish habits he says they are necessary for relaxation.

◈

Because the boy and girl sitting upon the porch in the twilight do not talk as you pass is no sign they are dumb.

◈

There is so much to see in the world at this season of the year one hates to go in the house and leave it on the outside.

◈

Where there are more than two boys in a family the mother can pick out one that is going to be a great man because he loves books.

◈

Before a man achieves fame people accuse him of stealing his wise expressions. After he has achieved fame they credit him with a good many wise things he never dreamed of.

◈

Strange that it never occurred to the reformers who are working on the divorce evil that being late to meals is the seat of the trouble, since it spoils the wife's disposition and the husband's digestion.

◈

SOMETHING about September that gets mighty close to a fellow. Seems to have been created for a bridge for the seasons, connecting summer with fall, a span across which fairies trail with their paints and brushes. Neither hot nor cold, the September days were just thrown in by Nature to fill up, a gentle gift in memory of the days that have gone before, a souvenir of summer time and a reminder of the days to come.

August can be defined. It had a burning purpose. It was constant as a woman's love. October means business from the start. It is the month of months for gorgeous beauty. It crimps and curls and tends to business every day. It is serious, as maturity should be, but not bitter or revengeful. August and October are as dissimilar as the blonde and the brunette, yet each a subtle factor in the romance of the seasons. September, standing between the two, throwing a parting kiss from the tips of her fingers to the erstwhile golden harvests, and nodding a pleasant greeting to the blushing fall—September is a flirt, yet innocent as a schoolgirl who slips the note between the pages of the book that he who finds may yearn.

Lacking the fickleness of May and the firmness of December, neither giddy as a maiden nor austere as a matron, not as ardent as youth nor as constant as age, September stands forth with love and hope in either hand, sublime, congenial, knowing. It is the first rest after the heat of the harvest. It is the last rest before the biting combat with winter's gales. Like a young mother, she knows the secret of devotion; she is of the future and the past. She fans the fevered brow of the gatherers of the grain, and she warms the chilly fingers of the boy who feeds the cows. She does not blow and brag and bluster. She is not vain, with all of her gorgeousness. She is not conceited. She sits upon an undisputed throne—our gracious queen.

◈

We are willing to accept the judgment of a small boy as to the kindness of grown folks.

◈

Ever notice that the bigger the drops of rain the further apart they are? Just like men.

◈

Don't know whether you've noticed it or not, but it seems like the less a fellow can sing the more he tries.

◈

A just man will walk as far out of his way to exchange a spool of thread for his wife as to take a drink with a friend.

◈

Man has made a lot of fun of woman's judgment, but he seems mightily pleased when she has decided upon him.

◈

Some men are so snappy when they are out with their wives that the poor things would have had a better time at home.

◈

What a difference it would make in the appearance of the world if everybody thought their pictures were about to be taken.

◈

If every man tried to answer for himself on Monday the prayers he made on Sunday the world would be a good deal better.

◈

An exchange asks what credit it is to inherit wealth. It may not be any credit, but the man who inherits wealth does not have to ask credit.

◈

As a general proposition, when a fellow gives as a reason for doing wrong that he needed the money, he doesn't consider that the other fellow had any needs.

◈

An investment that will help the people by enabling them to help themselves is more charitable than a reckless distribution of money would be. It would be more generous a thousand times to pay higher wages and accumulate less than to pay small wages and then build a library.

SUNDAY may not be made out of material that is different from the material out of which the rest of the week is made, but it seems like it. Daylight breaks a little differently, the sun doesn't come up just the same, and the clouds loaf around in the sky as they do not the other six days. The breeze is softer, the shadows thicker, the temperature is more congenial and the moonlight mellower than at any other time. Memory and superstition and early training and habit—they all enter into the compensation of this day of days, this Sabbath, and they take hold of a fellow and jam him down in a corner, as it were, and keep him there until he is soaked full of sentiment.

Just think of it—one seventh of your life has been made up of Sundays, and yet about six sevenths of the things worth remembering happened in that one seventh. Not because they have always been good things are they worth remembering, but because they left a beautiful tinge that is good. There are the times you sneaked away and went in swimming, or with the dogs chased rabbits through the thickets, or made traps. Those were naughty things to do on Sunday, and mother was opposed to it, and you sneaked in to the supper table as guiltily as if you had been stealing horses, and still they are worth recollecting. The mud balls you threw at your companions, the knots you tied in their clothes, the jokes you played upon them and had played upon yourself—all go to make up a golden frame for the picture of the past, painted on a Sunday.

If it were not for Sundays there would be but few marriages in the world. Even you toothless old fellows who have followed the plow these many summers; you who have met life face to face and fought it a fair fight; you who have toiled day in and day out and watched your family grow up and flit away from the nest you provided; you who have walked in the shadow as well as in the sunshine; you who have stood by the bier of loved ones and whispered prayers of hope and murmured forgivenesses—you have not forgotten the Sundays that have come and gone, although you may recall but few week days. You can go back to the Sunday when She was young and fair, she with whom you have spent so many Sundays. It was on a Sunday night that you told her that you loved her, as great big lumps came into your throat and all the heat of the midday sun mounted to your face. You have not forgotten—you have not forgotten! Nor has she—she who has stood by you all the days that have come and gone, she whose presence has compensated for the devastation of flood and drought that have visited you, she who has been a ministering angel when ministering angels have been scarce—she remembers, also. She sees through a vista of tears and smiles a Sunday when you planted a little seed in her heart, which seed has grown into a tree of affection, bearing sacrifices and consolations.

Ah, Sunday is the only thing the world exists for. Without it we would be a band of savages—or worse. Blot it out, and the memory of the things that have happened that day, and human history would have to be written—and would then be worthless. Try to get along without it, and you are trying to get along without the one thing that was built for pleasure—for your pleasure and the world's.

◈

Better look pleasant all the time. Can't tell who is watching you.

◈

When a bee wants honey he doesn't go into a flower sting foremost.

◈

Seems like the longer the day, the less inclination a fellow has to work.

◈

Don't forget that it is as necessary to have a little sunshine within as without.

◈

Patriotism consists of being for your own dog, whether he is underneath or on top.

◈

It is not becoming to speak lightly of another man's religion nor of your own lack of it.

◈

No man can be supremely happy until he can say, "I'm glad it turned out just as it did."

◈

Wonder if the girls ever stop to think that out of the dozens of fellows who are "just a-dying for them" none ever do?

◈

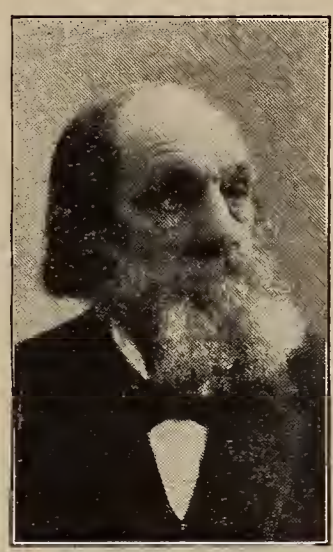
As Henry always said: "You can't tell what a fellow is worth to the township by looking at the tax books."

Around the Fireside

Eighty-Two Years Young

We have no more remarkable example of mental and physical vigor in the old than that which is afforded by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who is now in his eighty-third year, whose days are filled with work, and who is saying cheerily to the men and women of the world,

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be—
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned;
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!' "


EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The keynote in the life of this great writer, reformer, philanthropist and preacher has been cheerfulness, combined with a belief in the value and necessity of work in every man's life. That he has been industrious is evidenced by the fact that he has written more than fifty books, preached many hundreds of sermons, been active along many lines of philanthropic effort, and given a helping hand to his fellowmen in all his long journey down the years.

Some one asked Doctor Hale not long ago how he managed to do so much work at his time of life, and he said in reply, "The simple truth is that any child of God who in any adequate way believes that he can partake of the divine nature knows that he has strength enough for any business that leads the right way. That is what helps to bring God's kingdom into the world. If you are working with Aladdin's lamp or with Monte Cristo's treasures you are apt to think that you will fail. When people talk to me, therefore, about optimism or good spirits or expecting success, if I know them well enough I say that I am promised infinite power to work with, and that whenever I have trusted fairly and squarely I have found that the promise is true."

Doctor Hale is one among many hundreds and thousands of men and women who have found that God keeps all of his promises, and who believe that all power and blessing are from him.

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston on the third day of April, in the year 1822, and his eightieth birthday was celebrated in a notable way by the people of Boston. The city's great new Music Hall was packed to the doors on the evening of April 3d, the audience including some of the most noted men and women in the United States; for America loves to pay honor to its men and women whose lives have been full of achievement. When a boy Edward Everett Hale attended the famous old Latin School, and from there he went to Harvard College. When the academic prizes, or "deturs," were given to the winners of these honors last fall Doctor Hale made the address, and he showed the prize winners and the great audience a "detur" he had received at Harvard sixty years ago. He had received his prize for a paper written in Latin, and he said, with a twinkle in his eye, that his "detur" had been given to him for a composition written "in a language of which I knew nothing and on a topic of which I knew less."

It is thought by many that Doctor Hale's story "The Man Without a Country" is one of the finest short stories ever written in our country. It is a story every young person should read, because no one can read it without increased respect and love for one's own native land.

Doctor Hale has made his famous motto the rule of his own life:

Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand.

This old world of ours is a better and cheerier place than it would have been had not Edward Everett Hale always been so willing to "lend a hand" to the thousands who have asked his help. His has been a life of industry, of fidelity to what he believed to be his duty, of kindliness and cheeriness, and he is having his reward in a serene and happy old age.

J. L. Harbour.

A Truly Remarkable Woman

Born three days after the birth of the late Queen Victoria, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has sometimes been not inaptly referred to as the "American queen." She is certainly a very fine type of American womanhood, and one whom the people of Boston delight to honor. She is now in her eighty-seventh year. A large and brilliant birthday reception was given for Mrs. Howe on the occasion of her eighty-sixth birthday in Boston on the twenty-seventh of last May. The reception was given by the Authors' Club, of which Mrs. Howe is president. Each member of the club contributed an original quatrain to the occasion, and one member, referring to Mrs. Howe's usefulness at an age twenty-six years beyond the time of usefulness set by Professor Osler, wrote this quatrain:

"O wise Professor Osler, where are you now?
Just fare this way, and look at Mrs. Howe,
And say, 'I take it all back, and I confess
There's no age limit to a woman's charm and usefulness.' "

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

Mrs. Howe seems to have found the Fountain of Youth, and it is certain that she has never grown old in spirit. President of several clubs in Boston, she never fails to preside at the meetings of all of them. She delivers addresses at all sorts of meetings and conventions, and now and then preaches in the Unitarian Church, of which she is a member. She is seen a great deal in the social world of Boston, and no woman in that city can equal her as toastmistress at a dinner. Age has not dulled the edge of her keen but always kindly wit, and her poems of occasion are sure to be running over with merriment.

Boston audiences never tire of hearing Mrs. Howe tell the circumstances attending her writing of her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and she is asked to tell the brief story and recite the hymn on all sorts of patriotic occasions in Boston. She recited the hymn in a most impressive manner at an authors' reading in Boston not long ago in the early spring, and the presiding officer of the occasion said in introducing her that she was three days older than Queen Victoria would have been were she living; whereupon Mrs. Howe said, on rising to her feet, "Your presiding officer has made a little mistake. I am three days younger, instead of three days older, than Queen Victoria. Modesty kept me from putting in an appearance in advance of the queen."

From her earliest womanhood Mrs. Howe has been a woman of affairs, and one interested in the growing good of the world. She has been interested in many of the world's most helpful and beautiful philanthropies. She aided her famous husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, in his great work of establishing some of the first schools for the blind in our country. They worked together in the education of the famous Laura Bridgman. They went abroad with that other great educator and philanthropist, Horace Mann, when he and his wife went to Europe to study methods of teaching the deaf and dumb. The Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, one of the greatest schools for the blind in the world, was established by them.

The story of the writing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is a simple one. Mr. and Mrs. Howe were in Washington, and one day, in company with Rev. James Freeman Clarke, rode out to the suburbs of the city to witness a review of the troops. The troops sang war songs on the way home, and among others they sang, with great spirit, "John Brown's Body Lies Moldering in the Grave." Mr. Clarke remarked to Mrs. Howe that he wished that she or some one else would write better and more appropriate words for the song. Mrs. Howe awoke before daylight the next morning, and the words of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" began to suggest themselves to her. She got up and wrote them hastily with a lead pencil, little dreaming that in the years of her extreme old age she would be asked again and again to tell how she came to write this immortal song.

Morris Wade.

The Hall of Lady Wentworth

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great highroad,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and Colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer windows everywhere—
Pandean pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimneypieces, where, on brazen dogs,
Reveled and roared the Christmas fires of logs.
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages and flights of stairs,
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths, with old Scripture names.
Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt.

Those of you who have read Longfellow's delightful "Tales of a Wayside Inn" will without doubt recall this description of the mansion of which Martha Hilton, the servant maid, became mistress when old Governor Wentworth defied his family, public opinion and the recognized canons of propriety by espousing the pretty Martha, who made him a good wife.

The mansion,

"Baronial and Colonial in its style,"

in which all this happened is still to be seen on the outskirts of the quaint old town of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. It is a rambling old house of many rooms—indeed, it is said that when the somewhat rollicking Governor Benning Wentworth lived there the house had fifty-two rooms. He was a man of large fortune. As one of the royal governors of New Hampshire he entertained lavishly and was the first man in the community. He had his personal guard, and we are told that it was his ambition to have a wine cellar equal, if not superior, to that of any other man in the province. A widower and childless in his later years, the governor soon let it be known that he did not propose to remain unmated. In those days it was not regarded as any reflection on a man to take unto himself a second wife within four or five months of the death of his wife—indeed, it was looked upon as something of a compliment to the first wife for a widower to speedily marry again, thereby implying that he had found the marriage relation to be a very happy one.

Governor Wentworth at first paid his addresses to a young woman in Portsmouth who was in every way adapted to fill the exalted position to which this marriage with the governor would have lifted her; but she would have none of him, her affections having been already fixed on a handsome and gallant but poor young man in the town. It is said that the governor was so piqued by her refusal of him that he had his successful rival kidnapped and carried off to sea. Then the governor awoke to the fact that he had an extremely pretty girl in his own house in the person of Martha Hilton, who had been for a number of years one of his servants. Martha, amazed though she must have been, did not turn a deaf ear to a wooer old enough to be her grandfather, and then came the wedding, which was one of the most remarkable affairs in the history of romance in New Hampshire.

Keeping his matrimonial intentions to himself, the governor invited all the distinguished people in the town to a grand dinner in his fine mansion. Among the guests was the Rev. Arthur Brown, rector of the Episcopal Church. When all the guests had arrived the governor whispered to a servant, who retired, and in a moment Martha Hilton, magnificently dressed in bridal robes, appeared. The governor met her with a stately bow, and turning to the rector, said, "Mr. Brown, I wish you to marry me."

"To—to—to—whom?" asked the dazed rector, while some of the guests were pale with excitement.

"To this lady, sir," replied the governor, as he took the blushing Martha by the hand.

The rector looked from one to the other of the guests as if asking advice, until the governor gave his head a toss, and said, as one having authority, "Sir, as the governor of his majesty's province of New Hampshire I command you to marry me to this lady."

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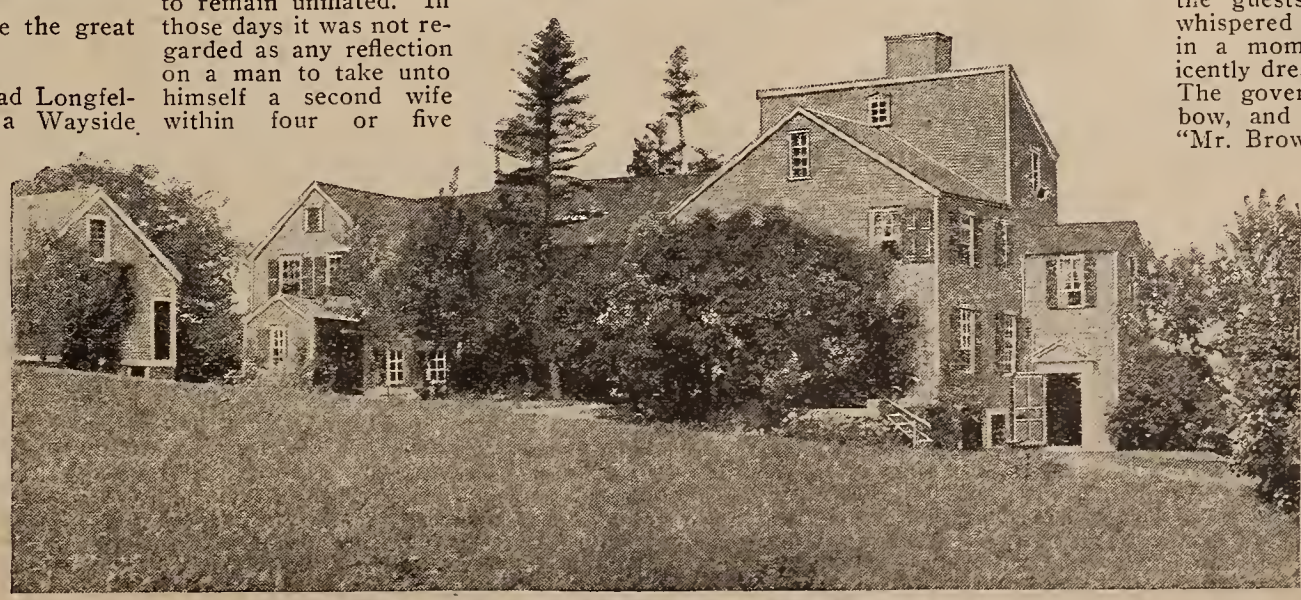

FAMOUS OLD WENTWORTH HALL, AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

The Housewife

Financial Training in the Home

NOWADAYS it seems expected that the teaching of the children should be done outside the home; that the public school should teach not merely common-school subjects, but cooking and sewing, agriculture and the use of tools, and the Sunday school attend to all the moral and religious training. But there is one subject, and one of great importance, too, which neither day school nor Sunday school has yet placed on its programme. It is one in which a training for the child, and often for the parent, also, is more needed every year, as habits of waste and foolish expenditure gain constantly upon the nation—practical personal finance, the right use of money.

This is certainly a subject of vital importance, as it concerns the living of the child and those afterward dependent on him. In the home and in youth is the time to teach this right use of money, and that it be taught to a young person is of far more consequence than whether or not he masters algebra or music. If the young man has not enough ability to rightly administer his earnings, the power to gain money is of comparatively little use to him; for a small income wisely used is better than great fortune in the hands of a fool or spendthrift.

The parents themselves may not have very clear ideas about financial training, but life must have taught them something; they should be at least a little further on the road to wisdom than their child, and could give him some instruction, instead of doing as the parents of to-day so often do, give him all the money they can spare. The indulgence of a child is a very poor substitute for training.

Let us consider what could be done to train young people in the use of money. The very first thing should be that the boy has a sum of money for his own use, and then he should be obliged to keep account of all his expenditures. This sum—allowance, if you please—may be very small, for the careful expenditure of even ten cents a week can teach much, and the small sum paid regularly and as regularly accounted for will be worth much more for instruction in the art of spending money than a larger amount handed over irregularly when the boy asks for some cash. Comparatively few parents will "bother" with an allowance, preferring to give money only when it is teased out of them, which, of course, is sure to come to a larger sum in the year than a liberal allowance.

A little trouble ought not, however, to count in the balance with the real interests of the boy. Talk the matter over, father and mother, and settle on the sum to be paid; tell the boy of the decision, and make him understand that he is to have nothing more for spending money, no matter how hard he may tease; that if he uses up the sum, and then wants some treat, he must go without; that he must get his candy, his playthings, etc., from this amount; that he must not exceed it and run in debt; also that he must keep a faithful account and submit it at least every month for inspection. With this arrangement made, it should be possible to teach practically the essential principles of the use of money. Show the boy that spending money, like spending time, is a matter of choices. When John brings his account for inspection, the wise father or mother will make very clear its lessons.

"John, you have been getting twenty-five cents a week. I remember you were very anxious to go to the circus, yet I find you did not go. Why not?"

"I spent my money, and so I couldn't buy a ticket."

"Yes? Let us see what you spent it for. Ah! at least ten cents a week for candy, a number of sodas, etc. Sit down, my boy, and add up all such items. I want you to know how much they amounted to."

An interval of figuring, followed by a report from John.

"Sixty cents? That would have taken you to the circus. It is more than half your allowance for the month. Now, I expect, of course, you will spend some money for sweets—it would be a strange boy who would not—but as you have plenty to eat at home, and your mother does not grudge you cakes and cookies, half of your income for goodies is too large a proportion. You will find that if you need to save for some special treat these are the items to strike out, for candy and peanuts are not necessities. There is an excursion to Big Harbor next month. There will be boating and fishing, and the ticket will be within your reach if you give up some of these sweets you are so fond of. But you see you must choose whether you will let your money slip away a nickel at a time, or whether you will get some of the bigger pleasures from it."

Here is the father's opportunity to teach foresight, saving to meet future wants, self-denial and the exercise of good judgment and will power.

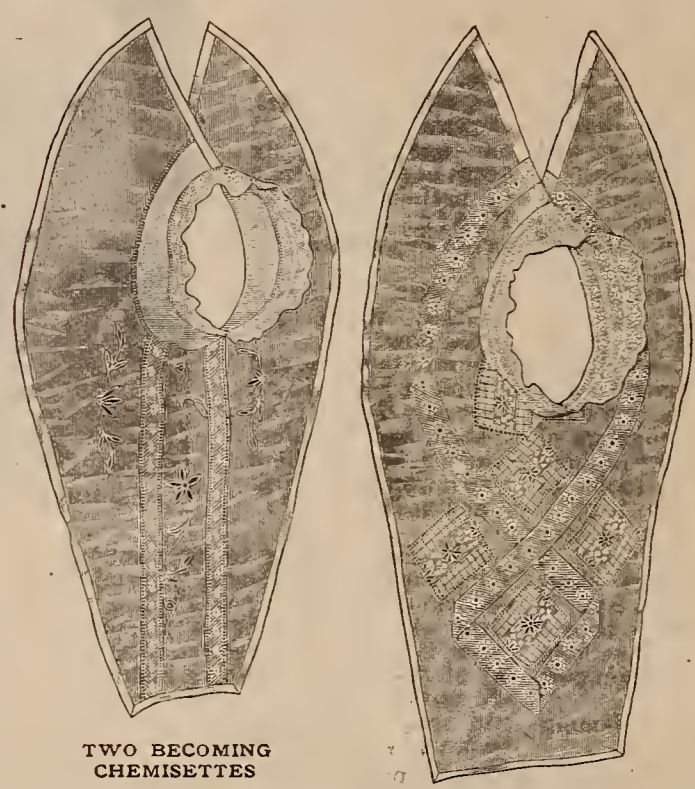
Another important lesson is involved—the cumulative power of little. A penny to-day and a nickel to-morrow seem of no consequence to the boy, but how soon the dollar is gone! The woeful extravagance of the children of to-day is largely due to an utter failure to comprehend these two facts: One cannot with one dollar buy two different dollars' worth, but, on the contrary, buy this, and you cannot have that; and secondly, that saving the littles will put the greater wish within one's grasp. Good foundations for the man's fortune will be laid when his father has taught the boy these two truths. They can be taught, and they ought to be taught to every boy, and also to every girl.

Girls need the allowance and the account book as much as boys. Girls enjoy having a definite sum instead of having to ask for every penny, and those who are inclined to foolish and extravagant expenditures are curbed by the systematic account. As the extravagant woman is but the extravagant girl grown up, this is certainly preventive work. As women are so largely intrusted with the expenditures of the family, they need training with small sums before they are intrusted with large administration. It is often true that the women of a family show better grasp of financial matters than do the men. This is largely because they are used to detail, and do not regard small things beneath their notice, as a man might. It is the small things that count.

One other point should be touched upon. When the boy becomes a wage-earner young, while he is still a part of the family life, he has evidently passed beyond the allowance stage. Probably he pays a small sum to his parents for his board, and the rest of his wages is at his own disposal. Now is the time when he should learn the rule of necessities first, incidentals afterward. We have all seen grown persons who have never learned this. With them it is "Give me the luxuries of life, and I will do without the necessities." Women of this type wear expensive clothes and starve their families, and the men buy choice cigars when they are short of car fare. Such people are found among families considered well-to-do, and also among the very poor. The story is familiar of the destitute woman who spent the five dollars given her for her starving family in having their photographs taken. The habit of foolish expenditure can seldom be corrected in mature life. Young people are the ones that must be trained.

Surely there is work enough here suggested for the parent. It is work which will give great returns in the increased usefulness and happiness of the young person who is fortunate enough to receive such a valuable training.

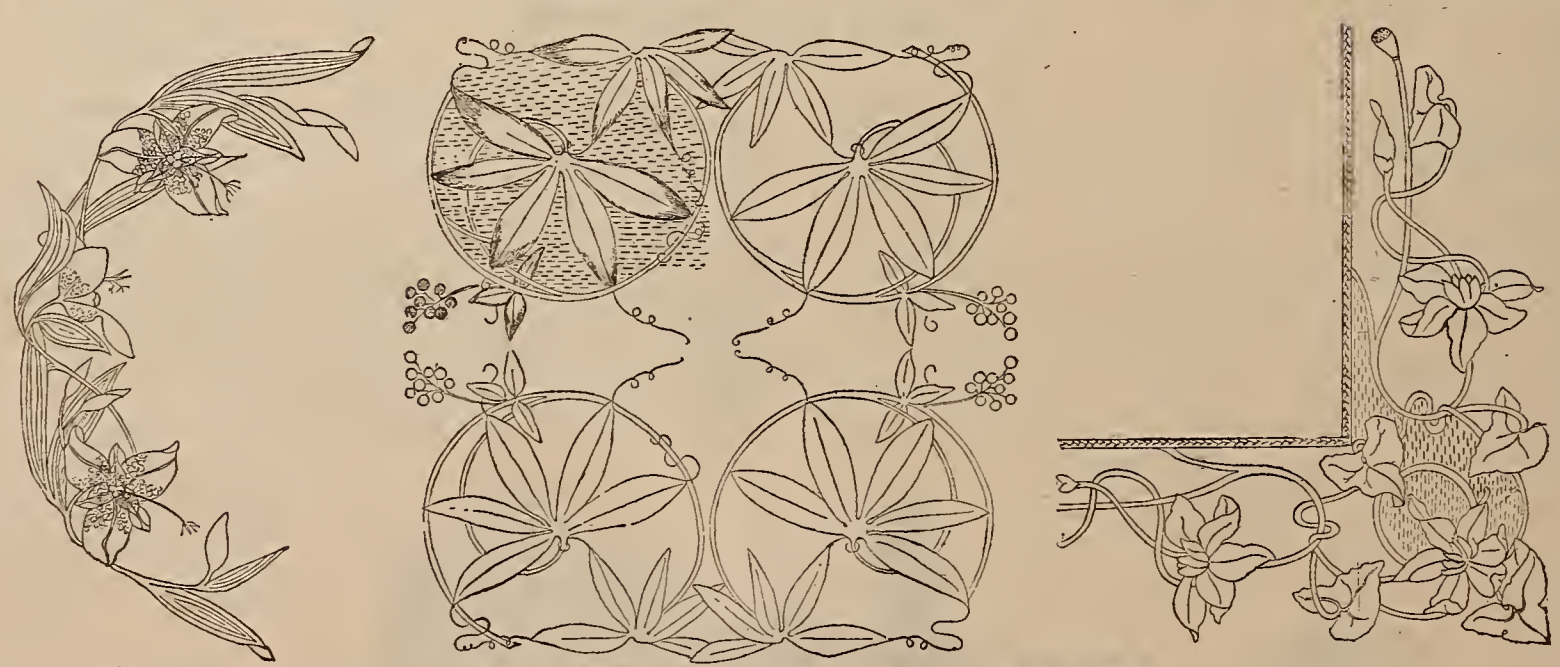
AMELIA H. BOTSFORD.



TWO BECOMING CHEMISETTES

Chemisettes

Milady's toilet is not complete in this day without several of these becoming accessories to a dainty apparel. Embroidery of all kinds, laces and tucking are ofttimes combined in one article, two very tasty styles being illustrated on this page, one of white lawn, with square medallions of work and Valenciennes lace insertion, the other French embroidery and Valenciennes lace on very sheer mull.



HUCKABACK EMBROIDERY IN CUSHIONS AND TABLE COVERS

Huckaback Embroidery in Cushions and Table Covers

Huckaback embroidery does not differ materially from other long-and-short-stitch embroidery, but the material on which it is worked and the manner of handling it is quite distinct, the raised threads of the huckaback affording an opportunity for darning which gives the background a lovely silky sheen. The silk is run under the raised threads, which are about three sixteenths of an inch apart in straight rows, and as the threads of the huckaback are an exact distance apart, the darning is beautifully even and true, as it could not be were the spacing dependent on the eye of the worker. The darning is put in after the design is worked, filling all of the space not covered by the embroidery. Probably the quickest method of handling this part of the work is to pin the work to the knee and run the needle along, taking as many stitches as practicable, the second finger of the left hand being passed along the under side of the work with sufficient pressure at each stitch to slightly raise the threads so that the needle may pass under readily.

Tan huckaback furnishes the most useful background. Cream or unbleached is likewise good, and the white may be used for a work that calls for a white background, as blue and white, green and white, yellow and white, or red and white.

WOODBINE DESIGN FOR CUSHION.—This simple and effective design for a cushion should be within the ability of the worker of quite limited experience. It may be developed in the green tones of the summer foliage, in autumn tints, or in conventional tones of green, or in shades of brown on the tan huckaback. If it is desired to carry out the green of the summer foliage, the leaves may be tinted with a green composed of King's yellow and Prussian blue; the most minute quantity of the latter, in light chrome green, lightened and warmed with King's yellow, should be used for the lighter tints, while raw sienna and green and raw sienna and Prussian blue should be used for the darker. A lighter, whiter tint occurs at the base of the petals; the berries are a deep blue or purple, with a bluish bloom, and should be worked in padded satin stitch. Work the tips of the leaves three rows deep with long-and-short stitch, using the lightest shade at the tips, and continue the long-and-short stitch into an outline stitch at the base. Darn the background with a single thread of Roman floss of the same shade as the huckaback. Finish the cushion with a shaded green ribbon ruffle four and one half inches wide. The India Royal silk can be used to good advantage on this pillow, the leaves being worked with this, and the veins and stems in plain dark green.

LOTUS DESIGN FOR TABLE COVER.—This beautiful design may be worked on tan or gray huckaback, the blossoms being tinted cream color and worked at the tips and sides with rose color, the color growing fainter toward the base, where it is lost in the cream color. The leaves are tinted a bluish green, tender and delicate in the high lights and darker in the shadows. The embroidery follows the color of the tints, the veins being worked in after the long-and-short stitch. The buds are tinted rose, and are worked with a deeper rose from the tip down. The stems show touches of burnt sienna in the shadows, and may be simply tinted and outlined or worked solid in outline or long-and-short stitch. The under side of the curves are shaded darker, and the outside of the curves or convex surfaces lighter, than the straight portions of the stems. The seed pods are worked in pale yellowish green or greenish maize, the seeds being indicated by French knots of a darker shade. The design should be darned with a soft grayish-green thread, and the cover finished with a one-and-one-fourth-inch hem, headed with a row of rose-colored silk feather stitch between parallel rows of outline stitch in green. Similar rows of embroidery define the upper border of the design. Shades of brown on tan huckaback will produce a very handsome cover, and the design may be applied to any desired fabric, the wool canvas or duck being especially desirable where an elegant cover is to be wrought. Green princess cloth, which much resembles huckaback, may be selected for a green room.

TABORET COVER ON HUCKABACK.—Lavender tigridias on tan huckaback comprise the motif for this attractive cover. The flowers should be tinted pale lavender, with violet spots at the base of the petals, the shell-like inner petals being pale yellow or orange spotted with violet, and the anthers, style and stigma pale green. The petals are worked in deep long-and-short stitch, with heavy outline stitch through the center of each petal; the spathe, or tube, of the flower

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 13]

The Housewife

The Storing of Bulbs During Winter

As much of the success of the summer garden must depend upon the possession of a good collection of bulbs and roots that are not hardy in the open ground during winter, but must be carried over from year to year, some method of preserving them must be devised, as the loss of these, necessitating the purchase of new bulbs each year, entails a heavy expense. Some of the summer-flowering bulbs, as the gladiolus, montbretia and ismene, are easily cared for, it being necessary only to wrap the dried bulbs in paper after they have been dug and ripened for the greater part of a day in a warm, sunny position, such as a room exposed to the full force of the sun, then store them in a paper flour sack, and hang them in any cellar that is free from frost, when they will come out in good shape in the spring.

The dahlia offers a somewhat more difficult proposition, being rather susceptible to cold, and should not be stored in a damp, cold cellar even though it may not actually freeze. But in a dry furnace cellar, or any dry cellar where the temperature does not fall below forty-five degrees, they may be safely stored buried in dry sand in a box.

But it is the stately canna that taxes the ingenuity of both the florist and amateur; indeed, I know florists who find it impossible to keep their stock of cannas later than the first of February, being then obliged to put them on the benches and start them into growth. I think one trouble with cannas is digging them too early in the fall. I find that I have much better success if I do not dig mine before Thanksgiving. Of course, where the digging is delayed that late they must be well protected in the open ground by leaves raked in a high pile around them—quite to their tips, in fact—at the first appearance of hard frost, and this protection should be reinforced, if necessary, by blankets or carpets, and no rain allowed to penetrate and wet the leaves. The most successful wintering of cannas I ever made was when I left the cannas until the last of November, and dug them out from under a foot of snow. Of course, there were other contributory circumstances which made for success. But the point I wish to emphasize is that the shorter the time the canna is out of the ground, the better for it, and where they are gathered as soon as the early frosts have spoiled the foliage they have a long season in which to deteriorate, and can generally be depended upon to make the most of it. I think I have run the gamut of the many ways available for storing cannas, and have always managed to save enough for the season's planting, but often no more. I have found, however, that if the cannas are placed on the ground under the steam pipes where they go outside the cellar, covered with earth, and watered two or three times during the winter, they may be carried through successfully, and when uncovered in April will be found with new growth beginning and the roots fresh and sound.

The caladium may also be wintered here, and though less difficult to winter than the canna, will be found in even better condition. I have wintered this root in good shape on the top of a tall cabinet in a living room, the main thing with this bulb being a rather high temperature that will preserve the center shoot alive. It is a good plan when keeping caladiums in the living room to wrap each bulb separately in tissue paper.

The fancy-leaved caladium is much harder to carry over than the elephant's-ear caladium, as it is very sensitive to cold and damp. It should be kept in the pot in which it has grown, and placed on a shelf in a warm, dry closet; or if it is necessary to remove it from the earth, it may be put in a can of dry sand. This treatment may also be resorted to in the case of tuberous begonias, gloxinias and tigridias when for any reason they must be removed from the earth in which they have been grown.

Almost any kind of summer bulb may be kept in a semidormant condition during the winter if one has a warm furnace cellar. The tritomas do better if kept alive, and will do well near a sunny window in the furnace cellar, but the root cellar is apt to be too cool and damp.

Speaking about the montbretia, it is not necessary to lift it, as it is hardy with protection, and will increase much faster and do better in every way if left undisturbed for a number of years. Even the gladiolus will under certain favorable conditions survive the rigors of winter in the open ground, but it is not a thing to be depended upon, and most, if not all, of the tender bulbs which one sometimes sees classed as hardy, with the exception of the montbretia, are better cared for in the house during the winter.

A NEW ENGLAND BANJO QUARTET—FATHER, SON AND TWO DAUGHTERS

With all the disadvantages of the poor keeping qualities of the canna, there is this to be considered: If it were as easily kept as a potato, it would soon become as common as weeds and lose much of its prestige, for we prize things in proportion as their possession becomes difficult, and the thing that is free to all is little valued by any.

Ida D. Bennett.

◈

The Fruit of the Vine

Grape Pudding Sauce.—Thicken one pint of grape juice with one tablespoonful of cornstarch, cook until perfectly smooth, and sweeten to taste. This is also very nice served instead of cream with the breakfast cereal.

Grape Juice Ice Cream.—Boil one pint of new milk with two cupfuls of granulated sugar until the latter is all dissolved; let it cool, then add it to two quarts of pure sweet cream with one cupful of grape juice; pour it into the freezer, and turn slowly until frozen, then press it into a mold, and pack in ice and salt to ripen. This makes a cream of delicious flavor, and one quite unique in its rich, beautiful color.

Grape Jelly.—Select fresh semiripe grapes, remove the stems, wash, and drain in a colander; to every eight pounds of fruit add one cupful of water, and stew in a porcelain or granite kettle until quite soft; strain through a jelly bag, and measure the juice; allow one pound of granulated sugar to each pint of juice (or an equal measure); boil the juice rapidly for twenty minutes, then add the sugar (heated in the oven), and boil three minutes longer.

Green-grape Jelly.—Wash and stem one gallon of green grapes; cover them with water, and cook until very soft; strain the juice, boil it ten minutes, add an equal measure of granulated sugar, let boil rapidly ten minutes longer, and put at once into hot jelly glasses.

Spiced Grape Jelly to Serve with Meats.—Prepare the juice as for other jelly, let it boil ten minutes, add an equal quantity of sugar, and for each quart of juice add one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of ground cloves; boil ten minutes longer, then pour into glasses.

Grape Preserves.—Wash the stemmed grapes, and remove the skins; stew the pulp in a preserving kettle until soft, then press through a sieve; mix the skins with the pulp, and measure; allow an equal measure of sugar, and just enough water to prevent scorching; simmer for fifteen minutes—do not boil, or the skins will be tough.

Grape Jam.—Prepare the grapes as for preserves. Stew the pulp until tender, press through a sieve, and put the strained pulp and skins together; add half the quantity of sugar, simmer together very slowly for twenty-five minutes, stirring frequently, as it will scorch very quickly. Seal in pint jars.

Grape Butter.—Stew ripe grapes until soft, then press through a sieve to remove the skins and seeds; to the pulp add one third as much mashed stewed apples, and as much sugar as apples; cook until thick. Seal hot. This may be spiced with cinnamon and cloves if preferred.

Mary Foster Snider.

◈

"One Wet and One Dry"

"There can be no gathering of people any more unless there is something to eat; they will soon begin to serve refreshments at prayer meeting," a lady exclaimed recently.

Perhaps we are carrying the serving of refreshments too far, but hospitality is a trait dear to the heart of the average woman. Does not each one of us feel a little nearer to the guest who has "eaten bread with me?"

If we would only learn to serve a few simple things in faultless style. That this is practical was recently proved in a town in one of our neighboring states. The town was growing rapidly. The ladies of one of the churches noticed that many of the newcomers did not seem to feel at home. They had been duly called upon, but formal calls and attendance at church did not seem to promote the friendly feeling that was desired. This was the plan adopted: Fortnightly it was announced in church and in the papers that three ladies of the congregation would entertain all those ladies who attended the church at the home of one of the three. This was called the L. U. B. A. (Let Us Become Acquainted) Circle. The invitation was general, no special ones being given; neither was any programme provided. The ladies were to bring their needlework, and pass the time in "visiting."

There was the question of refreshments. A trifle offered would promote the feeling of sociability, but care must be taken to make the expense and work of entertaining small, even when shared by three. The bill of fare was limited at each meeting to "one wet and one dry." Even with these restrictions the refreshments served were ample, as the hours were from half past two until five. Here are some of the menus: Pineapple sherbet and sweet wafers; ice cream and cake; potted ham sandwiches and coffee; pineapple ice and cake. The L. U. B. A. luncheons, while not elaborate, nevertheless filled the want and became quite popular.

Hope Daring.

◈

Huckaback Embroidery in Cushions and Table Covers

[continued from page 12]

is worked solidly in pale green, fading into violet in the petals. The leaves are a dark green, and much resemble the seed leaves of the date palm, being ribbed after the manner of that leaf. The buds are green, tinted at the tips with violet. The background may be darned with silk the same shade as the goods, with violet or with green. Other color schemes for the flowers may be adopted, white spotted with crimson, rosy pink with orange, and the like. A band of feather stitching may separate the body of the design from the center of the taboret cover if it is not desired to darn the entire background. The edge may be turned in and finished with pointed buttonhole stitch, with violet knots between each point, and may be further embellished with an edging of rich lace.

Ida D. Bennett.

NEW UNDERWEAR IDEA

People May Now Wear Dollar Garments for Fifty Cents

The readiness of the people of the United States to welcome a new idea has found fresh illustration in the reception accorded the new style of underwear which is having such an unusual sale. It is called Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear.

This underwear has the peculiarity that its name implies, combining an elastic rib on one side with a soft fleece on the other. The fleece absorbs the heat, while the rib, yielding to every motion, allows it to escape slowly, thus affording protection against chills and colds.

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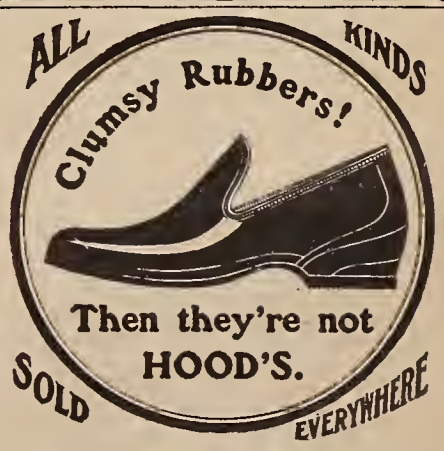

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The Young People

The Pansy's Fairy Face

ONCE upon a time a wee fairy wandered away from her home, and was lost in a deep, dark forest. She was a dainty creature, with golden hair, and violet eyes, dark and lovely. Her dress was of the filmiest gauze, shimmering in all the hues of the rainbow. Everywhere she went the flowers and insects admired her beauty and bade her welcome to their forest home.

But Fairy was sore afraid, and longed for her own home on the bank of a silvery stream. It was so still and black in the forest as night came on, and so many of the flowers folded their petals together and went to sleep. The birds ceased their singing, and the bees were nowhere to be seen. Occasionally a moth or bat darted by, or an owl called out, "Whoo, whoo, whoo-o-o!" and Fairy grew more and more frightened each time. Where was the moon mother, with all her star babies, that always watched over Fairy and her companions by the silvery stream? She must be a long, long way from home.

Fairy crept close down by a huge tree, and tried to hide in the growth about its trunk. Suddenly she heard a little voice right beside her, and peeping into the darkness, she saw a timid purple flower nestling in its bed of foliage. Pansy, for this was the flower's name, was bidding Fairy welcome, and offering to share her cozy home with her until she could return to her own.

"Thank you, dear Pansy, you are kind and good, and I will stay with you until morning."

Pansy listened to Fairy's story of her home, and was surprised to learn of all the brightness which surrounded it. Her own life had been spent in the shadow of the tree, deep in the heart of the forest. "How I would like to see the world outside the forest!" exclaimed Pansy.

All night Fairy thought of Pansy's wish, and wondered how she could help her, and finally made up her mind to take Pansy home with her.

Morning came at last, and the darkness was not so deep and heavy in the forest, so Fairy was ready to start toward her home. Receiving Pansy's permission, she dug up the flower, and wrapped it carefully in a leaf which a plantain gave her, and bravely began her journey, though little Pansy was no light burden for Fairy to carry.

Hour after hour Fairy trudged on, and at last through an opening in the trees she caught a glimpse of water sparkling in the sunlight. In another moment she was being carried off to the Queen Fairy by some of her friends who met her. Long and anxiously had they been searching for Fairy, and glad were they to see her safely home again.

Fairy told the Queen all about her adventure, and of Pansy, who had been so kind to her. She also told of Pansy's wish, and showed the sweet blossom to the Queen.

"Ah!" cried the Queen, as she looked upon the timid flower, "thou shalt have thy wish. Thou shalt go forth to bloom in every country. And though thou art already lovely, I will make thee still lovelier, for thy gentle face shall become a likeness of Fairy, and thou shalt be dressed in lines so varied, so rich and velvety that all people shall delight in thee."

And we have only to look into the upturned faces of a bed of pansies to realize how completely the Fairy Queen has kept her promise. MAE Y. MAHAFFY.

◈

Robert's Idea of Business

"What are you going to do when you grow up, Robert?" asked the visitor.

"I'm going to be a business man," said Robert. "Pop took me down to his business last week, and I'm going to be like him, and work and have a good time."

"What are you going to do in business?" asked the visitor.

"I'm going to do just like pop. I'm going to catch the car every morning, and when I get down town I'm going to light a great big cigar and sit down at my desk and say that there's so much work to do it ain't hardly any use beginning till after lunch. And then I'll go out with another big man, and we'll eat and eat until we can't eat any more, and then we'll go back to the business, and I'll ask everybody else why the work ain't done, and then I'll get so mad because nobody does anything that I'll go home early and be all tired after I get home so I can't do a thing 'cept to read the paper and smoke more great big cigars."—American Boy.

◈

Narrow Escape from a Shark

The yellow fever was raging in the city of Vera Cruz that year, and one of the large West Indian liners which arrived on a certain day was obliged to anchor off in the harbor. A small boat, known as a dingey, floated astern, and in this an active young colored boy of about fifteen was busily at work washing off the seats. The boat lurched over with a sudden dip as the boy bore his weight on one of the thwarts, and Pedro heard a warning shout from the steamer's deck just in time to give one terrified glance around and to hear a noise he knew only too well.

Without an instant's hesitation, he jumped overboard from the opposite side of the boat; for as he looked he caught sight of the jaws of a great shark, which, spying this tempting morsel of a plump little darky boy, had leaped toward the careened boat with open mouth. So vigorous was the shark's leap that as Pedro went over one side of the boat the shark flopped in at the other. Not being used to these surroundings, and missing his prey, he floundered around until his head bore down the gunwale, and he slid from the careening boat into the sea again before the people on the steamer could throw a harpoon at him. Almost as he disappeared, poor Pedro's head popped up on the opposite side of the boat, and in a terrible fright he clambered into the dingey again, as thoroughly scared a young darky as ever had a narrow escape.

Had he not thus saved himself from the man-eater, help from the steamer would have been necessary, and even then it is more than probable that the boy would not have been saved. This is a remarkable instance of the ferocity of a shark seeking his prey out of the water.—St. Nicholas.

◈

PHOTO BY MRS. N. F. CONES, COVINGTON, KY.

"BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?"

A Young Poultryman

"The poultry first, please, papa."

It was a very small boy who spoke, not more than seven or eight, and his hand had reached up to the arm of a very tall, strong-looking man. The man looked down and smiled.

"All right, sonny," he answered. "We'll go there now."

They had just entered the grounds of the state fair, and the big farmer was starting instinctively toward the long cattle sheds when he felt the protesting touch upon his arm. With a good-natured laugh he turned instead toward the poultry buildings.

"That boy's just crazy about poultry," he said to a neighboring farmer who had joined them; "gets it from his mother, I guess. He's a pretty good reader already, and, do you know, I believe he's learned mostly from the poultry books at home. He spends all his spare time poring over them or in visiting an old man in our neighborhood who keeps lots of fowls. He learns a good deal from him. I don't suppose there's a chicken sickness going that Benny hasn't studied up and isn't doctor enough to cure. His mother turns all her sick ones over to him now. And he makes the thing pay, too, in eggs and young chickens. He bought that suit he's got on, and has ten dollars in his pocket to purchase new stock. You see," with a pleased laugh, as his big hand dropped down upon the little fellow's shoulder, "he's got his ideas up now on fancy poultry. He thinks a five-dollar Mongolian or Japanese something won't cost any more to raise than a fifty-cent mongrel, and the difference in selling price will be profit. The papers say there's a big lot of fancy stock here this year, and Benny hopes to pick up something. Well, I'm sorry I can't go through the cattle sheds with you now, but we'll see that later. Benny—"

"Oh, come along, papa," interrupted Benny, impatiently. "Mr. Brown won't care."

"No, indeed," laughed Mr. Brown. "You take Benny right along, neighbor, and don't hurry him, either. He wants to see the poultry a good deal worse than we do the cattle."

It was early in the day, and the large crowds had not yet arrived, though many people were walking about the grounds and through some of the buildings. Most of them, however, were in the art and fancywork and horticultural departments. The poultry buildings were comparatively empty.

They walked slowly and critically from one group or variety of fowls to another, the man smiling and sometimes making comments, the boy talking eagerly.

Presently they approached the fancy and foreign varieties—fowls with brilliant plumage, with elaborate crests and ruffs and neck feathers and long, beautiful tails, and some as dainty and scarcely larger than song birds. One, pointed out by an attendant, had a tail nearly three yards long, and was no larger than an ordinary bantam. The boy looked at it wistfully, fingering the money in his pocket; but he was a shrewd little fellow, and was not sure the beautiful foreigner would prove wise as an investment. Besides, he had not seen all yet, and perhaps even ten dollars would not be enough for a tail like that, so he went on.

A little later they came to a number of coops in which many of the fowls appeared to be sick, standing about listlessly, with drooping feathers. Benny looked at them sharply, his face presently lighting up.

"I know what's the matter with them, papa," he said, confidently, and he drew out a package from his pocket and began to open it.

"Oh, tut, tut!" laughed his father; "you're not at home now, boy. These people won't care to have you doctoring their fowls."

"But they're sick, papa. If I don't give them some of this medicine quick, and make them drink water, some will be sure to die. Of course the owner wants them to live."

"Of course," resignedly. "Well, go ahead."

A few minutes later a man came hurrying toward them, his face very anxious.

"Hello, here, what are you up to?" he demanded.

"Oh, this boy of mine is a poultry crank," answered the farmer; "raises and doctors them, you know. He can't see a sick fowl but he sets to work and cures it at once."

"And can he do it?" eagerly.

"Yes, I think so. He generally does cure about everything he sets out to."

"Well, I hope he won't fail this time," fervently. "You see, I've brought down a lot of high-priced birds belonging to a friend, and I don't know a thing about them myself. This morning a number took sick, and three or four have already died. If your boy can cure the rest I'll give him almost any price he asks."

"That's all right. Benny does it through sheer love of the work."

They watched him for some moments in silence. Then the boy turned.

"You may as well go and see the cattle now, papa," he said. "I shall be here most all day."

"But don't you want to see the rest of the show?"

"I'd rather be doctoring the birds, if you don't mind."

It was the middle of the afternoon before Benny sought the man, who had been keeping an anxious oversight of him most of the time.

"I guess they're all right now, sir," said the boy. "The sick ones are getting better, and I've given some medicine to the well ones so they won't get sick."

"Thank you," said the man, heartily. "And now what is your fee?"

"I didn't do it for that—though," a business look coming to his face, "you can pay me for the day's work if you want to, say fifty cents."

The man laughed. "I believe your father said you wanted to buy some fancy stock. Have you selected anything?"

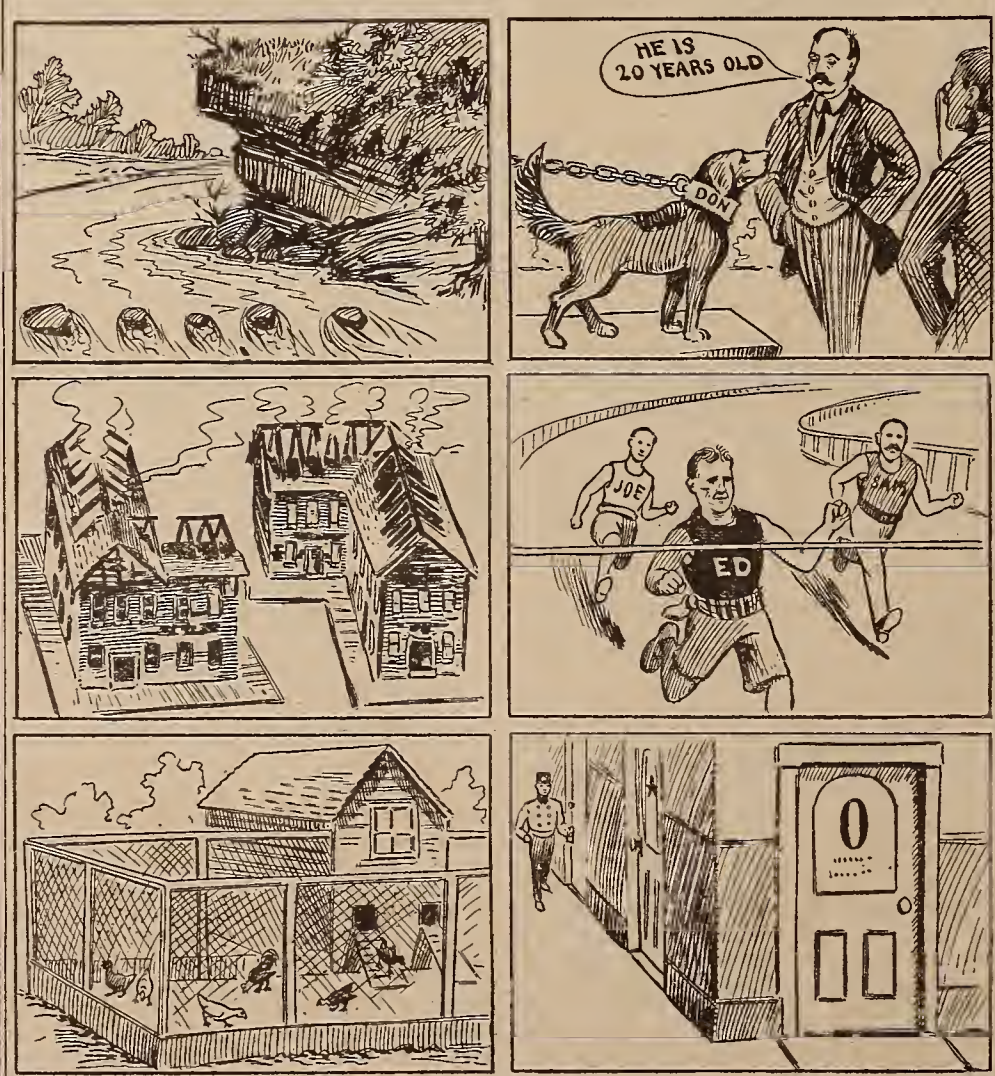
"Yes, sir," promptly; "over on the other side, where they're marked five dollars apiece. I want two of them."

"Good! That shows your judgment. They're the safest stock I have. But instead of two, go and select any trio you like—two hens and a rooster. And I'm going to give you another trio for your medical services. Oh, that's all right," at the look on the boy's face; "any regular poultry doctor would have charged me more. Now pick out two trios of any sort you like among the five-dollar-apiece lot, and I'll give you some little baskets to take them home in."

That is how Benny added the fancy department to his regular poultry business. And of course it paid—with him at the head. FRANK H. SWEET.

The Names of Boys

Are Veiled in the Six Pictures Below. Can You Read Them?



Answer to Labor Day Rebus published in the September 1st issue—"The law setting aside a special day for labor is now general throughout the United States. That day labor parades and picnics are held. Labor leaders are often present and make addresses to the people."

Sunday Reading

The Oldest Church in the United States

In the old town of Hingham, seventeen miles from Boston, stands "The Old Meeting House," built in the year 1681, and undoubtedly the oldest meeting house in the United States that has been used continuously for public worship ever since it was built. Throughout New England the old church is generally called "The Old Ship Meeting House," and if the wayfarer to Hingham should ask any of the urchins in the ancient town to direct him to "The Old Ship," the urchin would be sure to know just what building was meant. The old church has had several historians, and one of them gives the following information regarding the somewhat incongruous name:

"In this local name there is no allusion to the old familiar metaphors so effectively used in addressing a seafaring congregation, though, as to that, Hingham one day had both its fishery and its fleet. The meeting-house belfry may then have been more or less resorted to as an advantageous lookout. Or the comparison may have been suggested by the way the interior is framed. I incline to this latter opinion myself. However, I saw, on ascending to the belfry, that they had painted the points of the compass on the ceiling there, above the bell, as in a ship's binnacle."

A brief history of the old church is given on a brass tablet affixed to the wall of the building. On this tablet one may read:

"This church was gathered in 1635. The frame of this meeting house was raised on the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth days of July, 1681, and the house was completed and opened for public worship on the eighth of January, 1681-2. It cost the town £430 and the old house."

The church was built almost as soon as the town was settled, in 1635. This first church had a strong palisade around it, and it was the place to which the people fled in time of danger from the Indians. For forty-five years this was the only church in Hingham. Then "The Old Ship" was built, and it has been in continuous use since it was finished.

"Seating the meeting" was a matter of very great importance in those days, for the place one occupied in the church indicated to a certain degree one's standing in the community, the most desirable pews being assigned to the people of greatest consequence. There is in the town records of Hingham this account of the "seating of the meeting" in the old meeting house when it was new:

"Att a Towne meeting holden at Hingham on the fift day of January 1681 Mr. John Norton our pastor & the two deacons (viz) John Leauit & John Smith, Captaine John Thaxter, Nathaniel Beale Senior, Serjant Thomas Andrews, Cornet Matthew Cushing & Ensign Jeremiah Beale were Chosen by the Towne to order the Seating of ye people of the Towne in the new meeting house in Hingham & to do it presently with all Convenient speed that they can possible, it being the first Towne meeting that was in the new meeting house. On the eight day of the said January was the first Sabbath day that the people of Hingham met in the new meeting house to worship god, & Israel Nicolls the son of Israel Nicolls and Hannah beale, the daughter of Jeremiah beale were the first Children that were baptized in the said meeting house which was on the said eight of January."

Although the exterior of this ancient edifice remains almost exactly as it was in 1681, there have been some changes in the interior. At first there were only rough oak benches for the congregation to sit on. These gave place to the quaint old box pews, and in the year 1869 the square, or box, pews were taken out and modern pews put in, a change that robbed the interior of the church of much of its quaintness of appearance. But one may still see the old high pulpit and the sounding board in the church. We must agree with the writer who has said of the old church: "In all respects it was a most brave old house, where many pious souls had doubtless enjoyed the one great consolation of their lives, and from which they went forth strengthened and refreshed to the work of each returning week." The old church is full of suggestions of the life and customs of other days, and to some it may recall the lament for the past to be found in "The One-Horse Shay," written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he says:

> We used the "one-horse shay," we did,
> And read our prayer books some;
> Our preachers talked of truth and grace,
> Instead of tweedledum.

One may be sure that there was very little of "tweedledum" talked by the severe-minded old ministers who occupied the pulpit of this old church when it was new.

"Ye younge men" and "ye younge maides" did not sit together in this house in the promiscuous fashion in which they sit together in the churches of our day. There are two galleries in "The Old Ship" church, and it is on record that "The second seate on the gallery at the East end of the house for ye maides," while the same "seate" on the gallery at the west end was for "ye younge men." Not only did the men and women sit apart, but the unmarried women sat apart from their married sisters, while the deacons sat in solemn and dignified silence in a pew set apart for them. No doubt there was in the early days the tithingman, whose agreeable duty it was to step about softly arousing sleeping members of the congregation. In some churches this was done by gently tickling the face of the sleeper with a feather attached to a string, while the other end of the string was tied to the tithingman's rod. An hourglass stood on the pulpit, and no doubt the weary children watched its slow-running sand with a good deal of impatience that they dared not manifest outwardly for fear of their parents and the tithingman.

There were churches in the United States before this old church was built, but it has been definitely settled "that no house for public worship exists within the original limits of the United States which continues to be used for the purpose for which it was erected, and remaining on the same site where it was built, which is as old as the meeting house of the First Parish in Hingham."

No other church in the United States has a record of longer pastorates than has this old church. The first minister in Hingham was the Rev. Peter Hobart, and he served the church for forty-four years; the next minister served for thirty-eight years, and then came Ebenezer Gay, who was pastor of the church for seventy years lacking a few months. The fifth minister served the church for sixty-five years. It is a remarkable fact that this church has had but nine pastors in the two hundred and seventy years of its existence. Did space permit, much more might be written of this ancient house of God, of which the people of Hingham are justly proud, and which may be regarded as perhaps the most important landmark in the history of religion in our country.

J. L. Harbour.

"THE OLD SHIP MEETING HOUSE"

The President's Toast to Peace

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President Roosevelt is to-day the greatest of world characters. From every quarter of the globe have come congratulations. Heralded as "the man with the big stick," Roosevelt proved himself the greatest peacemaker of all time.

Upon the occasion of the formal reception of the Japanese and Russian peace envoys President Roosevelt's toast was a clever little effort and entirely characteristic of the man:

"Gentlemen, I propose a toast to which there will be no answer and to which I ask you in silence standing.

"I drink to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and peoples of the two great nations whose representatives have met one another on this ship.

"It is my most earnest hope and prayer in the interest of not only these two great powers, but of all mankind, that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between them."

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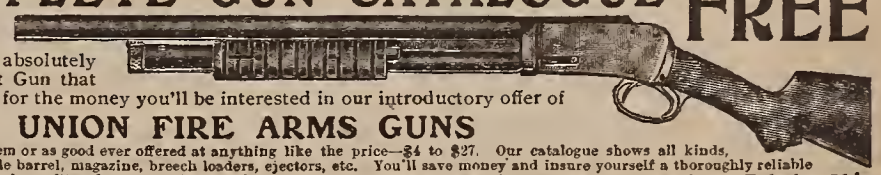

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"Tilly she say dis whar de Klux whip de po' people"

The Black Oath—A Story of the Kuklux Klan Society

By HENRY WHITNEY CLEVELAND, D.D., LL.D.
Author of "Storm and Sunset," "Seal and Clay," "Easter Island," "War Between the States," etc.

[CONTINUED FROM SEPTEMBER 1ST]

"BLESS de Lawd fo' dat," she said, wiping tears from her hot face with the perspiration. "Well, honey, I jes' make mah best soup fo' yo' bo'nin' day, an' when mah back is turned, wid de boned turkey an' chicken in it, an' quail in it, what dat Lyne Thomas do but come in an' put flour in it, or salt, I don't zackly know which. He stir it in, but I turn quick 'nough to see it's white, laik flour, an' he frow it in from a blue papah. Dar de papah case. I put mah foot on it as it lay on de hot coals, an' burn mah shoe, but I show you."

It was a blue paper, such as is used by chemists and drug stores, and still had a pink cotton tie, but the label was gone. A little powder still lay in a fold, and I tasted it, only to find it intensely unpleasant. Instantly the fact that this was my uncle's last day to be at table with me flashed upon me, and I said, "Ceiley, there will not be much of that soup eaten. I shall not eat any, and so soon as the course is over take it to my room and lock the door and bring me the key. Be sure of this, and let no one see you."

She gave the best nod her fat neck would permit, and said, "I ain't no fool. If dey don't eat it, it's rank pizen, dat's what it is. Laws! laws! An' me, ole simple creeter, jes' got mad 'cause I think he season mah soup some mo' or put in flour thickenin'."

The dinner was soon served, and after my dish had been taken both my uncle and my cousin said it was too hot for them to eat their soup then. We used separate dishes, filled from the great receptacle on the sideboard, and no one knew that my dish, twice replenished and greatly enjoyed, held only the broth of the boiled fowls, cunningly ladled out for me by Ceiley, shielded by her own portly form. It was a stag dinner, the mother and sister of Asbury being detained by sickness, he said, although they said the invitation never reached them.

After dinner my uncle emptied the two untasted plates down the sink, and called for the tureen. It now held only broth, and he was allowed to carry that to the hogpen; but he certainly did not put it in the trough, although it was perfectly harmless. That afternoon he asked me twice if I felt well, and at sundown, having no excuse to stay, and finding me full of life and spirits, he and my cousin drove away together from the rich lands he had so long enjoyed, looking as if somehow some plan of his had failed.

The next morning early I saw one of his own negroes at my quarterhouses, and suspected that he was sent to hear the news. There was none, save that I went to Crawford to telegraph for the most expert chemist of the Augusta medical college. My need was for him to examine the soup, which my faithful old cook and I had carefully put into a self-sealing jar, even to the very smallest bone. I had escaped the slow death by torture at the hands of a reputedly cruel schoolmaster; I had survived all of the perils of a fratricidal war, into which I had been impelled by the taunt of cowardice; so far I had avoided the midnight lashing of the Kuklux Klan, which, like the more recent White Cap infamies, was intended to either cause death or such imbecility as to cause the sufferer never more to assert his manhood. It may be said that the few prosecutions, and the failure of these, prove the efficacy of the methods used. At this time I was minded to know just what I had escaped, and to try my utmost to let others into some of the pains intended for me. I had yet to learn that in order legally to punish any of the Klan one must know that none of its members are upon the jury and be prepared to meet their perjury on the witness stand.

As I am not writing an autobiography, but only an exposure of the characters such as make up all of these midnight prowling clans—such, too, as still disgrace American civilization—I need not give all of the details. It is sufficient to say that so quietly did I work that my enemies only supposed they had been given a harmless powder by mistake and not the deadly strychnine. It was my faithful Hansell Ruff, the negro of royal blood and heart, who furnished me positive proof that my Cousin Asbury was guilty; otherwise it was not very suspicious that he had refused hot soup on a summer day.

The superior court, with my father's friend, Judge Thomas W. Thomas, on the bench, did not sit until September, and my analytical chemist had come and gone, and my deadly foes, baffled so often, did not seem to know how to resume their attack. The estate in my own hands rapidly resumed the appearance it had worn in my father's time. The suit against my uncle and his sureties for the usufruct of my estates for a decade was in progress, with the probability that I should add his lands to my own if I cared to do so, and Judge Stephens held the evidence that not even my proper expenses at school had ever been paid.

September came, and no court, from the unsettled times and military rule; but as secretary of the senate I was a member of the legislature of that winter, and saw to it that one principle of the military courts became the law of Georgia. This was before negro suffrage, and it was in the power of colored persons to testify in all cases, whether their own color was involved or not. Negro testimony had indeed been used before in criminal cases, but rarely, and with great reluctance against whites.

March came, the court was in session, and my two foemen were in the room, when a true bill was returned against them by the grand jury, and they were seized in open court by the order of Judge Thomas. A plea of surprise for continuance was unavailing, and as they supposed that the soup had all been emptied by their own hands, and the trick of the broth was unsuspected, the two haughtily faced the issue, and this all the more bravely, as Kuklux notices were posted all over the county, full of threats upon any negro who testified against the whites or ventured to use the black oath.

We went to trial, the state's attorney only for the prosecution, but General Toombs and Alexander H. Stephens for the defense. The first surprise was the bold testimony of old Aunt Ceiley as to the white powder in the soup, and the blue paper, still holding a little of the strychnia in a fold. Next came my Hansell Ruff, who produced a white drug store label of Stevenson and Shelton, Augusta, blue underneath, where torn from the blue wrap, and scorched and wrinkled from being fired from a gun. It had been a wad of my Cousin Asbury, whose rifle had been charged with bird shot, and fired to load with ball before he entered my big gate. Hansell had seen him shoot the load of shot into the gatepost, and hunted up the wad after I took him and old Ceiley into my confidence. Next a clerk testified to selling the poison and identified Asbury Lyne as the purchaser. Then came the chemist, with the jar of soup and his sworn analysis, and the dining-room servants and cook told of the refusal of the prisoners to eat their soup, and their precautions to empty the substituted broth. Judge Stephens testified to my treatment in childhood, and my negroes to threats against my life. The default of my uncle in his guardian accounts and efforts to sell or spoil my estate was proved, and we rested our case, confident of the verdict of an attempt to murder against both men.

I did not like some of the jury, as they were suspected of riding with the Klan, but we had exhausted all of our power of striking, and that afternoon the town seemed to fill with only doubtful men and to be empty of all of the good citizens. There were no colored jurors. The cross-examination had proved my colored witnesses to be as ignorant as all of the late slaves, and to be strongly under my influence; but they did not contradict themselves nor take a word back, and an effort to show that the prisoners did not remain to the dinner broke down from the terrors of the perjurer.

The jury were given the case after two strong speeches, in which both opposing orators dwelt upon the dangers of negro testimony against the whites in a way that was not expected from lawyers careful of the truth. A special plea for my cousin was made that we had failed to connect his rat poison with the powder put into the soup, but the fit of the label to the blue paper was hard to avoid. Judge Thomas charged the jury with great power, and suspecting the Klan to be in the box, told them that any verdict against the evidence would be punished by six months in jail for contempt of his charge and perhaps for perjury under their oaths. They were out all night, and then had done the best they could for their Klan comrade. The verdict was "attempt at homicide as to both the prisoners," and the state's attorney being young, and the judge busy with a set of civil case papers, it was received and the jury discharged. They then ceased to be a jury.

Then Alexander H. Stephens got up, his black eyes shining, and said, "May it please your honor, this verdict in my hand declares my clients guilty of intended homicide only. Homicide is in all degrees, from justifiable, such as a sheriff hanging a prisoner or one killing in self-defense, up to the most malicious murder. As this verdict does not specify any degree, and may be for the justifiable degree, I ask the discharge of the prisoners."

The judge flushed, and said, "Mr. Attorney General, require your jury to amend their verdict and make it explicit."

Young Daniels was obliged to stammer, "I have discharged them."

Mr. Toombs read from the constitution that "no citizen should be twice placed in jeopardy of life or limb for the same offense."

The judge said, "Prisoners, stand up. By a technicality of law you escape the state's prison for twenty years, and if it was in my power to give you justice outside of the law I should hang you. If the infamous Kuklux really cared to punish guilty men, you would still be hung before midnight. As it is in evidence that you probably belong to them and had members on the jury, you may escape until God or man gets even with you. I hope you will try again and give me the chance to hang you. You are discharged."

Both judge and attorney general wrote that day to the military government of Georgia to send a company of troops to the county, else the negro witnesses would be killed. They came, but too late, as will be seen.

My judgment for the usufruct of my estate for ten years was good if I could set aside fraudulent transfers of the Lyne Thomas lands to avoid it, and I may here say that I did it at last, and sold the lands to get my money; also that I paid all debts contracted in my interest, real or supposed. But I had failed to imprison my enemies, and I knew that my life was henceforth unsafe unless I took theirs. But I trusted God and the Providence which had saved me thus far.

One thing I resolved upon, and that was to save the negro witnesses who had testified for me. I subscribed liberally to a colored school, since a university, and one day my big Aaron came in, and said if I would go he would show me something. His wife Tilly had found it when hunting the cows. He took me through my own grand oak woodland, and then into a dense growth of pine and rhododendron seldom visited, as it was in the extreme upper edge of the plantation, where once had been an Indian town. In the midst of this, cool, dark and secluded even in midday, there were the charred brands indicating that fires had often been made there, a heap of ashes, a worn place where many persons had tramped and sat, a great walnut tree and some hickory trees with the ground worn under them, and on two of them the fragments of stout hempen plowlines. Back among the dense pines were hoof marks and droppings of horses, with a few old cavalry nosebags, from which the squirrels were collecting stray oats.

Aaron simply said, "Tilly she say dis whar de Klux whip de po' people, an' yander de path dey come from de big road. Dey even make a slip gap to come froo de fence. Dis de torture place shuah."

This was tolerably evident, and I said, "This is a great find. After dark you and Hansell and I will plant a keg of fine rifle powder in the middle of this ring."

This we did, and by the night train I went to Augusta and procured a strong electric battery of Jerome Kidder's best make and a coil of insulated wire. By the next night my trap was ready, and it was the first Saturday after the failure to convict in court.

About eleven o'clock Manda, the pretty granddaughter of old Ceiley, shook my door, and called, "Fo' de good Lawd A'mighty sake, let me in."

She was in chemise only, and nearly white with terror. "Lawd," she cried, "dey done got Ceiley an' Hansell an' Uncle Aaron, an' de rest ob de niggahs run ter de woods—all 'ceptin' Tilly, an' dey got her, too. I laid down in de hog trough, an' one step on me. I grunt laik a hog, an' I hear 'em say, 'We lairn you-uns how to swah gin white folks. Whip you to death.' Yes, sah, dey say dat. Black oath, dey call it."

I thought a moment, while Manda stood and cried, for she saw no hope in one man against fifty armed horsemen. I thought a little more, and said, "Did you go with Tilly that day when she found the chunks and ashes in the pine thicket?"

"La, yes, sah; it was me found it an' called her ter see. De Jersey cow she eatin' a bunch ob oats that they-uns leave thar."

Said I, "If I give you my black coat to put on, can you go with me there, and if your people are tied to those trees can you creep on your stomach and get each one of them to twist around on the side of the trees away from the fire?"

"Lawd," she said, "I hear dat Asbury say he gibe a dollah ter catch dat yaller gal, but I ain't afeared. Gimme yo' big knife, an' I creep up an' cut 'em loose."

"No," said I, "they would run and be caught, and you would get whipped, too. Trust me. Three minutes after they get on the dark side of the trees nobody will ever be whipped there again."

I put the acid in my battery, and took my gun and knife, and we started alone in the darkness. There was no moon, and as I supposed, the Klan had reached the place and had a fire bright when we came. Manda crept silently from my side, and I could see the poor negroes, naked and tied to the trees, and the gang frying bacon and making corn bread for the supper to go with their whisky before the amusement of the Georgia night began. I will say for the scoundrels that, unlike the White Caps, they seldom whipped women.

The horses were eating where provided for, and the others restless at being out of the stable. All of the party wore white masks or caps, and whips, hickory

switches and cowhides were abundant, as also were guns and pistols. Coats turned wrong side out or covered with sheets disguised the men, but I knew many of the horses. I could see by the fire light that the whips had already given a taste of what was to come, and Tilly and Ceiley were groaning and praying. I had not felt quite justified before I saw this, and had thought to wait until they began, but one by one I saw my poor servants twist around the trees away from the fire, and when big Aaron was at last protected by a trunk I attached my wires. I was not even sorry now that I had cut up some twenty pounds of lead, and laid this, with small stones from the brook, about my keg of powder. With a prayer, "God forgive me if I sin, but I must save them," I moved the lever and closed the electric circuit. The fire was right over the keg, and I saw a rush of flame, of brands and human bodies, heard the lead slugs and stones cut the pine boughs all about me and strike the tree which protected me, and this before I was aware of the heavy sound and the screams of men, the breaking loose of horses and the loud cries of the negroes. Three men only were able to jump and run, and my rifle caught up with two of them.

When recovered from the shock I ran to free the negroes. They were unhurt, save Aaron, whose big form had a graze from which the tree could not save him. The torn clothes were put on, and I sent old Hansell for Doctor Beasley the nearest surgeon, and Aaron, who was little hurt, to town to see if the militia had come. It was seven miles, and I knew that if infantry they could not have come in time to save my firing the mine. The doctor came, and found nine dead and thirty-eight dangerously hurt, the others only slightly. My cousin would lose both legs, if not life, and my uncle was dying, and only able to say, "Forgive me, Henry. It is only what I intended for you, and if there is a God and a hell—"

The militia came on the morning train, and reached The Cedars at noon. Aunt Ceiley made them her famous soup, and as I elected to be tried by a military commission, it was held in Augusta the following week, and I was both cleared and warmly commended. Said General Steedman, "If there are a few more receptions with Winchester rifles and powder kegs, this foolishness will stop in the states, North and South. I will visit your schools this week, and make a speech to the big pupils and the little. We must have a school in Atlanta."

There was one thing, however, which resolved me to sell The Cedars and make my home in the blue grass of Kentucky. I had seen mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, and even fathers, gather about those blackened, torn forms where the fire had been kindled and the torches ready to light another scene. It was not likely I could marry and be happy where the ties of blood made all the county kin. I did sell, and I also released the obligation which covered the lands of my crippled cousin and of his mother and sister. I gave ten acres to each family of my colored people from the Lyne Thomas estate, bought in after my judgment and execution.

My dear old home, I had to part with it, after all—The Cedars and the white gravestones in the garden. Lands cost more in Kentucky. I had losses, but I have something besides my sword. But the "black oath" is still administered.

◈

It Will All Come Right

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS

Now, don't you worry and don't you fret;
It will all come right.
Time's too precious for vain regret.
If your castles have crumbled away, why, then,
Build them with infinite care again.
The world's constructed upon the plan
Of an honest living for every man;
Then strive for it with your main and might—
It will all come right.

No matter if you have failed to-day,
It will all come right;
Failure only may pave the way
To something better, and you may bless
Failure for leading you to success.
Don't be ill-natured, and sulk and frown,
If the world in its rough play knocks you down;
Get up again, and join the fight—
It will all come right.

Even when everything's out of joint
It will all come right;
Remember there's always a turning point
To all one's troubles, so keep straight on
Till joy to recompense you shall dawn.
Don't surrender, whate'er you do,
The share of God's happiness meant for you;
But seek, still seek, till it greets your sight—
It will all come right.

The Auctioneer

BY ELMER G. WEIDA

There is no man who spends so much breath, who talks so fast and who is so lavish of his words as the auctioneer. He repeats the same thing over and over again, and never grudges his labor. He is fond of smart sayings and sudden turns in the sense, and he is witty, at the expense of his goods or at the expense of his customers. He can talk of several different things at once, and without confusion, but he sometimes very ludicrously mixes up different subjects in the same sentence.

For instance, lately dropping in at a book auction, there was a fellow who annoyed the company and the auctioneer with a cigar. The book then being sold was up to twenty-seven and a half cents, and the auctioneer, dwelling upon it, cried, "And a half, and a half, and a half," when, smelling the cigar, he shouted out, "Cuss your cigar! And a half, and a half, twenty-seven and a half, thirty, thirty-two and a half. Going! going! Thirty-five, thirty-five, thirty-seven and a half—cuss that cigar smoke!—and a half, and a half—I'd rather have the devil about me—and a half, and a half—it gives me the 'high strikes'—and a half, and a half. Going! going! Forty, forty cents, forty-two and a half—who's putting brimstone on the stove?—and a half, and a half—I wish I had hold of that boy—and a half, and a half—I'd choke the rascal—and a half. Going! going! Who says forty-five? Not half the price of the book. Forty-two and a half, forty-five; now forty-seven and a half, and a half. A treatise on the toothache, gentlemen. Who'll give fifty cents for the toothache? And a half, and a half, forty-seven and a half—look at that boy there—and a half, and a half—pocketing those penknives there—and a half, and a half—I can't have my eyes everywhere—and a half, and a half, fifty, fifty-two and a half—kick all the boys out of the room—and a half, and a half—kick 'em all out, I say—and a half, and a half. Fair notice! All done? Once, twice—going! going! gone!"

◈

Cute Baby Sayings

Age of baby, three years. "Auntie, please hitch up a sew pin for me and put a tangle in it."

Age of baby, three years. "Come away from there, child; you'll fall and kill yourself," said baby's nurse. He calmly went on playing, and said, "Well, I s'pose if Dod (God) made me, he can do it again."

Age of baby, three and one half years. "I would like to help God make babies."

"How could you help God make babies?" asked his companion.

"I dess I could hold the skins," was his reply.

Age of baby, four and one half years. "Dear God, you can bless Willie if you want to, but you needn't do it on my 'count."

Age of baby, four years. "Mamma, I must go to Sunday school every Sunday. Can I?" When asked why she was so eager to go every Sunday, she said, "'Cause teacher wrote down present for me on the board. I don't know when I'm to get it, but I must go every Sunday."

Age of baby, three years. A man with a hand organ and monkey stopped in front of a house. As the man began to play, the monkey hopped toward a little child that was listening to the music, the child began backing away, at the same time exclaiming, "Go to your farder! Go to your farder!"

Age of baby, three years. Edith had often heard her papa tease her mamma for being a Yankee; papa is a Southerner. One day she asked, "Mamma, if oo is a Yankee, what is me?"

Mamma said, "You are half Yankee."

Quick as a flash she replied, "If I is half Yankee, what is the udder half—Doodle?" (Yankee Doodle.)

Age of baby, three years. Finding a button off his dress, little Strathie said to his grandfather, "Grandfazzer, me wants a wife to look after my clothes."

Age of baby, three years. When my young nephew was told the story of Ananias and Sapphira being struck dead for telling a lie, he thought long and hard, then replied, "Grandma, God ain't as particular as he used to be, is he?"

Age of baby, two and one half years. "Come kiss mother, my son."

"Oh, no, I hasn't dot but one tiss 'eft, an' I want to save it for seed."

Age of baby, about two years. Having been told that God saw everything he did and always knew when he ran away, one day finding his little dog following him, he turned around, stamped his foot, and said, "Major, do back; it's bad enuf to have Dod follow you, 'thout puppy dogs."
—The Modern Priscilla.

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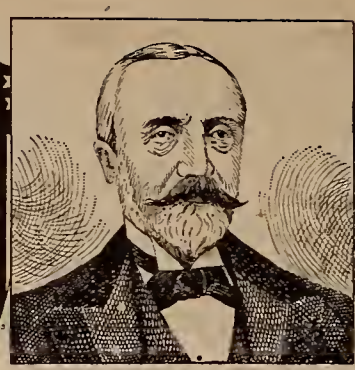


ROSEN

WITTE

THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE PEACEMAKERS

"The Treaty of Portsmouth"

When the news was sent forth from Portsmouth on August 29th last that terms of peace had been agreed upon, not only the dusky people of the mikado's kingdom and those of all the Russias joined in thanksgiving, but the whole world was glad. A glorious victory for peace had been achieved.

Japan, the victor on land and sea, by her liberal concessions in the conference has achieved a great moral victory. The world agrees that the Japanese government has been most liberal. The Russians find some comfort in making themselves believe they have won a great diplomatic victory. No one will begrudge them all the comfort they can get out of such thoughts, as they will have little cause for rejoicing upon any other phase of the great struggle.

In connection with the negotiations for peace one lone figure stands forth with preëminent brilliancy—that of President Theodore Roosevelt. It was at his suggestion that the two warring powers came to treat for peace, and it was his wise counsel and suggestion during the stormy and dark days of the conference that steered the diplomatic craft over the dangerous shoals that threatened to wreck the object of the conference and again plunge the two great armies in Manchuria into another bloody death struggle.

Americans generally felt that Japan's concessions were too liberal. They believed Russia should have been made to pay a substantial indemnity. Russia, while resourceful, nevertheless is more or less of a bankrupt at this time. She could no doubt have borrowed the money necessary to satisfy the claims for reimbursement; the burden of its payment, however, would have fallen upon the poor, downtrodden peasants, whose income is only one hundred and twenty-four dollars a year, and of which forty-two dollars is taken for taxes. The Russian peasants have, therefore, much to be thankful for.

Japan has gained all she went to war for, and a great deal more. She has raised herself to the front rank of nations, secured full fishing rights in the northern waters, recovered that portion of Sakhalin Island formerly in her possession, and secured not only an "open door" for all nations in Manchuria, but will enter into the development of that rich country. Japan has taken from Russia the Liaotung Peninsula, including Dalny and Port Arthur and the Blonde and Elliott Islands, has established a protectorate over Korea, and has gained possession of the China and Eastern Railroad between Harbin and Port Arthur.

By the conclusions of the peace conference Japan has shown that she does not fight for money. Her object is a higher and nobler one. She struggled for what the world has always sanctioned—the possession of territory essential for national safety. She has gotten a foothold on the mainland, and erected such safeguards that the fullest measure of national expansion may be realized.

Russia has lost much. Her position as a ranking naval power is gone. The rout from the Liaotung Peninsula and the loss of Port Arthur took from the czar a position of dominance in Eastern affairs. The southern portion of Sakhalin Island is lost to Russia, and great valuable fishing rights are granted the victors on the Siberian coast. Before the war the czar's government refused to recognize any right of Japan to seek influence and trade in Korea. As a result of the war Japan is given preponderant influence in the Hermit Kingdom, together with full power to advise the emperor on all matters pertaining to commerce and to war. The czar loses all influence in Manchuria, a province which his government was slowly but surely absorbing.

The Great Mikado

The emperor of Japan, to whose genius is accredited the most remarkable victories achieved by his forces over the Russians, has come to the front as one of the famous rulers of the world. As the man who actually selected the officers that figured in the triumphs on land and sea, and who in a measure supervised the work of the war board at Tokio, his discernment and efficiency have been awarded unstinted praise. The emperor's name is Mutsubito, and his imperial title is Tenno, but the appellation by which he is called in relation to external affairs is Kotei, a word of Chinese origin. Only foreigners, it is said, make use of the poetic title, mikado. The emperor was born at Kyoto, November 3, 1852, and succeeded his father, Komeo Tenno, February 13, 1867. The Japanese assert that their empire was founded by the first emperor, Jimmu Tenno, in 660 B.C., and that the dynasty still reigns. The present ruler is said to be the one hundred and twenty-second in unbroken descent, and he is venerated by the common folk as a son of the gods. Many current sayings serve to perpetuate this reverence, such as, "The emperor has neither father nor mother," or "In heaven there is one sun; on earth there is one emperor." The emperor's wife is Princess Haruko, but she is childless, and the heir to the throne, Prince Yoshihito, is the son of a second wife. The Japanese law for royalty admits the choice of inferior wives, but, strange to say, prohibits polygamy.

The History of War Indemnities

The paying of a war indemnity, says the Philadelphia "Press," is comparatively a new thing. Before the Napoleonic wars nations seldom fought but for the sake of conquest. The winning party took whatever it wanted in territory or in certain rights, but did not insist upon an indemnity.

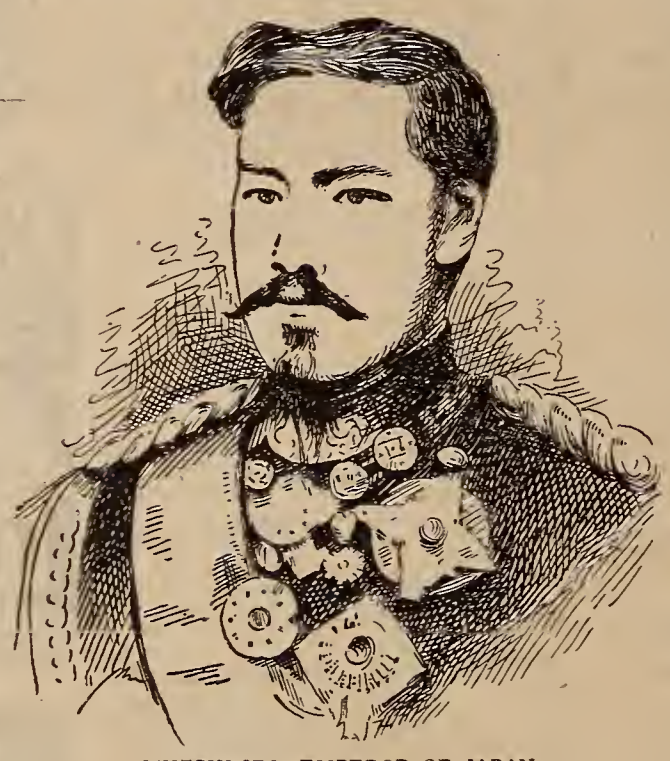
It is hard to get money out of a bankrupt state. The old way, then, of taking territory would seem to be the better.

In 1877, when Russia had beaten Turkey, she asked an indemnity of one hundred and sixty million dollars, the exact amount of the cost of the war. To-day, in the year 1905, Russia has not yet received half of that sum. In 1896, when Turkey nearly conquered Greece, she began by asking fifty million dollars. But King George's family kindly interposed, and the amount was reduced to ten million dollars, but half of that sum has not been paid to date.

In 1868, when Prussia, to the great astonishment of most of the interested spectators, beat Austria and her five allies, she not only asked for the amount of money the war had cost her, but asked also for a few extra millions to punish Austria for the trouble she had given her. Although the war lasted only two months, Austria had to pay thirty-two million five hundred thousand dollars.

In a record of ninety treaties made since the tenth century indemnities have been exacted in fewer than fifteen. The United States, in her wars with Mexico and Spain, did not ask for money, but, on the contrary, paid Mexico eighteen million five hundred thousand dollars and Spain twenty million dollars for territory taken. The first mention of indemnity occurs in the famous peace of Westphalia, which ended the bitter religious struggle known as the Thirty Years' War, in 1648, in which Germany was reduced in population, territory and morale. To her allied victors, France and Sweden, she was required to pay a staggering price. France got the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, while Sweden got part of Pomerania and the sum of five million dollars.

Two hundred and twenty-three years later Germany got back from France the surrendered provinces, and at the same time obliged her vanquished foe to pay the greatest indemnity ever known in the history of the world, one billion dollars. Russia got over fifteen million dollars from Persia in 1828, besides large provinces, and the next year, in conquering Turkey, demanded an "enormous sum," which, however, was never paid. Fifty years later, in 1878, she secured from Turkey the sum of two hundred and thirty-one million dollars, an indemnity which has been exceeded only once in the history of the world.



MUTSUHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN

Japan's War Finances

Since May, 1904, Japan has borrowed abroad four hundred and ten million dollars, of which one hundred and eighty million dollars was eagerly taken up in the United States. The total amount involves an interest charge of twenty million one hundred thousand dollars. The revenues pledged as security are customs receipts and the tobacco monopoly. The estimated receipts from these sources in 1905-6, based on prior receipts, are ten million five hundred thousand dollars and sixteen million dollars respectively, a total of twenty-six million five hundred thousand dollars, or six million four hundred thousand dollars more than the year's bond interest. The holders of these bonds are not losing any sleep over the safety of their investments. They would have been very willing to loan the mikado as much again and more if desired.

Self-Government for Russians

Folks this side of the pond are loath to believe that the step taken on August 19th last by Czar Nicholas means that full and complete self-government has been granted to the Russian people, yet the world recognizes in the action a movement in the right direction, and the czar's solemn manifesto announcing his plans to establish a "Gosudazstvennaia Douma," or lower house of assembly, is expected to bear much good fruit. The act was taken in fulfillment of promises made by the czar last March, and the date selected was to signalize in a way the first anniversary of the young heir to the Russian crown.

By the terms of this imperial manifesto the jurisdiction of the Douma will extend to the matter of taxation in provinces where there are no zemstvos, as well as to the raising of taxes above the rate fixed by zemstvos and city councils. The Douma will also have the initiative in the matter of the repeal or modification of old laws and in the adoption of new laws. It will have no part in the imperial administration of public affairs, but may call attention of ministers and chiefs to the infraction of existing laws.

The Douma is dissolvable by the emperor before the expiration of five years, and new elections can be ordered by imperial decree. The length and adjournment of sessions depend on the imperial will. The czar reserves entirely to himself the care of perfecting the organization of the Douma, and also the right to alter it at any subsequent time. At present it is to be composed of four hundred and twelve members.

Roosevelt Dives in Submarine

On the afternoon of August 25th President Roosevelt made a descent in Long Island Sound on board the submarine torpedo boat "Plunger." He was aboard the vessel about three hours. At one time the little boat was submerged for fifty minutes, and in that time was put through all of the submarine feats of which she is capable.

The President expressed his delight at the novel experience, and said that he was immensely impressed with the boat and with the manner in which she was handled. In thus braving the dangers of submarine maneuvering the President has endeared himself to naval officers and men the world over.

While the President was resting on the bottom of the Sound in a submarine boat a storm forty feet above him was raging unnoticed.

The rain descended in torrents and the northeaster whipped the surface of the water into big rollers, but it was as quiet and peaceful where the President sat as an easy parlor chair would be.

Lieutenant Nelson's crew caused the "Plunger" to perform many remarkable maneuvers. From the bottom porpoise diving was tried—that is, the boat would ascend to the surface of the sound for several seconds, long enough to enable her commander to sight any war ships that might be within view, and then dive again immediately.

After this maneuver had been repeated a few times the "Plunger" was sent down a distance of twenty feet below the surface and her engines stopped. Then the engines were reversed, and the boat ascended to the surface backward.

Lieutenant Nelson made his boat perform the remarkable feat of diving to a depth of twenty feet, and while going at full speed at that depth reversed her course.

The complete turning occupied only one minute. Subsequently the engines were stopped and the vessel was submerged to a depth of twenty feet. There she remained motionless, a demonstration of her ability to remain in that position for hours while awaiting an opportunity to launch one of her torpedoes at a vessel of a blockading squadron which might be passing or repassing a given point.

Envoys Guests of State

The status of the envoys at the Hotel Wentworth at Portsmouth is not generally understood. They are being entertained free of charge to themselves, but they are guests neither of the United States, New Hampshire nor the hotel management. A committee of private citizens is paying the freight until such time as the state of New Hampshire gets ready to shoulder the honor.

Governor McLane made plain the facts in the case:

"It is not true that the hotel is keeping the envoys free, as an advertisement. Several private citizens, including myself, are standing responsible for all the bills for the present. We expect that the state will reimburse us. When they were invited as guests of New Hampshire the legislature was not in session. As there was no appropriation for any such purpose, we stepped forward.

"I could have got fifty men to put up the money, had it been necessary. The legislature meets in 1907. Even if they do not pass a special appropriation, the hotel will not lose a cent. We, as private citizens of New Hampshire, will be the losers."

Blame for "Bennington" Disaster

THE court of inquiry which investigated the accident on the gunboat "Bennington" in the harbor at San Diego, Cal., on the morning of July 21st, charged Ensign Charles T. Wade with neglect of duty, and recommended that he be court-martialed. Three enlisted members of the working force in the fire room of the "Bennington," all of whom were killed, were held partially to blame for the disaster by neglect of duty.

The explosion on the "Bennington" was caused, according to the written opinion of the court, by excessive steam pressure in boiler B, which was the first to explode.

Cure for Leprosy

MANILA sends out the news that American surgeons connected with the board of health of Manila declare that they have discovered a positive cure for leprosy. Of twenty-five cases treated, all have improved, six cases being absolutely cured. Several patients, portions of whose bodies were gone, have recovered. All of the cases have been under observation for at least six months, and it is absolutely impossible to discover a trace of the germs of the disease in the blood of the patients. The method used is a system of X-rays. The surgeons will not ask for the rewards which have been offered by various governments for a cure for leprosy.

End of a Remarkable Family

WITH the recent death of Thomas Litts at Monticello ends one of the most remarkable of New York State families. Thomas was eighty years of age, and for the last half century had been one of the most commanding and prominent figures in Sullivan County because of his size and wonderful strength. He was sergeant in the 143d regiment of New York volunteers, and was the strongest man in the regiment. Every member of the family of ten—five males and five females—was as strong as a giant, and the wonderful feats of strength performed by them won for them almost national fame. Thomas Litts, while attending the old-time logging and haying bees, on different occasions had been known to pick up a barrel full of cider and drink from the bunghole. A brother carried a barrel of pork on his back a mile without resting, on a wager, the pork being the wager.

Overhauling Uncle Sam's Navy

THE old enmity between the line and staff has broken out again in the navy, and there promises a general overhauling as a result. The distinction between the engineers and staff officers may again be drawn. The "Bennington" disaster may be used as a basis of another fight in Congress to undo what required so many years to accomplish when the line and staff were amalgamated.

There is little doubt about it that there are staff officers graduated from Annapolis who are doing engineer duty, and who are not so fitted. The graduated engineer, now a staff officer, has the better opportunity for good berths than the graduated staff officer who by order of the department must study and equip himself with the engineering branch of the service.

The engineering arm of the naval service is said to be lame. There promises a very rigid inquiry into its true condition.

The navy is woefully short of capable officers. What is needed is an increase in appointments to Annapolis, where efficiency can be assured and through which avenue only can the substantial relief of the navy be accomplished. Congress is looked upon to do something in this direction during the coming winter.

Old War Ships Stir Up Trouble

CANADIAN patriotism has been so aroused by the proposal of a Detroit syndicate to raise three British war ships sunk by Perry in 1813, and take them to Detroit to be placed in a museum, that international complications are threatened. These vessels were a part of the British fleet that attempted to resist Commodore Perry at Put-in-Bay. After the crushing defeat administered by Perry the remnant of the British fleet slipped to Detroit and was hastily pressed into service by General Proctor, who realized that safety lay in flight. Four vessels were loaded with arms, ammunition, government papers and other plunder from Detroit, and all speed was made to Lake St. Clair. They took refuge on the Thames, and in the battle which followed were sunk. Tecumseh, the great Indian chief, who assisted the British, lost his life, and Proctor, escaping, later committed suicide. The vessels were forgotten until several years ago, when unusually low water in the Thames revealed one of them. They are partly covered by sand, but in the hull of one of them boxes and barrels of cannon balls were discovered. It is also supposed they contain treasure chests. It is argued that they are now private property and can be bought by the syndicate from the owners of the adjoining land. Canadian newspapers, however, have opposed the plan so vigorously that much feeling has been aroused.

The Hall of Lady Wentworth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

There was no help for it. The rector proceeded with the ceremony, and the shocked guests were given to understand that they were expected to pay full respect to the wife of the governor of his majesty's province. There is nothing to prove that the marriage was not a happy one. This happened in the year 1760, and the governor died ten years later. Not long after this the Rev. Arthur Brown was again called upon to marry Martha Hilton Wentworth. This time she married a roistering young fellow named Michael Wentworth, a soldier and a "hail fellow well met" with every one. He and Martha had the distinction of receiving George Washington as their guest on the occasion of his visit to Portsmouth. Gay Michael Wentworth died six years later, and the story goes that he took his own life, having become a bankrupt. So there is much of tragedy as well as of romance about this ancient house, some rooms of which are just as they were when Governor Wentworth entertained so royally in them and made his serving maid Lady Wentworth of the Hall. H.

A Country Girl Can Dress Just as Smart as a City Girl

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in every number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Thousands of girls dress by this page, and look chic and smart at the smallest cost. The page isn't "Up in the air"; it is practical and tells a girl exactly how—and with a pattern for every blouse or skirt.

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I AM the paint man.

I have a new way of manufacturing and selling paints. It's unique—it's better.

Before my plan was invented paint was sold in two ways—either ready-mixed or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the painter.

Ready-mixed paint settles on the shelves, forming a sediment at the bottom of the can.

The mineral in ready-mixed paint, when standing in oil, eats the life out of the oil. The oil is the very life of all paints.

Paint made by the painter cannot be properly made on account of lack of the heavy mixing machine.

My paint is unlike any other paint in the world.

It is ready to use, but not ready-mixed.

My paint is made to order after each order is received, packed in hermetically sealed cans with the very day it is made stamped on each can by my factory inspector.

I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier and coloring matter freshly ground, after order is received—in separate cans, and in another can I ship my Oilo, which is pure old process linseed oil, the kind that you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

I sell my paint direct from my factory to user at my very low factory price; you pay no dealer or middleman profits.

I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

My paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint, you can use two full gallons—that will cover 600 square feet of wall—two coats.

If, after you have used that much of my paint, you are not perfectly satisfied with it in every detail, you can return the remainder of your order and the two gallons will not cost you one penny.

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer.

It is because I manufacture the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

I go even further.

I sell all of my paint on six months' time, if desired.

This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

Back of my paint stands my Eight Year, officially signed, iron-clad Guarantee.

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint.

For further particulars regarding my plan of selling, and complete color card of all colors, send a postal to O. L. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

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How to Dress

ETON WITH VEST AND PLAIN CIRCULAR SKIRT

THE fall fashions emphasize more emphatically than ever that with the American woman it is the gown to suit the occasion every time. Plain, severe effects will characterize her street gowns, especially those for morning and shopping wear. Her calling, church and house dresses will, however, be designed more or less along picturesque lines.

The most fashionable materials for the autumn have a lustrous finish. Broadcloths which are as glossy as satin will be much worn, and Henrietta cloth and cashmere. For everyday frocks there are the supple French serges, the wool mixtures in fascinating color combinations, the Venetian cloths, and the perennially popular cheviots and tweeds.

The circular skirt will be prominent in the new modes, and the tunic skirt will be seen in a variety of styles.

Both short and long coats will be the fashion.

In separate waists there are to be variations of the surplice style.

Many greens will be worn throughout the autumn and winter. Red is also fashionable. The grays, especially the shades known as smoke and London fog, are particularly good style. Electric blue, the plum, prune and dahlia tints and the bronze and mahogany shades will also be worn.

◈

Eton with Vest and Plain Circular Skirt

The pattern for the Eton with Vest, No. 605, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 36 inches bust, is three and one fourth yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three yards of thirty-inch material, with one and one half yards of twenty-inch material for vest and cuffs. The pattern for the Plain Circular Skirt, No. 606, is cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 26 inches waist, is nine yards of twenty-two-inch material, or eight yards of thirty-inch material.

◈

Full Shirt Waist and Plaited Suspender Skirt

The pattern for the Full Shirt Waist, No. 591, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 36 inches bust, is four yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three yards of thirty-inch material. The pattern for the Plaited Suspender Skirt, No. 592, is cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 26 inches waist, is fourteen and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or twelve and one half yards of thirty-inch material.

◈

Plaited Shirt Waist and Full Circular Skirt

The pattern for the Plaited Shirt Waist, No. 610, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 36 inches bust, is four yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three yards of thirty-inch material, with half a yard of twenty-seven-inch material for collar, cuffs and belt. The pattern for the Full Circular Skirt, No. 611, is cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 26 inches waist, is eight and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or seven and one half yards of thirty-inch material.

◈

Tucked Waist with Yoke and Tucked Circular Skirt

Women are looking for simple designs for their silk frocks. This particular frock very successfully combines good style and simplicity. The full waist, which buttons in the back, is made with three deep tucks just above the high, draped girdle. The yoke is outlined with a narrow box-plaiting of ribbon. The sleeve is an extremely pretty elbow model. It is tucked to correspond with the waist, and finished with a cuff trimmed with lace ruffles. The skirt is made with a circular upper portion pointed in front and graduated toward the back. At the lower edge of this circular portion are three deep tucks. Below this is a graduated circular flounce. The skirt has a graceful sweep at the back. In effect this model simulates an overskirt.

By the way, double-skirt effects promise to be much the vogue this autumn.

Though the fullness toward the bottom of skirts will increase rather than diminish as the season advances, yet there is no danger of crinoline being introduced. The pattern for the Tucked Waist with Yoke, No. 587, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 36 inches bust, is five and one fourth yards of twenty-two-inch material, or four and one fourth yards of thirty-inch material, with three fourths of a yard of eighteen-inch material for yoke and collar. The pattern for the Tucked Circular Skirt, No. 588, is cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 26 inches waist, is twelve yards of twenty-two-inch material, or ten yards of thirty-inch material.

◈

Waist with Fancy Collar and Full Three-Piece Skirt

The pattern for the Waist with Fancy Collar, No. 607, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 36 inches bust, is five yards of twenty-two-inch material, or four yards of thirty-inch material, with three fourths of a yard of twenty-two-inch material for vest collar and cuffs. The pattern for the Full Three-Piece Skirt, No. 608, is cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size, 26 inches waist, is twelve yards of twenty-two-inch material, or ten yards of thirty-inch material.

TUCKED WAIST WITH YOKE AND TUCKED CIRCULAR SKIRT

◈

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

Our new catalogue of fashionable patterns is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon request.

FULL SHIRT WAIST AND PLAITED SUSPENDER SKIRT

PLAITED SHIRT WAIST AND FULL CIRCULAR SKIRT

WAIST WITH FANCY COLLAR AND FULL THREE-PIECE SKIRT

Death of the Largest Man in the World

PHILIP KREIGH, known as "Indiana's seven-hundred-pound man," and said to be the largest mau in the world, died recently at his home in Stilesville. Kreigh's weight often reached seven hundred and seventy-five pounds. He was over six feet tall, but his bones were very small. When being measured for clothes it required two persons to take the measurements, as it was impossible for one person to reach around his body. Seven yards of double-width goods were required to make him a suit.

Hen Builds Nest in a Tree

A HEN owned by Mrs. George Earle, of Parliaman's Corners, near Middletown, N. Y., has just distinguished herself and brought fame to her owner hy building a nest in the branches of a high tree, laying thirteen eggs in it and hatching thirteen chickens, which she brought safely to the ground without assistance.

The hen, which is a cross between a Leghorn and a Dominique, constructed her nest of grass and small sticks, which she transported to the tree in her bill, like a crow.

The Paul Jones Celebration

SECRETARY BONAPARTE and Admiral Sands, superintendent of the naval academy, at a conference at Washington determined on April 24, 1906, as the date for the celebration in honor of Admiral John Paul Jones. This date is the anniversary of the capture of the British man-of-war "Drake" by Captain Jones. It is expected that a French squadron will be at Annapolis at that time. There was a desire to fix an early date, but it was found impossible to complete arrangements.

Greatest Corn Record

THE Checotah (Ind. T.) "Times" tells a story from one of its readers whose veracity (perhaps) is above question:

The terrible news comes from the western part of the Cherokee Nation that a boy climhed a cornstalk to see how the corn was getting along, and now the stalk is growing up faster than the boy can climb down. The boy is clear out of sight. Three men have undertaken to cut the stalk down with axes and save the boy from starvation, but it grows so fast that they can't hack twice in the same place. The boy is living on nothing but raw corn, and already has thrown down four bushels of cobs.

Sneezed Vertebræ Out

EVER "almost sneeze your head off?" James Coyle, of Pawtucket, R. I., has for years been famous as a sneezer. Recently, however, Coyle outdid himself. He was eating breakfast, when a crumb found its way up his nostril. At once Coyle's shoulders hunched up back of his ears as he prepared for a noble effort. He turned his head over his left shoulder, which was lucky, or he might have sent his head rolling across the table. The sneeze came and went. It was a mighty one, but Coyle remained with his head over his shoulder, and began to utter inarticulate cries. He had sneezed so hard that his vertebræ were out of joint. A slight blow would have broken his neck.

Doctors were hastily sent for and straightened him out. They said he would have died had his neck remained out of place thirty minutes.

Disguised as Monk for Thirty Years

FROM the famous monastery of Tzeducani in Budapest comes the story of a recent remarkable discovery in connection with that institution. For thirty years the monastery has been renowned as the residence of the eminent and old Father Basile Popovice. From all parts of the country people have come in pilgrimage to obtain the blessing of this monk, whose ascetic life and singular virtues were widely known. A few days ago Father Basile died, aged ninety. The body was given to the monastery servants to be prepared for interment, and they discovered that the monk was a woman.

It was a rule of the monastery that all monks should grow beards, and Father Basile had a few hairs on his chin; besides, his voice was strong, and he worked in the garden, until at last he was regarded as one of the most active and vigorous members of the fraternity. It is recalled that thirty years ago a horrible murder of a husband and two children was perpetrated in a remote part of his district. The wife disappeared and was never found, and was believed to have committed suicide.

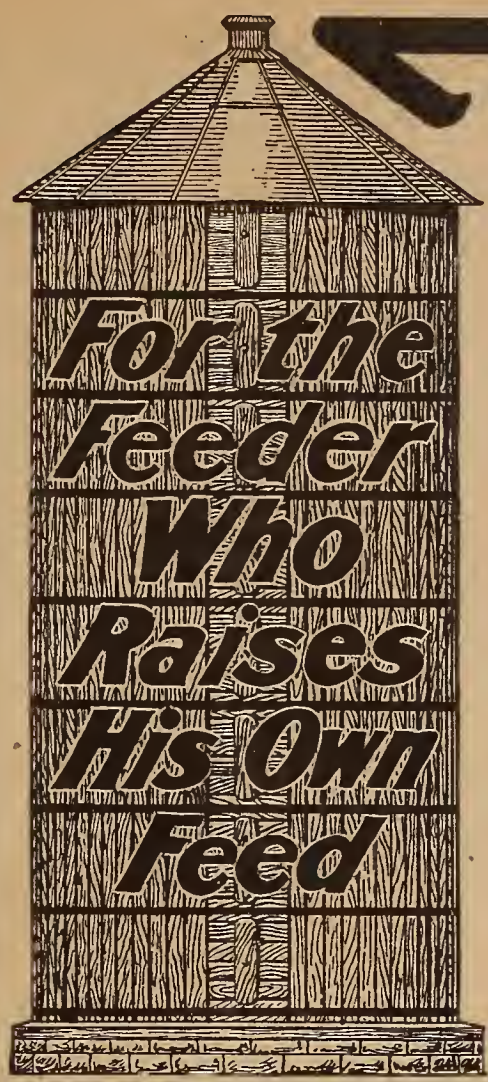
Popovice came as a suppliant for admission to the monastery the second night after the commission of this crime, and there is strong circumstantial evidence that she was the murderess.

Jackknife Legislature

SOME one wants to know how many boys there are in the Connecticut legislature.

It has recently been made public that nine hundred and seventy-eight fountain pens and two thousand six hundred and fifty jackknives, that cost the state about fifteen thousand dollars, were supplied to the two hundred and ninety members of the Connecticut general assembly that has just closed.

There were thirty-five senators and two hundred and fifty-five representatives. It has been figured out by the state comptroller's department that more than three fountain pens and nine knives went to each legislator if the extra supply was evenly distributed, but it was claimed that there was no such equal distribution. Nearly two thousand knives and about seven hundred fountain pens were bought for the house alone. It was said that about a third of the members got neither extra pens nor extra knives, and that about half of the rest received only one pen and one knife apiece. That being the case, about eighty-five favored representatives must have received about six hundred and fifteen pens and about nineteen hundred pocketknives at the state's expense. It was stated that these fountain pens were bought at from two dollars and fifty cents to twenty dollars apiece, the costlier ones having gold trimming. The knives cost from one dollar and twenty-five cents to four dollars apiece.



Every stockman should endeavor to make his own fields produce the proper ration for his animals, whether fed for market or for milk. We know that the animal body contains exactly the same elements as are grown in plant life, and it becomes the business of the scientific feeder to give his animals in feed these same elements, and in the same proportion as they exist in the body of the domestic animal. Wheat, corn, oats and hay contain every element necessary for the proper development of the animal body, and while these foods are frequently substituted by oil meal, cotton-seed meal, peas, beans and even condimental stock foods, it should not be done except when the price of these substitutes (nutritive value considered) happens to be lower than those commonly raised on every farm. Knowing that the profit is not based on the amount of food consumed, but the amount digested, the scientific feeder is interested in *increasing digestion*, which, according to the medical colleges and every experimental test, can only be accomplished by medicinal ingredients such as are supplied in

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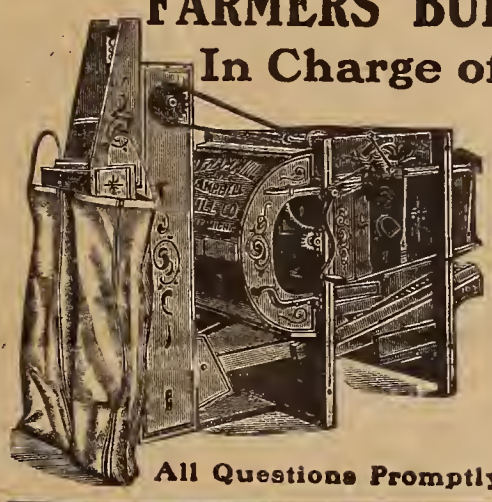
FARMERS' BUREAU OF INFORMATION

In Charge of Crop Experts



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How to Overcome the Weed Nuisance.

How to Raise a Third to a Half More Crops on the Same Acreage.

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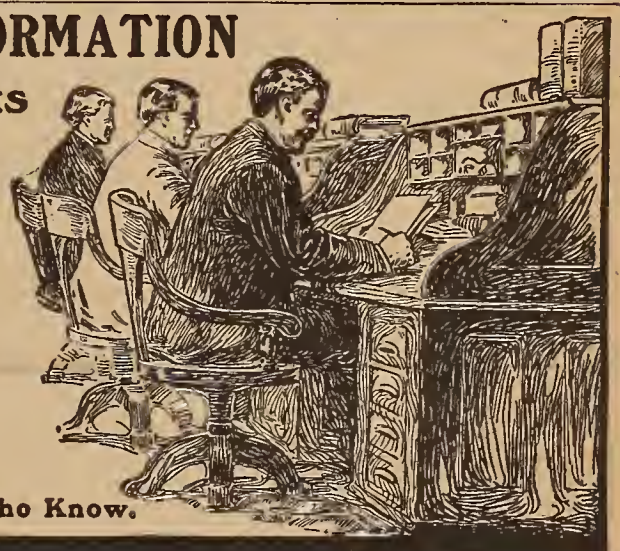

All Questions Promptly Answered by Men Who Know.

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This is the first Bureau of its kind ever equipped at private expense, and all information is furnished without one penny of charge. ***The Manson Campbell Co., Ltd.,*** were the pioneers in the "clean seed" movement, and their efforts along this line have aroused such widespread interest and accomplished so much good that they decided to establish a separate department for carrying on this important work.

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which is now in use on hundreds of thousands of farms throughout the United States and Canada and in every grain growing country in the world, has been remarkable. Unquestionably its use has added millions of dollars to the country's wealth. Its work in cleaning, separating and grading grain and seed has never been equaled. It was designed by experts who have made a life study of the many problems that it solves. The 17 screens and riddles with which it is regularly equipped are used in so many different combinations that the simple mention of its different uses makes a list of surprising length.

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Oyster Farming

By WILLIAM S. BIRGE, M.D.

THERE are twenty-three million bushels of oysters opened in the United States every year, and the bulk of this gigantic output is derived from one producing locality, the Chesapeake. The Chesapeake alone yields twice as many oysters as are produced in all foreign countries put together. In the last century its total output of these mollusks has been about four hundred million bushels, selling for two hundred and fifty million dollars, a sum over four times as great as the entire valuation of the taxable property in all the counties of Maryland where the fishery is carried on, with the single exception of Baltimore. The industry supports two hundred and twenty-five thousand persons outside of Baltimore, which city is the greatest oyster market in the world, employing more capital in the business than is utilized in the fishery itself, and paying regular wages to nearly half as many persons as are actually engaged in the capture of the bivalves.

The Chesapeake oyster-producing grounds receive the drainage of an immense area of fertile territory, which deposits over its bottom a fine black sediment rich in organic matter. This makes the famous "oyster mud," which produces a luxuriant growth of minute vegetable organisms that furnish the oyster with his favorite food. The United States Fish Commission estimates the available oyster-growing area in the Chesapeake at about one thousand square miles, and that, with proper cultivation, would be worth an average of one hundred dollars an acre yearly.

The Baltimore oyster trade has three branches—raw shucking, steaming and the sale of the mollusks in the shell. Of these raw shucking is the most important, next to which comes the steaming trade. The business of shucking raw oysters in Baltimore employs thirty-three thousand persons, most of them men. They receive twenty cents per "cup" of nine pints, wine measure, for the meats of the oysters they open. Over nine tenths of the world's product of canned oysters are prepared here, which are exported to Europe and the West Indies. About twenty-five firms are kept busy in this branch of the industry.

It is an interesting sight to watch the preparing and canning of the oyster. Small cars filled with oysters in the shells are run directly from the wharf to the factory, the tracks being so arranged that the cars pass into steam closets, which are oak boxes twenty feet long lined with sheet iron. When a car has been run in, the doors of the chest are closed, and steam is admitted. After fifteen minutes the box is opened, and the car is run over another track into the shucking room, its place being immediately occupied by a fresh car. In the shucking room the cars are surrounded by the shuckers, each provided with a knife and a can that hooks upon the side of the vehicle, which is soon emptied of its contents, the steaming having opened the shells and made the meats easy to get at. The oysters are then washed with ice water and poured into cans, which are also subjected to a steaming, cooled, capped and packed in boxes, the whole process being completed in one hour after the bivalves are delivered from the vessel at the wharf.

The culture of oysters is as simple as the raising of potatoes or any other standard crop. In Europe it has been reduced to a scientific basis, but in this country until the past few years very little has been done in this way. At the present time oyster breeding is practiced on an extensive scale on Long Island Sound, nearly one third of that body of water being occupied by oyster beds, the product of which is harvested with as much regularity as any land crop. The right to this underwater cultivation is obtained by lease from the state, and the oyster beds are guarded by special police to prevent poaching. Nearly eighty-five thousand acres are under cultivation, some of the beds being at a depth of twelve or fifteen fathoms.

When the mollusks are beginning to spawn, the oyster farmer deposits shells or broken stone upon the bottom. The newly hatched baby oysters attach themselves to it, so in the course of time the batch of broken stone or old shells is transformed into a bed of thriving young bivalves. After a few months the farmer dredges up the oysters, which at this time are very small—not much larger than his thumbnail—and disposes of them as "seed" to somebody that wants to plant them for future use. An oyster is ready for market at about five years of age.

In early infancy the mollusk is a free-swimming little animal, which is very apt to be eaten by some fish or other enemy; or if it escapes this fate, unless it finds some hard object to which to attach itself, in order that it may be elevated above the muddy bottom, it will soon smother to death. The female oyster produces about sixteen million eggs at a spawning, most of which do not hatch because they do not come in contact with the reproductive cells which are set afloat by the male. It is estimated that only one in two million lives to grow up. This may be said to be a wise provision of Nature, for if the descendants of one pair of bivalves all lived to maturity they would comprise in five generations a bulk more than seven times the size of the earth.

At the free-swimming stage of its career the oyster is too small to be seen by the naked eye, but when he settles down and attaches himself to a rock or some other object he grows very rapidly. At six weeks of age he is as big as a silver ten-cent piece; at one year he is from one to one and one half inches in length. If he is well fed, in four or five years he will have attained a marketable size. If left to himself the oyster is quite a long-lived animal, often attaining an age of twenty-five or thirty years.

The scientific method of cultivating oysters, as advocated by the United States Fish Commission, involves the use of rearing cases, which are large flat boxes six feet long, four feet wide and six inches deep, with top and bottom of wire gauze. They are placed side by side in rows, resting on the bottom in shallow water. In each box are placed as many oysters as they will hold—perhaps twenty-five or thirty thousand. Here they develop rapidly, suffering very slight loss by mortality. Every two weeks the biggest are picked out and transferred to other cases, in this way making room for all to grow.

One thousand bushels of shucked oysters leave nearly eleven hundred bushels of shells, which accumulate in immense heaps about the shucking houses. It has been estimated that during the past one hundred years there has been landed on the shores of Maryland at least fourteen million tons, a quantity more than twice sufficient to overload and send to the bottom of the sea every sailing vessel, steamer, barge and canal boat in America. Until recently the shucking houses were obliged to pay money to get rid of the shells, but now they are able to dispose of them for from half a cent to one cent a bushel. Large quantities are used in the manufacture of coal gas, as material for roads, in the making of special grades of iron, in the construction of railway beds, as oyster cultch and for chicken food.

Every year about one hundred carloads of Eastern oysters are carried across the continent by rail and planted at the Golden Gate. The native Pacific oyster does not amount to much, being small and poor. After being planted in those waters the Chesapeake bivalves are allowed to grow until they are large enough for the market. The supply has to be continually renewed, as owing to the low temperature of the water they refuse to spawn there.

The oyster is a very peaceful animal, but is not allowed to go undisturbed, for there are various enemies seeking to terminate its existence. Among these the starfish is the most formidable and bloodthirsty, swooping down upon an oyster town, massacring the inhabitants by wholesale. It is estimated that they annually destroy one million dollars' worth of the bivalves in Long Island Sound. The sting ray, a near relative of the devilfish, occasionally raids the beds with most disastrous results, giving the appearance at low tide as if hogs had been rooting in them. Among other enemies that the oyster has to contend with are the "borer," which commits its assault by drilling a hole through the shell, going to work just as a man would use an auger. And there is the "winkle," which crushes the oyster by muscular pressure, and is particularly destructive to the young oyster. The "winkle" is a name applied to many species of large conchs, which are also a terrible enemy to the oyster. They envelop the helpless bivalve in the concave under surface of their feet, crush the shell to fragments, and feast at leisure upon the flesh of the victim. The operation is done with great rapidity, and repeated again and again, so that it is reported upon good authority that one good-sized conch can destroy half a bushel of oysters in an hour.

The oyster is not overparticular in his choice of a residence. Anything is good enough for him, so long as it is solid and will keep him out of the mud. Some very peculiar articles have afforded him a resting place. An old boot, an overshoe, a beer glass, a tin can, and one now in the possession of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, chose to roost upon a set of false teeth, that probably some seasick individual ejected as a tribute to Neptune.

The oyster is a highly organized little creature, possessing a stomach, a liver, a heart, intestines, a mouth, gills that serve in place of lungs for breathing, and a nervous system which is most complete. The mouth of the oyster is at the hinge end of the shell. By the aid of a powerful muscle he is able to open and close this at will. When he is in his native element this is held slightly open, so as to permit the water, which contains his food, to flow in and out.

UNLOADING OYSTERS FROM DREDGE BOAT INTO SCOW —Technical World.

The loaded scow is towed into a fresh-water creek, where the oysters are thrown overboard again at high tide. As a result of the "drink," for which a period of about six hours is allowed, the salt water is largely removed, and the oysters are plumper and more easily kept fresh

The Ranch Maid

BY FRANK H. SWEET

"NO MAN can win me until he proves himself a better cowboy than I am," flashed the girl. Then, as her gaze swept over the assembled outfit of the Double Tee ranch, she broke into a ringing, scornful laugh. But the men felt there had been more than jest in her words. Hairy-faced Tom Biglow—Woolly-dog Tom—placed his hand over his heart.

"Them's p'inted sentiments, Miss Tensie," he rebuked, suavely; "an' it implies us boys here considerably, seein' four o' us have asked you to marry him since you stood there on the horse. Now, in justice to the Double Tee outfit, we'd ask you to name the conditions an' cards. If it's to round up a stampedin' herd single-handed, or ride a locoed horse, or—"

"I don't think the man's among you, Mr. Woolly," interrupted the girl. "If you'll hurry Pete up with that note I'll be going. I could have written a dozen in this time. There he comes now."

A cowboy was emerging from the ranch shack, and following him was the new owner, fresh from the East and immaculate in a tailor-made cowboy costume. He was a handsome fellow, and came forward quickly, doffing his hat.

"Tell your father I'm awfully obliged to him for his neighborliness, Miss Neunan," he said, "and that he can depend upon me to be at the ranchmen's meeting. I want to identify myself with the country now. That note will explain about the horses. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but there seemed to be no paper or pencils in the outfit."

Tensie Neunan took the note and bowed, then touched her horse lightly. As she swept away the curiosity in the new owner's eyes was mingled with surprised admiration.

"A magnificent girl!" he ejaculated, involuntarily; but Robson, the foreman, was near enough to hear him.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "you don't see such girls in the East, Mr. Rand; and even here on the plains Miss Tensie is an exception."

"She's a goddess," agreed Mr. Rand, enthusiastically. Then he swung suddenly to the outfit, his face darkening.

"Look here, men," he cried, hotly, "I didn't like the way you talked to that girl. It was positively insulting. Why, I heard four of you proposing to her right here in the presence of all the rest. And you were in earnest."

"In dead earnest," answered Woolly-dog Tom, pathetically; "the deadest kind o' earnest. An' I have myself heard them same four propose to her individually an' collectively more times than I've got fingers an' toes, an' generally in the presence o' witnesses. An' why not? Everybody knows every cuss here loves her, an' 'tain't nothin' to be ashamed of. Lord! Mr. Rand, we've been acquainted with Miss Tensie ever since her father brought her to his ranch two years ago, an' we've been proposin' to her on all chances an' occasions through them twenty-four months. I'd have asked her to marry me to-day, only these coyotes kept their everlastin' jaw goin'."

"What gits to me," said Wild Smith, gently, "is how she snaps out sometimes, like just now. Maybe we ought to draw her off by herself, boys, an' not speak out so in meetin'. Maybe gals like proposin's to be private rehearsals."

"Not Miss Tensie," declared Woolly-dog Tom, authoritatively. "It's practice for her to say 'no' in different ways. She's bound to like it. Lord! I'd rather hear her say 'no' than any other gal 'yes.' It's worth proposin' just to have her eyes on one an' her attention for a minute. An' that's the way we all feel. Every cuss in this outfit has been proposin' to her except Robson there, an' he don't propose to nobody. He's too all-fired dried up. Now, Mr. Rand—"

"Never mind bringing me in," said Mr. Rand, shortly. "No girl cares to be proposed to in that way, much less a girl like Miss Neunan. You cowboys—"

"Are as fine a lot of men as there are in the world," finished the foreman, briskly. "I am glad you feel that way about us, Mr. Rand, especially as you are to be a cowboy in a way yourself.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 25]

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Valid Marriage

C. S., Illinois, inquires: "A. and B. were married by a minister, A. having a license. Their fathers and mothers were willing, and were present, also other witnesses. When the papers were filled out B.'s father gave in the wrong history. He said she was born in America, but she was not. Will this make any difference?"

Do not be alarmed. This marriage is absolutely valid and legal.

Limiting Inheritance

R. E. S., Illinois, asks: "What are the exact words that can be written to entitle the living children of a mother, in case of her death, to equal shares of her property, part town lots, cash and real estate from her parents?"

I presume you mean in a will or a deed. This could be done by either mentioning them by name or stipulating that only those living then or at the time desired should be entitled to inherit same.

Labor on Farm—Number of Hours Required

H. P. S., Michigan, asks: "If a man hires out on a farm by the year is he compelled to work over ten hours and all day Sunday?"

When a man hires out on a farm for a year, in the absence of an express contract he is required to perform the work usually required on a farm and as is generally required by the custom of the neighborhood in the kind of work he is doing. He would not be required to perform work on Sunday, but he might be required to feed stock, milk cows, curry horses, etc., on Sunday. Neither would he at all seasons of the year be expected to put in ten hours a day, but in busy time he might be required to put in as much, and even more.

Fence Law

A. S., Missouri, says: "There is a mile of fence between me and my neighbor. I have kept it up for several years, but it seems as if he will not keep up any part. If I keep up half, no matter what half, can I compel him to keep up the other half? If he does not, and my stock gets out on his land, am I liable for damage?"

I can hardly say as to the details required by the law of your state. You have certain officers whose duty it is to divide and apportion line fences. As you have in the past kept up the fence, it would not be safe to put your stock in and let them get into his crops. If the fence has never been divided, see your fence officers at once, and have it divided. Usually a neighboring justice of the peace can give you directions as to who to see and how to proceed.

Need of a Guardian

J. W., Michigan, says: "I came into possession of twenty acres of quite heavy timber. I was approached by a supposed friend, and traded it to him for a house which he said rented for six dollars a month. He being an expert timberman, and I having so much confidence in him, did not investigate, but took his word for it. I found out later that he got only about two dollars a month, and that the timber was worth two thousand dollars, while the house he traded me was worth only two hundred. Finding I had been so badly beaten, I asked him to take his house back and leave me one half of the timber, which he agreed to do. But when we came to make the contract he would give me only about eight acres, and wanted eight dollars back that I had received for rent. I gave him that value in timber out of the eight acres, so he gets twelve acres that does not cost him one cent, all because he deceived me and I trusted to his honesty. Can I do anything to get my own? He has cut only about five of the twelve acres so far, and has three years in which to remove it. I confess that I ought to have a guardian."

You might have had a court set aside the first contract, but I doubt if you can the second. I guess you are right in saying you need a guardian. I presume you did not deed him the land, but merely sold the timber, and your wife did not need to sign the contract.

Turning Salt Water into Creek

S., California, asks: "A., B., C. and others bore for oil on leased land, and strike no oil, but strike an immense flow of salt water combined with natural gas. They decide to pipe the gas to near-by towns. In order to get the gas they have to let the salt water out also, which naturally would run away in a certain direction; but they propose to make a ditch in another direction, across land of one of the owners of the gas well, and so change, divert and interfere with the natural course of the salt water, and turn it into a creek which runs through lands of several farmers who depend on said creek for water and feed for their stock. The salt water will kill the feed and spoil the fresh water for the stock, and depreciate the value of the farms for stock-raising purposes, as well as cause great inconvenience and expense to the owners of the farms, who have always enjoyed all advantages connected with a natural supply of good water for stock, besides feed, etc. What can be done to prevent them doing this damage? They are an organized company. They can get rid of the salt water without hurting anybody by piping it three miles to a slough connected with a bay, but this would be more expensive than turning it into the farmers' creek."

They have no right to turn the water into the farmers' creek, and I doubt if they can turn it anywhere without being liable for the damage it causes. The only thing to be done is for the farmers to bring a suit in court and have them enjoined from turning the water on their lands or into the creek.

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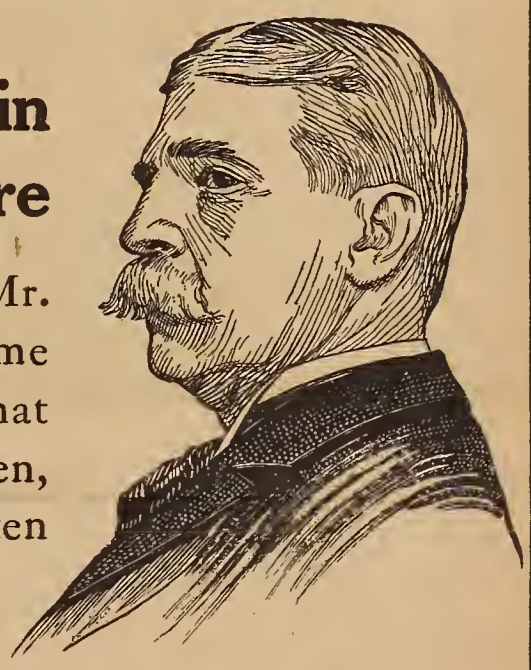

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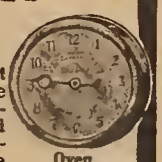

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Signs of the Times

When the Gem is Gone

What would the splendid ring be
Robbed of its flawless gem?
What would the days of spring be
If hope came not with them?
The vase from which is taken
The fragrant rose and rare
Is graceless and forsaken
And pitiful and bare.

What would the sweetest soul be
That gazed from no deep eyes?
What would the highest goal be
If it contained no prize?
The house that once was splendid,
Since Love has left is drear,
And Scorn is there, attended
By Loneliness and Fear.

What would the words we say be
If meaning they had none?
What would the fairest day be
Without the shining sun?
Scenes that, mayhap, delighted
Our hearts but yesterday
To-morrow may be blighted,
When some one goes away.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Nevada's First House

Nevada is perhaps the only state in the Union that enjoys the distinction of being able to exhibit the first permanent dwelling erected within its territory. In the spring of 1851 John Reese, with ten wagons loaded with flour, butter, eggs, etc., left Salt Lake for the purpose of establishing a trading station somewhere on the overland road east of the Sierras. He was accompanied by Stephen A. Kinsie, some teamsters and a few passengers for California—sixteen persons in all. The train arrived at a point on Carson River, where it stopped for a while until hearing of a more favorable locality in Carson Valley, at that time a barren desert, inhabited only by wild animals and savages. Mr. Kinsie started alone on horseback to spy out the country in advance of the Reese expedition. He visited the head of that valley, and then returned along the base of the Sierras until he reached the site of the present picturesque little town of Genoa, and concluding that it was the most favorable spot for a trading post in that section of the country, he camped, and remained there until Mr. Reese arrived with the train.

On July 4, 1851, Mr. Kinsie selected and took possession of the ground on which Genoa now stands, and named it Mormon Station. He at once began the construction of a log cabin, which when completed was the only house in what is now Nevada. That pioneer of the numberless structures erected throughout the Silver State during the eventful and stirring years that followed still stands where it was built in Genoa, the only relic left of an almost forgotten past. It is to be hoped that the people of Nevada will take the necessary steps to preserve this valuable relic of bygone days.

Photo by S. H. Thomas.

FIRST PERMANENT DWELLING IN THE STATE OF NEVADA

A Trade for Any Time

There is a man in Louisville, Ky., says the Louisville "Post," who has trades that fit any climate, season or time of day:

"One morning recently he started out with a rug to sell on commission for an installment house. He sold the rug, and then came back and took out a clock, which he also disposed of. About noon he was called by an undertaker to embalm a body, which he did. Another undertaker sent for him to drive a hearse to the cemetery, and after he had disposed of this errand satisfactorily he preached a short sermon at the grave. He drove the hearse back to town, and filled in an afternoon for a candymaker who was taken suddenly ill. In the evening he worked from six until eight o'clock in a barber shop, and from that hour until midnight set type on a daily newspaper."

Dynamite Blows Up Airship

Prof. A. Baldwin, an airship exhibitor, met an awful death at Greenville, Ohio, on August 31st last, by the explosion of six sticks of dynamite in his balloon while fifteen hundred feet in the air. His wife and two children were in the crowd of twenty-five thousand people who witnessed the calamity.

Baldwin was giving daily exhibitions at the county fair. He would ascend several thousand feet in the air, and explode half a dozen sticks of dynamite at different times. On the fatal day he had mounted fifteen hundred feet in the air, and his airship was soaring as gracefully as a bird. While the thrilled crowd was watching there appeared in the sky where the airship had been a great cloud of smoke. Seconds later came a great boom from the clouds. Fragments of man and airship began to fall. Baldwin had been blown to pieces by the explosion. Parts of his body were picked up from a space of several acres and removed to a morgue.

Baldwin's wife screamed when she saw the smoke, long before the explosion was heard, for her practiced eye told her of the tragedy which had occurred. She fell in a dead faint before the vast crowd had realized what was happening.

No one can tell how the accident occurred. The six sticks of dynamite exploded simultaneously, as only one report was heard. Baldwin daily carried with him sufficient dynamite to have blown himself and his ship into atoms. Many women fainted as the fragments of the ship and the unlucky aëronaut's body fell.

Baldwin was from Losantville, Ind., and was thirty-six years old. He had been engaged for a long while in giving balloon and airship exhibitions at county fairs.

Maniac Terrorizes Farm Community

On the point of capture by a sheriff's posse, Peter Pitts, the maniac who terrorized the countryside from Avon Beach to Lorain, Ohio, for three days recently, is dead by his own hand. He shot himself in the head September 2d, in full view of the band of armed farmers who were pursuing him. For three days he ran amuck through a territory of twenty miles in extent, firing upon men and women, burning farmhouses and driving the population from their homes to places of safety in the city.

Young, powerfully built, intelligent, Pitts was more dangerous than an ordinary man would have been under the same circumstances. Farmers were afraid to approach him even with loaded rifles and shotguns. His first deed of violence was on Wednesday, when he fired thrice from a cornfield upon Miss Mary Heckler. His next was when he set the torch to the Heckler homestead, burning it to the ground. Afterward he attempted to fire another house, but was driven away. Friday morning he piled ties upon the tracks of the Lake Shore electric line. The motorman of the Toledo limited car discovered the obstacle in time to save himself and his passengers from destruction.

The country was aroused. Women and children sought shelter in the hamlets and in Lorain. The men formed themselves into armed companies, and scoured the land from Avon to Lorain, ready to kill the man on sight.

Six Generations Living

What is believed to be the first case of six generations all living assembled last week, says a Bloomington dispatch, in Menard County, Illinois. The oldest member of the family is Mrs. Lucinda Watkins, who was born April 7, 1809, and who is a resident of Atterbury, Ill.; her daughter, Mrs. Temperance Hillier, of Oxford, Ill., was born October 15, 1829; Mrs. Hillier's daughter, Mrs. Sarah Davis, of Kilbourne, Ill., was born January 7, 1851; Mrs. Mary Jane Showalter, also of Kilbourne, was born May 7, 1868; her daughter, Mrs. Bessie Ashurst, of Kilbourne, was born June 3, 1886, and her son Lloyd was born October 19, 1904.

Since March 16, 1828, Mrs. Watkins has lived in the same dwelling. She has never been out of the state, and took her first ride on a railway train four years ago. She was born in Bowling Green, Ky., is now the oldest resident of Menard County, and reads without the aid of glasses. She has four children living, together with thirty-six grandchildren, twenty great-grandchildren, seventy great-great-grandchildren and one great-great-great-grandson.

Use Bees as Messengers

A very curious and interesting investigation has been going on for some time past among naturalists with regard to the senses of the lower animals. It has been found that in most cases these are very different from ours, and it cannot any longer be denied that instances occur in which special senses that are not possessed by human beings are developed in animals. One of these, called "the sense of direction," enables bees to return from long distances to their hives unaided by any of the five different ways we have of recognizing our surroundings.

To test this matter thoroughly the fertile honey makers have been taken considerable distances from their hives, to localities which it was certain that they had never before visited, yet when set free they flew as unhesitatingly, as directly and as unerringly home as from places perfectly known to them.

A few years ago it occurred to a well-known beekeeper that this remarkable ability on the part of bees might be made useful. Convincing himself that he could rely upon their speedy return from anywhere within the range of three or four miles from the hives, whether they had ever been at the place from which they had started homeward or not, he set to work to test their ability to carry messages, as do homing pigeons. He accordingly procured a few bees from a friend who lived on the further side of a barren, sandy tract of land, which, offering no possible food supplies, was never visited by the insects, and crossed over to his own home.

Going to his garden with the children, he touched certain tiny packages with birdlime. Upon these were written, in minute handwriting, certain messages from his two little girls. The packages consisted of the thinnest paper, fastened with the thinnest of thread and done up in the smallest parcels possible.

Releasing the bees one by one from the pasteboard box in which they had been imprisoned, he fastened with a trained hand each of the little packets to the back of a bee, which he then allowed to fly away. Like homing pigeons, they started off at once across the unfamiliar desert for their home, arriving there in an incredibly short space of time, with their packages secure upon their backs.—St. Nicholas.

Opening of the New Farms in Canada

American farmers, thousands of whom have migrated lately to the northwest regions of Canada, are interested in the recent admission to the dominion of two vast provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, created from the territory between British Columbia and Manitoba. For thirty years the people of that region have had more or less limited powers of self-government, but now they pass into a new status, and assume full control over their own affairs, under the limitations imposed on the provincial constitutions by the British North America acts.

The new provinces are not added to the territory of the dominion, but are created from regions that for many years have formed part of Canada, and in this process Assiniboia has lost its identity by being merged into the province now named Saskatchewan. The act creating the provinces was passed by the dominion parliament at its last session, and went into operation September 1st.

Each of the new provinces is much larger than the state of New York, and gives promise of enormous agricultural and industrial possibilities. In the last five years one hundred and fifty thousand American farmers have migrated to this region, and are developing the soil there, with every prospect of big returns.

Alberta is one of the few places where both spring and winter wheat can be raised successfully. Fifty bushels to the acre for the winter crop and twenty-five for the spring are the yield statistics in this year's report. Under the impetus of the rush of immigrating farmers the population of each province has increased to about two hundred thousand.

An Interesting Alaska Cabin

Mrs. W. E. Egan, of Ellamar, Alaska, sends us a photograph of the first cabin or house of any kind built on Landlock Bay. Mrs. Egan, who can be seen in the picture, was the first white woman to live on the borders of this bay.

The Great Destiny of Japan

What effect will the Japanese victory have on the future of Asia, and especially on the future of China? This is the question that every man asks who studies the world in a large way.

Japan's rise to power puts a new force at work in this Old World. The most important question that touches the lives of hundreds of millions of men is whether the Japanese can do for other Oriental nations what they have done for themselves, and what no Western people can do—break up their stagnation, and lift them to the Western level in health, in normal activity and in opportunity. They are akin to the Chinese in race and thought and language and religion, and they are much nearer than any branch of the white race to the other Asiatics. Their ambition, too, must urge them to this ennobling effort.

This much at least is true: Whereas there was no hope of Europe's awakening Asia to a healthful and active existence, there is now a chance that the Japanese may do this great task in the course of the coming centuries; and it is the greatest task of human helpfulness that is presented in the condition of mankind—to lift half the human race from stagnant sadness into healthful activities.—Review of Reviews.

Photo by Joseph Bourke.

THE FIRST CABIN ON LANDLOCK BAY, ALASKA

Country Life

Here's love to the fields that are rolling far
With golden harvest grain,
And here's to the fields of waving corn
That cover hill and plain.
And here's to the orchard bending low
O'er clover blossoms sweet,
And here's a love of the quiet life
Away from the noisy street.

Oh, yes, there's work on the busy farm—
There's work for hands and brain;
There's something more than empty tasks
In raising stock and grain.
Don't count the farmer as a dunce
Nor scoff his work in life,
For better is our living made
By the farmer and his wife.

And here's to the sunburnt hands and face,
And shoes spread out in dirt;
And here's to the wide-brimmed old straw hat
And colored "hickory" shirt;
And here's to the farmer boy and girl
And their work for me and you.
Without the blessings of their toil
What would the town folk do?

Their ways can just as polished be,
Though hands are not so fair,
As what are met in stores, at desks
Or on city's thoroughfare.
But come, don't call them awkward, green,
Nor scoff their badge of tan;
To make a first-class farmer
It takes a first-class man.

—Laura Hall Reed.

"English Jack," the Hermit

No matter where one goes into the mountain resorts of this country, the always interesting character in the form of the hermit turns up. Every visitor to the White Mountains considers his visit incomplete unless he has visited the haunts of "English Jack," the hermit, who lives high up on the mountain side of Mount Willard, near the Crawford House.

Jack is now eighty-two years old, and save for a few sciatic pains in damp weather is hale and hearty, "clinker built and copper fastened, like a Dutch galiot," as he puts it.

"English Jack" was a sailor in the English navy many years ago, and left London as a fourteen-year-old boy for foreign parts. He fought in the Crimean War and many other battles, Indian mutinies and African frays, but finally, inconsolable at the death of his sweetheart, whom he left behind in London, he drifted to New England and into the hills. There he has lived a hermit ever since.

Bicentenary of Franklin

The bicentenary of Benjamin Franklin will fall on January 17, 1906, and already there is a movement on foot to observe the anniversary in a fitting manner. It is urged that while Washington's birthday is a legal holiday in nearly every state and Lincoln's in several, no such honor has been paid Franklin. Congress will probably be asked to adopt measures for national recognition of this Revolutionary patriot.

To Study American Farm Conditions

Several members of the Royal Settlements Commission of Prussia were recently ordered to visit the United States for the purpose of studying Western farm management and conditions. This commission has been engaged in buying lands owned by Poles, and settling Germans on them, so as to increase German influence in the provinces of Prussian Poland.

Harvest of Disasters

Ten thousand and forty-six persons were killed and 84,155 injured on the railways of the United States during 1904. Of the killed 441 and of the injured 9,111 were passengers, or one killed out of every 1,622,267 carried, and one injured out of every 78,523 carried.

These figures are given in the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1904, issued recently. The report shows that at the end of 1904 there were 297,073 miles of railroad in the United States owned by 2,104 railway corporations.

The World's Smallest Monarchy

The king of the Cocos, a small group of islands near Sumatra, is the ruling head of the smallest monarchy in the world. George Reiss, a grandson of an Englishman by the name of Ross who visited these islands in 1825 and established himself there, is the present sovereign. The islands were discovered about three hundred years ago, but little was known of them until Mr. Ross' visit. The present government is said to be in excellent shape and its people happy and prosperous.

Booking a Royal Wedding

THE recent trip through France and England of Alfonso, king of Spain, has set all classes, especially in Madrid, to speculating upon the probable outcome of his alleged hunt for a wife.

It is noteworthy that Spain is almost unanimous in desiring a foreign fiancée for King Alfonso. That he will not incur popular disfavor by becoming engaged to one of his Bourbon or Hapsburg cousins is taken for granted by everybody. A few weeks ago King Alfonso was reported to have remarked jokingly to an intimate friend, "It's not the fault of my ancestors that I am healthy, can use my brain and am a decent shot. Continued cousin marriages are enough to play the deuce with the best stock." On this point the Spanish monarch, although only nineteen years of age, holds very strong views.

The life of Alfonso XIII. has a halo of romance about it. Born a king, his father's death occurring previous to the son's birth, the burden of government rested upon a woman. Fortunately the widowed queen was a woman of strong character, and she guarded the kingdom for her son with rare tact and discretion during the long years of minority. She was determined to call him Alfonso, after his father, and though the superstitious Spaniards objected to the number XIII., the queen had her way, and further defied superstition by asking Pope Leo XIII. to be his godfather. The first letter the young king ever wrote was to the Pope, to thank his godfather for a present on his first communion. The little fellow wrote seven copies before he made one tidy enough to send.

Alfonso was scarcely more than a baby when he first took part in state ceremonies, but his dignity exceeded his years, and almost as soon as he could toddle the juvenile sovereign was most particular about being saluted according to his rank. At first he was a very delicate child, so he was kept in the open air, had more play than lessons, and spent much time by the sea at San Sebastian. There he played soldiers with such enjoyment that a boy regiment was formed of mites of his own age, duly uniformed and drilled, whom he reviewed with much ceremony. In fact, the young king has always had strong military tastes, and is exceptionally well trained in army tactics. As he grew into boyhood his lessons were rather heavy for so young a child, but he worked well under an English governess, and at ten years had a military governor and a regular household of his own. Very wisely, however, the queen insisted on a large share of outdoor pursuits in his education, so the young king learned to ride, row and fence with much enjoyment.

From the time he could first sit a small pony young Alfonso has been devoted to riding, and a new horse to match his growth was his mother's favorite present. The king is a steady, intelligent worker, with much aptitude for languages (he speaks English, French, German and Italian, besides being a fair Greek and Latin scholar) and he has been most carefully trained in statesmanship. Like his mother, he is a good musician. According to Spanish custom, the king came of age when sixteen, three years ago, and then solemnly assumed the government.

King Alfonso wants the old Spanish guns that once constituted the defenses of Havana harbor and a few other seaport towns, and has invoked the intervention of the United States government in order to obtain the surrender by the Cuban republic of the heavy ordnance. According to the construction placed upon the treaty by Don Alfonso's government, these big guns belong to Spain, which regards the United States as pledged by the document in question to undertake their surrender. Thus far the authorities at Havana have turned a deaf ear to these pretensions, and as the United States has until now refrained from bringing any pressure to bear upon President Palma, the young king, who is taking a strong personal interest in the matter, proposes to bring the question before the international tribunal of The Hague, and to ask for arbitration and for an award.

—Review of Reviews.

KING ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN

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The Ranch Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

Miss Tensie regards us in the same manner, for she knows any one in the outfit would give his life freely to save her from danger, and that is more than many of the well-dressed men East would do. The mere fact of her having to familiarize us with the word 'no' detracts nothing from the warm feeling between her and the outfit. And yes, I will add that, contrary to Mr. Woolly-dog Tom's belief, I proposed to her myself more than a year ago, and was refused. Now," sharply, "all of you scatter to the upper range and relieve the boys there. Keep an extra keen lookout, for the wolves are around again and liable to cause another bad stampede. Miss Tensie rode that way, you know; and brave and familiar with cattle as she is, I wouldn't like her to get in front of a stampede when wolves were behind. I don't think there is any real danger, of course, or I would have warned her. Wolves are not apt to venture out till night. But I shall go along."

There had not been a serious stampede in several weeks, though scattering wolves were seen almost daily along the edge of the foothills.

At night the cowboys were unusually vigilant, with occasional fires built at dangerous points, and so the wolves had been kept back. And it was at night alone that danger was apprehended.

But the wolves had been growing hungry, and with hunger came boldness. An hour's riding, with ten miles left behind, and the cowboys saw the figure, which they had only tried to keep within sight, whirl suddenly and come toward them. A few moments later came a dull vibration of the earth which caused Robson to throw his horse forward with a curse.

"Ride, boys!" he yelled. "Stampeding cattle, and you know Miss Tensie's horse came thirty miles from her father's ranch this morning, and is too exhausted to lead a stampede driven by wolves! Ride as you never did before! Sweep in between her and the cattle, and then turn, and if need be, every one of you die before a horn touches her horse!"

"To blazes with you!" cried Woolly-dog Tom, wrathfully. "What reason have you to say that? Ain't we all proposed to her last?"

But Tensie was a mile away, and before that distance was lessened by half, the stampede had swept over the slope behind and was closing in on her. A quarter of a mile, and the clashing horns were less than a dozen yards away; an eighth, and they were at her horse's flank.

Robson's face was set in rigid lines. He had ridden many miles also that morning, and his horse was not so fresh as his companions, but by sheer force of will he pushed the animal ahead of the others, two, three, four lengths, and when the clashing horns closed in upon Tensie's horse he was less than twenty yards away. But no power on earth could now check his terrific speed in advance of the onrushing stampede. A second, and his arm rose steadily and unerringly. There were two sharp reports, and then the cattle obliterated them.

It is an odd fact that a seeming trifle may sometimes check or divide an avalanche. Almost simultaneously with the reports fell the two frenzied animals that were crowding upon Tensie's horse, and instinctively the cattle immediately behind swerved a little to the right and left to avoid them. Others followed, and thus a narrow path was left through the stampede.

After the cattle had passed Tensie looked at her companion. His hand was grasping her arm, and she noticed that it trembled. Her own face was white, but her eyes had softened.

"Dick," she whispered, "you are a better cowboy than I am."

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Service on Submarines

JULIUS CHAMBERS, writing in the Brooklyn "Eagle," said that the recent loss of the French submarine calls renewed attention to the great dangers attending the use of the new craft. Failure of the rescuers to save the men can only be ascribed to a desire on the part of the officers at the local naval station to insure the safety of the vessel, even at the expense of a dozen lives. The French are a very peculiar people. Their ideas of saving money are the most exact of any race on earth. Submarine vessels cost money, but men can be enrolled at any time. In the British and United States navies, volunteers are called for among the men (not the officers) to serve upon these dangerous boats. The English admiralty doubles the pay of the enlisted men. In this country a gunner or sailor transferred from a man-of-war to a submarine receives only five dollars more a month. This is not an adequate recognition of the thousandfold danger that heroes who offer to perform such service should be paid. In the British navy, also, the time is doubled. One year's duty on a submarine means two years' credit at sea to officers and men. This is as it should be. If ocean warfare of the future is to be fought under water it is only reasonable and just that the extra hazardous character of the duty should be recognized.

This is a chance for the new Secretary of the Navy, and there is little doubt that he will bring the matter to the attention of Congress and the President in his annual report.

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How the Exposition City Was Named

THE Lewis and Clark Exposition has naturally brought out many interesting facts in regard to Portland and the Pacific coast. Not least interesting among these is the story of the naming of Portland, and it is, in a way, on exhibition in the Oregon Hotel in the form of a big, old-time copper cent dated 1835, the flipping of which resulted in the name Portland being chosen as the name of what is now a great city. The story goes that a man from Maine, Mr. Pettygrove, father of the present owner of the historic penny, and a Mr. Lovejoy, of Massachusetts, who were the leaders of a party of settlers who sailed up the Columbia River in the bark "Trenton," in which they had rounded Cape Horn, came in 1842 to the present site of the city of Portland, where they determined to start a city. Mr. Lovejoy wanted to name the new city Boston, but the man from Maine preferred Portland, and to decide the matter they flipped a penny, the same now on exhibition. Naturally the Bostonian chose heads, but tails won, hence the name Portland.

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BOYS

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Wit and Humor Old and New

Free contributions to this page are invited. When jokes are not original, author's name should be given. No manuscripts will be considered unless plainly written on one side of paper

A Queer Woman

WIFE—"Do tell me what Mrs. Tewler is like."
Husband—"Well, she's a woman of sixty who looks fifty, thinks she is forty, dresses like thirty and acts like twenty." E. G. W.

Had Seen His Kind Before

BOARDER (warmly)—"Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing?"

Landlady (frigidly) — "I shouldn't be at all surprised." — Technical Review.

An Easy Way

POLICE justices often feel called upon to temper justice with mercy. In a Boston police court recently a pickpocket was fined twenty-five dollars, but could produce only fifteen dollars. "Well, then," said the magistrate, gravely, "turn him loose in the crowd and let him raise the other ten."—New York Tribune.

A Good Excuse

MAGISTRATE (sternly)—"Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sir; but I couldn't make the policeman believe it." E. G. W.

On a Georgia Dentist

DR. CLARENCE L. STOCKS, a dentist of Sandersville, Ga., tells the following incident on himself: Being of a rather religious disposition, he endeavored to utilize every opportunity to evangelize his friends and associates. In a zealous frame of mind one day he reduced several appropriate texts to placards for his office walls, and not until several patients had come and gone did he think of the increased fears "Prepare to Meet Thy God" would have on his already trembling victims.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE DOVE OF PEACE COULDN'T GET AWAY

"Free Salvation"

A FLUENT disciple of the meek and lowly Nazarene was preaching with great liberty one day on the subject of "Free Salvation," and with each presentation of some new phase of the question the enthusiasm became more and more manifest. Finally a good old sister in the audience rose, and with a shout said, "Bless God, salvation is free! I've been a Christian now twenty-five years and it has cost me only twenty-five cents."

Which reminds us of the good cheer displayed by another good old sister, who, when in the midst of a very spiritual experimental service, others having told what they had to thank God for, rose with much complacency, and said that "while she didn't have as much to feel thankful for as some of the rest, she had two teeth, and she thanked God they hit."

O'Regon

THE German banker of the Hub loves to tell the story of the two Irishmen who discussed the "nationality of the American states."

Said Pat, "Faith an' be jabers, if this great counthry ain't overrun wid th' Irish, an' yit out o' thairty-two shtates in th' Union not wan has an Irish name."

"Sure, an' yer wrong," replied Mike. "What's the matther wid O'Regon?"

X.—"I say, old fellow, lend me a fiver, will you?"

Y.—"Sorry, but I'm not making any permanent investments just now."—Tit-Bits.

"Letter from Dublin"

Swate Ireland, March the two.

DEAR NEFFY:—I hadent sint yees a letter sinse the last toime I wrote to yees. bekose we have mooved from our ould place uv living and I dident know wher a letter woud foind yees. but I now wid pleasure take up me pin to inform yees av the deth av yees only living uncle Kilpatrick who died very suddenly some toime since after a lingering illness of six wakes. the poor man was in violent convulsions the hole toime lying perfectly quiet and spachless entoirly talking talking incoherently, and crying for water. I would av informed yees before by the last post but his deth occurred tin days latter. poor soul. His properity is very considerable which devolves upon his next kin who is ded some toime since. so I expect it will be aqually divided betwixt us and thin Larry yeel get two thirds av the hole. for yees know that he had a foine Estate which was sold to pay his debts wid and the remainder he lost in a horse race but it was the opion of the ladies prisent that if the horse he bet against hadent went so fast he would not av lost his moiny. yer old swateheart sends her love unbeknown to me. Whin the post mon arrives in Hamliton ax him for this letter. tell him it is the wan wid the black border. from yer aunt,

Judy O'Halligan
to
Larry O'Halligan.

Should Be Patented

DINAH—"Mandy, wha' fo' you gib dat baby a big piece ob pohk to chaw on? Don' you-all know de po' chile choke on it?"

Mandy—"Dinah, don' you see de string tied to dat piece ob fat pohk? De udder end's tied to de chile's toe. Ef he chokes he'll kick, an' ef he kicks he'll jerk de pohk out. Ah reckon you-all don' learn me nothin' 'bout bringin' up chillun!"—Cleveland Leader.

A Clever Pastor

A CONGREGATION in Connecticut had lost their pastor, and were desirous of filling his place. But their last minister had been self-taught, and the aristocracy—to wit, the deacons, etc.—stipulated that the new minister should have a classical education.

In order to be sure of their man the deacons agreed to let applicants preach a sermon on trial. The living was good, consequently trial sermons were the order of the day. But as the deacons said, they knew an educated man from a duffer, so the living remained vacant. At last a Welshman heard of the vacancy, but he was less learned than the one who had left; still he determined to try.

The day was arranged, the appointed minute arrived, and the candidate mounted into the pulpit. He got well on in his sermon, when he suddenly recollected that he was expected to show his learning.

"My friends," he said, "I will now quote you a passage in Greek."

With a solemn look he repeated a verse in his native tongue. The effect was marvelous; approving nods and smiles were exchanged among the deacons.

Thus encouraged, he followed up his advantage by saying, "Perhaps you would like to hear it in Latin."

He then repeated another passage in Welsh; this was even more successful than before. The preacher cast his eye over the flock, and saw that he was regarded with looks of increasing respect.

Unfortunately, there was also a Welshman in the congregation; he was sitting at the back, almost choked in his efforts to stifle his laughter. The minister's eye fell on him, and took in the whole situation at a glance. Preserving his countenance, he continued, "I will also repeat it in Hebrew."

He then sang out, in his broadest Welsh, "My dear fellow, stop laughing, or they will find it out."

The other understood, stifled his laughter, and afterward dined with his successful countryman.

A Mean Man

A MAIDEN named Josephine King
Dropped dead while attempting to sing;
Then a neighbor next door,
Whom her songs had made sore,
Bowed his head, and said,
"Death, where's thy sting?"
—Kansas City Times.

Buncoed

IN A certain home where the stork recently visited there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival, he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! Oh, mamma, it hasn't any hair!" Then, clasping his hands in despair, he cried, "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby."—Chicago News.

Pearson's Attic Philosophy

THE man who is his worst enemy never stops until he defeats himself.

Many men are like machinery; they live so fast and use their gear so hard that a hot finish is their sure end.

It's fine and dandy to be able to quote Emerson and Ibsen and some more of those wise guys, but it's the fellow that can quote Copper or Standard that buzzes the reddest automobile.

When you see some of those wrecks that claim to have come from good families you can't help wondering at the long distance they must have traveled.

Those employment bureaus are the same as the furniture article by the same name—you can never find what you're looking for in them.

Some of our great men would be a good deal greater if they were only heard of—and not heard.

"One Better"

THE Portland "Oregonian" tells of how an Iowa man scored:

At the boarding house on Morrison Street they were discussing climate. The Portland man declared that last winter the ground never froze to a depth of two inches.

"It froze two feet where I came from," said the man from New Jersey.

"Up in the Adirondack Mountains," remarked the New-Yorker, "the ground last winter froze to a depth of ten feet."

The Iowa man sat quietly munching his lettuce while the others expectantly awaited his effort to outmatch the New-Yorker.

"Pshaw!" he said, "that's nothing. Why, back in Des Moines the ground froze so deep that the Chinese emperor sent a request to Governor Cummins to start a fire. He complained that his subjects had cold feet."

Wide-Awake Collector

THE Philadelphia "Public Ledger" tells of a visit of a collector for foreign missions to the home of a rich man and of the statement of the wealthy landowner that he preferred to help the heathen next door.

"I want what I give to benefit my neighbors," said the millionaire.

"Whom do you regard as your neighbors?" asked the collector.

"Why, those around me."

"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?"

"Well, yes."

"How much land do you hold?"

"About five hundred acres."

"And how far through the earth do you think you own?"

"Why, I've never thought of it before, but I suppose I own halfway down."

"Precisely," said the man who was soliciting aid, with an air of calm triumph. "I suppose you do, and I want this money for your neighbors at the other side of the world—the men whose land adjoins yours at the bottom."

"You're a ready reckoner," said the millionaire, dryly, but he drew his check book toward him and made a liberal subscription.

Called on the Cook

A WOMAN envied her neighbor the possession of a cook, a veritable treasure, and actually went so far as personally to call upon the coveted cook and offer her a higher wage than she was receiving. This came to the ears of the mistress.

When next the two women met, at a dinner given by a mutual friend, it was observed that the fortunate possessor of the incomparable cook did not greet the other. Said one, "Are you not acquainted with Mrs. Blank?"

The other replied, in a frigid tone, "No; but she sometimes calls on my cook."—Sunday Magazine.

As Russians See Us

A WRITER in the "Journal de St. Petersburg" draws a picture of the dishonesty which he says pervades the highest circles in America, including men, women and children. He describes the precautions taken by social leaders to prevent their guests from being robbed by each other, and tells of the consternation produced at a White House reception by a sudden failure of the lights, the reillumination showing that the women had hastily hidden their jewels, while the men were holding their pocketbooks for fear of being robbed by neighbors.

Misapplied

WE MOVED into a neighborhood where the conversations often ran on hunting. One day my little four-year-old boy said, "I wish I had a good coon dog; I'd hunt walnuts with him." E. G. W.

—Punch.

AN ACCOMMODATING PARTY

Lady Driver—"Can you show us the way to Great Missingden, please?"

Weary Willie—"Cert'nly, miss; cert'nly. We're a-goin' that way. 'Op up, Joe. Anything to oblige a lady!"

It Worked Both Ways

ELIHU ROOT upon his return to the practice of law in New York City, previous to his acceptance of the state portfolio, engaged a new office boy.

Said Mr. Root, "Who carried off my paper basket?"

"It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy.

"Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Root.

"The janitor, sir."

An hour later Mr. Root asked, "Jimmie, who opened that window?"

"Mr. Lantz, sir."

"And who is Mr. Lantz?"

"The window cleaner, sir."

Mr. Root wheeled about and looked at the boy. "See here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

In ten minutes the door opened, and a small, shrill voice said, "There's a man here as wants to see you, Elihu."

—Sioux City Journal.

A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL

One of Artemus Ward's

ONE of the best stories told about Artemus Ward concerns a journey which the humorist took on a little "one horse" railroad line in the Middle West. After the train had crept from station to station at a snail's pace for half a day, Ward beckoned to the conductor as he passed through the car.

"Say, conductor," he drawled, "do you mind if I give you a little advice?"

"Well, what is it?" said the conductor, gruffly.

"Seems to me," continued Ward, "it would be safer to take the cowcatcher off the engine and hitch it to the end of the rear car."

"What for?" demanded the conductor.

"Well, I've been thinking it over," said Ward, "and I don't see what's to prevent one of them cows out there from coming into the car and biting the passengers."

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No. 584—Stole Cape. 10 cents. Medium size.

No. 416—Mother Hubbard Dress. 10c. Sizes, 1, 2 and 4 years.

No. 603—Tucked One-Piece Dress. 10 cents. Sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

No. 594—Petticoat with Skeleton Waist. 10 cents. Sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

No. 574—Princess Apron. 10 cents. One size only.

No. 583—Room Gown. 11 cents. Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

No. 579—Maternity Jacket. 10 cents. Sizes, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.
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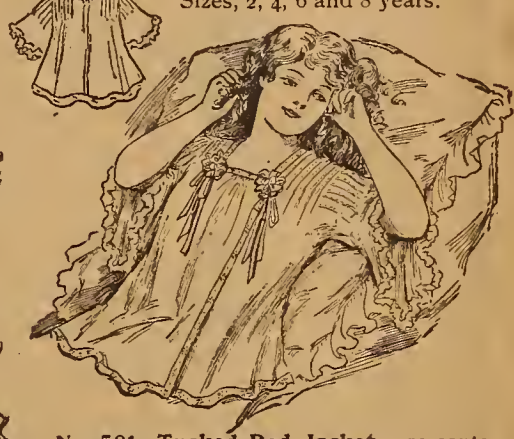

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No. 585—Decollete Waist. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34 and 36 inches bust.
No. 586—Gored Skirt with Shirred Yoke. 11 cents. Sizes, 22, 24 and 26 inches waist.

No. 593—Combination Drawers and Waist. 10c. Sizes, 2, 4 and 6 years.

No. 442—Corset Cover with Bertha. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34 and 36 inches bust.

No. 598—Tucked Waist with Yoke. 10 cents. Sizes, 10, 12 and 14 years.
No. 599—Tucked Gored Skirt. 11 cents. Sizes, 10, 12 and 14 years.

No. 596—Kimono Nightgown. 10 cents. Sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

No. 582—Boudoir Sacque. 10c. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.

No. 595—French Underwaist and Petticoat. 10 cents. Sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

No. 443—Tight-Fitting Corset Cover. 10 cents. Sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

No. 600—Waist with Adjustable Yoke. 10 cents. Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.
No. 601—Skirt with Tucked Flounce. 11 cents. Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.

No. 578—Convalescent Gown. 11 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.

No. 602—Jacket with Shawl Collar. 10 cents. Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.

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